



REBIRTH: HOW A LOSER BECAME A PRINCE CHARMING

BOOK 04

Rrbao Angel

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

Rebirth: How A Loser Became A Prince Charming

(重生之抠脚大汉变男神)

by

Rrbao Angel

Synopsis

Qin Guan was reborn and sent back to his final semester in High School 18 years ago.

Getting a second chance at life, he works hard to turn things around and eventually become a Prince Charming.

What will his life be like the second time around? What will he have to go through?

How will he succeed in turning from a loser into a Prince Charming?

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English Translation by Lan / May Wiggins @ [Qidian International](#)

Translation Edits by Efydatia @ [Qidian International](#)

ePub conversion by Lisa Hayes @ [Hasseno Blog](#)

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Chapter 301: A Young Monk On A Cloud

They waited for a short time before Qin Guan went out of the simple dressing room. He was in an indigo frock made of coarse cloth and his head was bald, which looked very good on him.

His calm expression and pure eyes made the coarse cloth unable to cover his elegance. He was wearing a professional costume that included a white puttee, rough ropes, grey monk shoes and loose pants.

Li Zhiying, who had just finished his work, happened to pass by. Yu Min waved at him.

Lin Zhiying came over doubtfully. Even Director Zhang was shocked.

Qin Guan's elegance and talent beat Lin's, who was famous for his looks in Taiwan.

Qin Guan smiled honestly at Zhang. He looked even more peaceful when he smiled. He looked like a real monk in that moment.

The fog lingered around the mountains. There were birds singing in the shade. The young monk had just finished his prayer and was chatting with the pilgrims on the path. "Amitabha..."

The word echoed around the mountains and rivers, sounding like music from Heaven.

"Excellent!" Yu Min, who used to look down on Qin Guan, shouted loudly, patting him on the leg. "Well done, Monk Xuzhu!"

"He was just in time. We can move on to the next scene. What a lucky star!"

Hey, that's not what you were saying earlier. Where is your dignity?

Confused, Li Zhiying returned to the resting area. His agent

handed him a bottle of water considerately.

As an actor with the best looks in shows of that genre, this was the first time Lin had encountered a man more handsome than him.

When the actor was in full costume and makeup, he was away ahead of him in looks.

He felt a little depressed.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan was busy learning his martial arts movements. His first scene involved martial arts, and it would be a testament to the actor's quality.

When the young action director finished his demonstration, Qin Guan told him that he already knew everything.

The man from the Henan Province, the capital of martial arts, asked Qin Guan in surprise, "What are you talking about? Don't flaunt your superiority or experience."

"This is the starting scene. They will only shoot you. If you have to start over, they will waste film and resources. The whole crew will blame you. You are still a newcomer on set..."

Qin Guan appreciated his honesty. He patted the man on the shoulder. "Got it. I'll try to do it in one film."

The young man looked at his back as he left. The gods are fair. He might have a beautiful face, but his brain is average.

Qin Guan went up to Director Zhang. "I'm ready."

Zhang Jizhong and the crew were all surprised. He learned the action moves in such a short time? They're not like lines. They can't be prepared in advance.

"Okay, let's begin!"

Zhang turned on the camera.

The breeze lifted the lower hem of Qin Guan's gown. The young

monk was standing amid the morning mist. The scenery looked like a misty palace in Heaven.

"Three, two, camera!" The camera started filming.

Qin Guan was practising his fist positions by a wild pavilion on a cliff. The soft background music added elegance to the young monk's moves.

Both the director and the action director were stupefied by his performance.

His movements were like floating clouds and water, natural and smooth. It looked like he had been practising for years.

With a sincere expression on his face, Qin Guan performed the basic fist positions.

Zhang gradually zoomed in on Qin Guan, until only his face was visible in the frame. It was a handsome face of a sensual, suppressed passion, filled with Buddhata.

Qin Guan finished his practice elegantly.

He wiped the sweat off his forehead and repeated several movements, trying to correct some flaws. Then he left the frame and walked to a small tree nearby.

The whole crew was mesmerized by him. They turned their heads, following Qin Guan's steps.

"Camera No. 2, here!" Zhang whispered.

Qin Guan's face and the tree were in the same frame.

The young monk seemed to be satisfied with his progress. He cheered himself on secretly and hit the tree hard with his fist.

"Ah!"

As he roared, several blue veins heaved on his bare head. All the onlookers were expecting the tree to fall down, but Qin Guan retracted his hand and suddenly changed his resolute expression.

Chapter 302: [Wang Yuyan at 16](#)

"Ah! It hurts!"

Several people burst into laughter.

The director cast them a warning glance, and everyone fell silent again.

The immortal-like monk was so funny! The quick shift in his attitude had confused them.

To be honest, with such a natural performance, Qin Guan could become the best comedian in China.

By that time, Qin Guan had left the sorrowful tree and begun to chant Buddhist prayers.

"Okay!" Director Zhang shouted in satisfaction. The whole crew relaxed.

The shocked action director gave Qin Guan a thumbs up. The crew set the bar very high for him.

Qin Guan finished the next scene perfectly.

He looked like a simple, honest acolyte accompanying his master.

That day's work was finished. The crew and the actors started packing up the props and their belongings. Qin Guan found Huang Bo and Sister Xue.

The styling team muddled through the figurants. Huang Bo's costume reminded Qin Guan of the green hands in Japanese boy streets.

Huang was satisfied with his role though, as he actually got to use props this time. He had a high streamer of about two meters with three big words on it: Boundless Supernatural Power.

Qin Guan found out that his character was a minion of Constellation Immortal.

Before he could sneer at him, Huang bust into laughter at his bare head.

"Hey! I didn't laugh at your appearance!"

Huang Bo showed Qin Guan his shabby clothes proudly. "Sister Xue found this role for me! I have lines! I'll get 100 yuan more than ordinary extras!"

"What lines?"

"Constellation Immortal is the best in the world!"

Stop! I know you will be a successful comedian in the future, but you can stop joking now.

They all drove to the silent mountain.

The next scenes would take place at the famous Exquisite Composition. Wuyazi had finally decided to select a student. They would play a chess game as a test.

The cameras were arranged at the right places. The black and white chess pieces were hanging on the cliff and the walls. The ground on the hills seemed mysterious.

Qin Guan would shoot his first scene with the leading actors.

As the only son of the King of Dali, Duan Yu was proficient at lyre-playing, chess, calligraphy and painting. He had been invited there, as he was obsessed with the Composition.

Qin Guan, who was looking for his master, was blocked by Duan Yu's servants.

"Stay away from here! Don't trouble our master!"

Qin Guan was confused. Duan Yu, who was good-tempered, wasn't happy with his impolite servants.

"Don't be so rude!"

Qin Guan was let in. He looked at the chessboard blankly. He was a simple young man, ignorant when it came to worldly affairs.

Xuzhu was not an idiot. He just lacked any social skills.

"It's just a composition. Why does it have such a mysterious name?"

Duan Yu kindly reminded him not to say such things. That was a really profound composition.

Zhang Jizhong was satisfied. The important part had just begun. Constellation Immortal was presented.

Huang Bo burst in with the high steamer, shouting his lines. Constellation Immortal began his conversation with Su Xinghe.

Xuzhu saw the old man in the crowd and ran over happily.

"I'm here to find my great uncle!" he said with the joy and admiration of a child.

Ding Cunqiu noticed that the onlookers were all gentlefolk and famous martial artists. He didn't feel worried. "Fine," he said calmly. "So we are friends."

He cast a fierce glance at Qin Guan, who retreated and hid behind his uncle.

Great! Safety first. That was the best choice for such a young man on his first journey to that dangerous world.

Huang Bo was used to Qin Guan's acting skills, but the other figurants were amused by his performance.

In our village, children would cry for their parents if they were bullied like that!

The main actors came one after the other, pushing the plot to its climax.

Qin Guan stole glances at the newcomers.

Liu Yifei was there. She was only 16 at the time, a school-age girl. She still had a baby face.

No wonder Director Zhang had insisted on inviting her to portray

the important role of Wang Yuyan and the entirely imaginary immortal sister.

From now on, the plot will refer to details of Jin Yong's wuxia novels. I suggest you read a translated edition if there is one available.

Chapter 303: Lin Zhiying Is A Gentleman

She was the unsurpassed beauty of a whole generation. Even without much acting experience, she gave a perfect interpretation of that graceful beauty.

Even the prince of Dali, who had seen countless beauties in his life, mistook her for an immortal. Among all domestic actresses, only Liu Yifei had that special temperament.

As he thought of that, Qin Guan felt proud of himself. Thanks to his acting experience and training courses, he could control his own temperament.

The shooting went on. The vicious Constellation Immortal had the leader of the four villains possessed by the devil. As a kind-hearted monk, Xuzhu couldn't bear to watch. He maximized his Buddhist nature by cultivating it through Buddhist ancient books and records.

Of course, he was no Heavenly Guardian or arhat, but the smiling Sakyamuni. It was better for him to have some blooming flowers in his hands.

He was sincerely worried about the villain, who was about to commit suicide. "Beware of the devil in your heart. What kind of composition is this? It's really wicked!"

Qin Guan noticed that the director hadn't stopped shooting, which meant that he could go on without a break.

Basing his performance on the script, he made his own interpretation. Actually, an actor could perform according to their own feelings. Provided that they didn't stray from the script, no director would judge their performance.

A limitation was set on the actors only in the two following scenarios. One, if the director had a very clear aim and the actor had to perform according to that, such as when the script was

actually written by the director, when the director wanted to win a prize, or if the director was writing about himself and his perennial feelings or wishes.

The other scenario was when the actor couldn't read the script and the lines were as simple as possible.

Those kind of directors usually shot indie films, and their train of thought would change all the time.

Fortunately, Qin Guan's crew and director were normal.

Qin Guan took a white chess piece and set it on the board at random. He didn't know that, thanks to all sorts of accidental mishaps, he had broken the eternal composition.

"You silly monk!" The villain hit him on his bare head. Qin Guan nodded like a chicken pecking away at rice.

Before he could explain, he was kicked off. After being sent flying about three meters, he fell on the ground.

This required the special effect team. Up until that point, Director Zhang had told them to have a break.

After being beaten the whole day, Qin Guan was sneered at by Huang. Lin Zhiying, who was sitting right beside them, interrupted their conversation.

Lin, who was from Taiwan, was curious about Qin Guan. He had heard that he was an exclusive actor of Zhang Jizhong. The crew had said that he was the most handsome guy in the world.

Even some figurants from the Zhejiang Province had confirmed that statement.

By then, the actor who played Murong Fu had gotten really scared. His role was the most suitable for Qin Guan, who frequently portrayed handsome villains.

He was relieved when he noticed that only the actor who would play Xuzhu was absent.

Although the famous actor was not worried about losing his job, he was still curious about that famous guy. He was also renowned for his looks himself.

He wanted to get some insight into Qin Guan.

"Good day today, isn't it?"

Qin Guan smiled. "The air is clean on the mountain."

"Do you like the scenery here?"

They were both gentlemen, so they quickly became good friends.

Huang Bo looked gloomy beside them. Qin Guan always fought with him, both physically and verbally. When he saw the two men being nice to each other, he felt goosebumps on his skin.

More and more people joined the conversation. Men always liked to talk about women, cars and wine.

The only girl on set was sitting there alone. She was a reserved lady. I better finish work soon. My mother is waiting for me at the hotel.

Suddenly, she saw a familiar figure on the steep mountain road. "Mum?"

Her mother had been worried about her daughter, so she had followed the crew.

Chapter 304: The Beauty of Zhejiang Province

Liu Yifei had been born in a rich family. Her mother had found the crew by getting five different cars.

When they started talking about cars, Lin Zhiying's expression changed. As a racing driver, he was crazy about cars.

"Hey, Qin Guan. Did you see her mother's car? This evening I'll show you something interesting under that hill."

Qin Guan nodded in confusion. The director was shouting at somebody. His voice had attracted their attention. Nobody saw a small head emerge by the hillside not far away.

The entertainment reporter was not afraid of hardship or exhaustion. He had followed Liu's mother uphill to get the scoop. That disputable actress seems to be a second-generation rich kid!

His conclusion was perfect for sensationalization. She would make headlines that night. Compared to her, Qin Guan would be lucky to even get mentioned in the news.

Qin Guan had no idea about his place in the local newspaper. He was concentrating on taking a beating. He was sent flying backwards and fell to the ground hard.

Xuzhu was holding a white chess piece in his hand blankly. Director Zhang made another close-up to his face.

Words couldn't express his assistant's feelings for his simple shooting skills. Director Zhang liked films of high resolution. Everyone's face could be seen clearly on the screen.

Some people called it realism, while others just laziness to edit. As a result, the actors could do nothing but compete against each other's acting skills.

Carefree School stressed on appearance. In the original work,

Xuzhu had been rejected by the person in charge, Wuyazi, for his ugliness.

Qin Guan was renowned for his beauty though. The actor who played Wuyazi changed his lines a little. "Only your looks meet my criteria."

Director Zhang explained that his remark would have to imply a meaning opposite to what the original said, or he wouldn't be able to explain Qin Guan's looks.

Finally, Qin Guan got his power of 100 years. What a lucky guy!

He also got the master position, as well as volumes of martial arts. As a simple monk, Xuzhu refused to accept the position. Little did he know that his master and Su Xinghe had died by Ding Chunqiu's poison.

It was the first time that he deeply hated somebody. In the end, he took charge of the Carefree School.

The whole show had been completed. Everyone started packing up tiredly. They would return to their base to get some rest.

After two scenes, they would fly to Dali in the Yunnan Province.

The whole crew admired Qin Guan, who had just joined them in time for the trip. He hadn't had to stay in simple dwellings or hotels under the hill, or sleep in a tent on the mountain.

Even the main actor, Hu Jun, and the actress Liu Tao had had to sleep in a tent for several days.

Some of the staff would whisper to each other with meaningful smiles. According to some people who had woken up at night, the two actors were having a secret affair.

Hu Jun was famous for cherishing his family though, so people were uncertain about the relationship.

On the way back, Lin told Qin Guan again, "Wait for me in your room when you finish dinner. I'll take you to an interesting place.

Don't go to sleep."

Qin Guan was curious. He had never participated in any night activities with a crew member before.

Huang shared the same room with Qin Guan. Of course, they didn't share the same bed. Cong Nianwei would blame him, even if the other guy was Huang Bo.

There were two single beds in the room. It was the best accommodation in the village.

Director Zhang never made a bad investment.

The meals were also included. The cook in the kitchen had counted the lodgers in order to prepare dinner for them.

Zhejiang cuisine was one of the top eight most famous Chinese cuisines. It was known for its fine taste and sweetness. The rich culture of Zhejiang gave cultural meaning to the dishes.

It was called the scholar of Chinese cuisines. Visitors would taste both delicious food and traditional culture.

Luckily, Qin Guan had had authentic village dishes down the hill, which was quite different from those in the urban area.

Shaoxing braised meat, Chinese eddo with dried small shrimp and sweet and sour fish were all famous specialities. Of course, as a guy who preferred a large meat loaf, Qin Guan liked Dongpo pork the best.

Chapter 305: It's My Battlefield

Everyone sitting around the table was shocked when Qin Guan pulled a big piece of streaky pork to his shallow china bowl, which was already filled with rice.

Hu Jun felt frustrated. The man was famous for his appetite for meat.

Judging by Qin Guan's speed, the others would have nothing to eat but his leftovers.

Unwilling to submit, Hu Jun picked up his chopsticks again, ready to fight.

Qin Guan inserted his chopsticks into the meat. The pork skin on the crisp and soft meat was tender and elastic.

After chewing it a few times, the meat melted in one's mouth.

The tasty sauce made everyone feel like they were flying.

It was the perfect match for the soft-boiled, milled rice of the Zhejiang Province.

Piece by piece, Qin Guan began to gorge himself. Everyone else was watching Qin Guan and Hu Jun compete with each other. Sister Xue nearly buried her face into her bowl.

She was so ashamed! On the other hand, Hu Jun's agent, Wang Jingcao, was watching the competition happily.

In 10 minutes, the old jar was empty. Qin Guan's chopsticks touched its bottom.

Huh? There's nothing left? Qin Guan looked up in disappointment. What are you looking at?

They were looking at Hu Jun, who had been too eager to eat and had choked.

As an ordinary human being, he couldn't catch up with Qin

Guan. The tall strong man had lost the battle of the foodies.

Everyone was silent in the dining room. The onlookers cast glances at Qin Guan's flat belly. Where had the meat gone?

Everyone else at the table began to seize food, for fear that it would all end up in his stomach.

"Sister Wang, I'm full. I'll take a walk outside."

Before leaving, Hu Jun gave Qin Guan a thumbs-up.

Had something happened? Before Qin Guan could ask, Sister Xue stopped him. "The shrimp is nearly gone. Help yourself."

"Okay." Qin Guan got immediately distracted.

Huang Bo nearly sprayed rice out of his nose. Another joke, huh?

Wang Jingcao was looking at Liu Tao, who had followed Hu Jun out, anxiously.

There was going to be trouble! Hu Jun's wife was staying in the same unit with him. She was also an outstanding actress of the Beijing People's Art Theater. Hu Jun was a charming man of an unconstrained, bold style. As a green hand, Liu Tao had been easily enchanted by him. Wang could only rely on their conscience.

The consequences of an extramarital affair would be serious for Hu.

After the meal, Qin Guan and Huang Bo lay down on their beds. They turned off the lights and left the curtains open.

White moonlight filled the room as the waddings danced in the air.

Away from the noisy crowd of the city, Qin Guan felt calm in the embrace of nature.

Unfortunately, Huang fell asleep before him.

His terrible snoring woke Qin Guan up with a start.

Suddenly, someone knocked on their door.

"Qin Guan? Are you free now? Come out!"

It was Lin Zhiying's Taiwanese accent. Oh, he invited me somewhere earlier.

Qin Guan got up and went out. He found several people standing outside, including Qiao Feng and Mu Rongfu.

"Where are we going on the mountain?"

Without an explanation, they pulled him outside the hotel.

There were five cars parked there.

"Where are these from? How did you find such cars in the village?"

Qin Guan was shocked. Did they possess magical powers?

Lin Zhiying was proud of the cars. In his opinion, he was a racing driver first and an actor second. Anywhere he went, he would visit the local racing car market.

There were racing teams everywhere. The shooting would take a long time though, so Lin had bought a good car the day after his arrival in the Zhejiang Province.

Li Bai, one of the most famous poets of the Tang Dynasty, exclaimed in one of his poems: "Walking on the narrow paths of Shu Kingdom is more difficult than climbing up to Heaven!" Although the mountains in the Zhejiang Province were not as dangerous as those in the Sichuan Province (the Shu Kingdom), the road conditions there attracted plenty of amateur car racers.

Together with their entourage, the leading actors of the show participated in a car racing team.

Men always spent money on cars and houses. They had bought one racing car each.

Luckily, Qin Guan hadn't spent much time with the crew, or he would also have bought one.

"Let's go!"

"Whose car do you choose?" Lin asked him with a gentle voice.

Chapter 306: [INITIAL D](#)

It was an unnecessary question. Among that group of people, only Lin Zhiying was a professional racing driver. Besides, it was a mountain road with certain angles and turns.

Qin Guan, who cherished his life, made the right choice.

It was a pity that he was too careless to notice Hu Jun and Xiu Qing's expressions. They were grinning widely without any sympathy.

The car roared away, leaving dust and smoke behind it. The roads of Zhejiang Province were quite smooth. There were bright street lamps all along them, helping drivers see even in the dark.

Qin Guan sat at the passenger seat. As they drove on, the road gradually became steep and narrow. Not long after, they went through three curves.

The only advantage was that there were no other cars on the road. They just relaxed and drove at full speed.

"Okay, here it is! Get some rest first. The official race will start later." Lin Zhiying reached the clearing on the mountainside first.

The other cars followed him and parked behind him. They all opened their windows. "The loser treats everyone as usual, right?"

"Okay."

Qin Guan was confused. I'm not racing anyway. I'll know about the stakes later.

Lin Zhiying was excited. "If I win, you'll win. We'll ask Hu Jun to treat us to dinner," he told Qin Guan.

Huh? Okay. I don't know what you're talking about, but it seems like there is some kind of benefit in it for me.

"Seatbelts fastened?"

"On your mark!"

An assistant waved a small flag at Lin Zhiying. He was holding a round professional timer in his hand. It seemed like they held such competitions often.

The flag was dropped and Li's nerves were eased. Qin Guan was influenced by his emotions. Everybody cherishes their life. They're just competing for fun.

Before Qin Guan could come to his senses, Lin stomped fiercely on the accelerator.

The car moved forward at air-breaking speed. Qin Guan could clearly hear the sound. His seatbelt was useless. Inertia threw his upper body forward.

"Ah! What the f*ck... Oh!"

Qin Guan seized the handle above the window, which he hadn't paid attention to earlier. It might be the only thing that could save his life now.

In front of them was a smooth downward slope. It was horrifying in the dark night, but fortunately, Lin chose the inner side. Otherwise, Qin Guan would have cried out in fear.

They met at the first turn. Qin Guan held on to the handle tightly while Lin smiled pleasantly.

They dashed down as fast as the wind. The gentle man was finally showing his savage side.

Slow down! Slow down! Slow down! That was the only sentence echoing in Qin Guan's mind. People balancing between life and death couldn't think about much.

Not his parents, family or girlfriend, nobody came to mind. His brain was blank, as if there was a chasm before his eyes.

The car was getting close to the cliff. The driver rotated the steering wheel in excitement and stomped on the brakes again and

again.

Are you stomping on rats, bro? One stomp is enough!

The road was gradually getting flatter. Lin parked at their destination. He looked at Qin Guan, who was much younger than him, with an admiring expression.

It was his first time racing on a mountain road. No tears or snot in sight. He is worthy of my respect. He is as calm now as he was when the race started.

"Qin Guan? We're here! Shall I get out and meet Hu Jun and the others?"

"Qin Guan?"

"Qin Guan?"

Lin pushed Qin Guan gently, bringing him back to his senses. Did you say something, bro?

Actually, the guy's spirit had freed itself from his body. It was too slow to keep up with the car.

"Oh, we're here! Brother Lin, you are the one I admire most among the crew!" Really? Qin Guan used to call him Senior Lin.

"You're flattering me! Let's get out now."

"Oh, okay."

Qin Guan waited until Lin got out of the car. Then he took a deep breath and loosened his grip on the handle, murmuring to his legs, "Please try for me."

They were both limp.

Qin Guan managed to get out and lean against the car. Then he observed the road.

Sure enough, Hu Jun and the others were driving at a normal speed. They were not professional racers after all.

Hu Jun was surprised to see Qin Guan standing by the car.

"Wow, he is really brave! I shouldn't have judged him by his looks."

Xiu Qing gasped in admiration. "Such a brave guy! I remember you spitting out when you got out of Lin's car."

"Ha ha! Shame on me!" They both burst into laughter.

"Another round?" They looked at their watches. "No, tomorrow we're flying to Dali. It's already late at night. We have to go back."

"No problem." They headed back to their cars. Lin Zhiying noticed that Qin Guan was still leaning against the front side of the car.

"Qin Guan, get in!"

"I can't move, brother."

What a funny boy! Lin helped Qin Guan through the door and reassured him, "Don't worry, I won't speed on the way back."

A Japanese cartoon about downhill racing.

Chapter 307: Chen Hao Was Beautiful Those Days

You are my own brother! Were you planning on dashing back? Fortunately, Qin Guan had showed weakness and saved his own life.

Qin Guan returned to his room and found Huang sleeping deeply. He didn't turn on the lights. He washed his face under the moonlight instead.

The excitement after the race finally turned into sleepiness. Qin Guan fell asleep soon.

Silence prevailed in the room. Qin Guan had a good night's sleep on the quiet mountain.

Early the next morning, the crew had a traditional Zhejiang Province breakfast that included pancakes, fried breadsticks, sticky rice buns, as well as hot soybean milk.

After breakfast, they packed all their luggage and props. The truck would carry everything down the hill.

The villagers saw them off reluctantly.

Every year, Director Zhang would bring them lots of money. The hotels and the small restaurants serving breakfast and food late at night made great profits from them.

It didn't matter. So long as the God of Wealth engaged in TV shows, he would always return to his favorite place, the Zhejiang Province. Their lives would get better and better.

The crew returned to the city center and started preparing for their trip to Dali in the Yunnan Province. As an indoorsman, Qin Guan was longing for the beautiful rural landscape.

After enduring the hardships of a long journey, they arrived in Dali. Qin Guan, who had experienced a generous budget before

during the "Daming Palace", was still shocked by Zhang Jizhong's large expenditure.

He had negotiated with the officials of the Dali Municipal Government. They had even built a film studio in the famous Cang Mountain-Er Lake scenery site. The name of the base was "Demi-Gods and Demi-Demons".

At the gateway of the city, they saw a rampart as high as eight metres, made of grey bricks. The gate was six metres tall. The gate tower combined Yunnan architecture and traditional Song Dynasty architecture. The entrance of the city attracted everyone's attention.

If audience ratings were below expectations, they would be blamed for all aspects.

After filming was finished, the base would be open to the public. Without a profit, the crew couldn't bear that responsibility. Director Zhang was the bravest director in China.

They settled down at the base and realized it was quite far from downtown. When the gate was shut, it was a separate world.

Thick fog lingered around the snowy hills behind the base. It looked like the Piaomiao Peak. From then on, Qin Guan became the most important actor on set. He had taken over most parts.

The director didn't have a private talk with him. Acting was an actor's duty. There was nothing to say.

The second half of the show had officially begun. There were really exciting scenes coming up one after the other.

Monk Xuzhu began his rule-breaking journey. He ate meat, killed people and made love to a girl...

Qin Guan was looking forward to his scenes in the following days.

He met his partner Chen Hao in a small ancient-style tavern. The

girl playing the part of A Zi had unparalleled beauty.

Compared to Li Yifen's youth, Chen Hao was in her prime time. Her most prominent feature were her beautiful black eyes.

There would be a bloody slaughter in that tavern.

The cameras were arranged and all the figurants were in position. Qin Guan and Huang Bo were both busy every day.

Thanks to Sister Xue's influence, Huang Bo had lines again that day. He would be playing a waiter in the tavern.

Xuzhu was on his way to find his master, whom he had been separated from for a long time. He was both hungry and thirsty, so he entered the tavern.

At the same time, A Zi, who was dressed as a man, went in herself.

"Three, two, camera!"

Huang Bo welcomed Qin Guan with a white towel on his shoulder.

"What can I do for you, young master?"

"I want some noodles with vegetables."

"Okay, wait a moment."

As Qin Guan was swallowing his noodles at a table, A Zi walked up to him with a mysterious smile. The simple, pure monk was doomed to be deceived by the evil girl.

Huang Bo stole the show. "What can I do for you, Miss?"

A Zi was much more beautiful compared to Qin Guan, whose face was covered with dust and dirt. One could tell by the shine in Huang's eyes.

Chen Hao was also a skilful actress. She turned her eyes around with a wicked idea in her mind.

"I want some noodles with chicken." She craned her neck

towards Qin Guan, making her voice clear enough for him to hear.

"What a sin!"

A Zi burst into laughter. She couldn't let that silly monk go. She pointed outside. "Ah! I saw a monk passing by."

"Really? Where is he?" Fooled by his simple brain, Qin Guan ran out of the door.

Chapter 308: Men Also Like Gossip

Taking advantage of his departure, A Zi mixed her chicken and soup with Qin Guan's noodles. For fear of being discovered, she stirred them with her chopsticks.

Xuzhu returned disappointed and resumed eating his noodles. Chen Hao was observing his expression secretly from beside him.

Qin Guan's eating manners made the crew hungry.

"Were his noodles cooked by our staff? They look delicious! We could have a good lunch here." Actually, Qin Guan felt like crying out when he tasted his noodles. They were terrible. As a picky foodie, noodles boiled in pure water were a disaster for him.

Qin Guan was praying silently. I have to finish the scene in one take, or I'll have to eat two bowls of noodles.

Qin Guan was careful with his acting. Suddenly, he felt something strange in his mouth. He fixed his eyes on the food and saw that it was a piece of meat!

"Ah!" It felt like the sky had collapsed on his head.

Chen Hao burst into laughter. "Cut!"

Director Zhang looked at her helplessly. They had not succeeded for lack of a final effort.

"Sorry, everyone." Chen Hao didn't really feel ashamed. Laughing, she pointed at Qin Guan. "I can't help it."

Everyone around, including the actors who were in the scene, burst into laughter.

Qin Guan was lost in a daze. What's going on? I didn't do anything wrong. A monk should be heart-stricken if they break a religious principle. I have to express that feeling before the audience.

"Okay, get some rest. We'll start over from this point later."

His heart filled with sorrow, Qin Guan went out of the set with a grimace. I have to have one more bowl of noodles. I hope she won't laugh again.

Somebody patted him on the back. Qin Guan turned around and saw Chen Hao. Curiosity and admiration were evident on her face as she asked him, "Are you Qin Guan? The hot man online?"

"Yes, I am," Qin Guan answered honestly.

Chen Hao softened her expression when she realized that the handsome guy had an even temper.

Young men would disrespect their seniors when they became famous, and the girl automatically considered herself a senior.

"Well done!" She patted him on the back again and left.

It's you who got me into trouble! This is why Cong Nianwei always tells me not to try to reason with a woman.

After getting some rest, Qin Guan felt like there was more space in his stomach.

To avoid the same mistake, Zhang shifted the camera directly from the meat to Ding Cunjie.

After that adjustment, Xuzhu didn't come off as bold when the villain caught A Zi. Instead, he started trembling and hid inside the kitchen.

Director Zhang asked everyone to stop. That morning's work was finished. It was lunch time.

In the afternoon, Qin Guan could rest in his room. He could walk around the base in his spare time.

On the other hand, Huang Bo was busy. He would be one of the members of the Constellation School.

The special effect team was busy in the afternoon. The actors were fighting with each other, but the two main actors were free.

Hu Jun and Lin Zhiying were wandering around the city with a small tail behind them. Liu Tao, the actor who portrayed A Zhu, was following Hu Jun everywhere like an assistant. Qin Guan was reminded of the gossip circulating among the crew. He cast a glance at Lin Zhiying. He is only helping the two of them.

Qin Guan whispered to Lin, "Why do you stay with them?"

Lin spread his hands. "I have to. Wang Jingcao and my agent are old friends. She asked me to take care of them and not leave them alone."

"Hu Jun is quite a straightforward man. He doesn't bother with insignificant things. Liu Tao is a green hand though. Even if you like somebody, you should never tell a reporter!"

"I wonder if the girl said it on purpose, or if she is just naive. She said that she loved Qiao Feng, and Hu Jun looks a lot like Qiao Feng."

"Plus, Wang Jingcao is familiar with Hu Jun's wife. You should understand Sister Wang's point of view."

Chapter 309: A National Affair

Qin Guan fell silent. He had experienced the power of news. He wondered if the girl would cause them trouble.

Filming was not over yet though. Director Zhang wouldn't let the affair influence audience ratings.

Time flew fast. Words couldn't express Huang Bo's pleasure, although he had only a few lines in the show. For him, appearing in a show was his only wish.

Night fell. In order to save on electricity, the lights around the base were turned off. Hu Jun, who liked to spend his time outside at night, called a group of friends to go out for fun.

There was some distance from the bar street in Dali. They drove several shabby cars downhill.

When they reached the bar street, they returned to urban life again. To meet the demands of literary youth, the bars had adapted to different styles.

Hu Jun, who was familiar with that kind of environment, selected a seemingly lively bar and led them in.

Qin Guan and Huang Bo looked back. Huh? The actresses are following us.

Liu Tao and Chen Hao, as well as Jiang Xin (the actress who portrayed Mu Wanqing), were all there. The famous Consort Hua was still a young girl at the time.

Qin Guan smiled and entered the bar with Huang Bo.

It was crowded inside. There were wooden bar counters, long benches and simple tables. It was the most popular bar on the street, so there were also singers playing guitars. In that dark place, under the influence of alcohol, everyone was enjoying themselves.

Qin Guan and Huang Bo were chatting, when Chen Hao and Jiang Xin walked over.

"Qin Guan, you're just drinking here all alone? Why didn't you come and greet us?" Chen Hao picked some snacks from their table and started chewing.

Jiang Xie stared at the two guys in curiosity. Is this Beauty and the Beast?

Fortunately, Huang Bo couldn't read Jiang's mind. The four young guys sat together and chatted. The girls were easy to get along with.

They talked and drank. The bar owner was smiling so hard that the wrinkles on his face were all messed up.

Hu Jun was drinking cocktails one after the other. The man looked like a bandit.

As a frequent patron there, beer couldn't satisfy him. Liu Tao was staring at him as if she was obsessed.

Chen Hao watched them before she turned to Qin Guan. "Hey! Do you always charm girls with your face? Tell me, tell me, tell me! Don't think it over!"

"Never!" Qin Guan answered unconsciously.

The girls burst into laughter. The boy was just like the silly monk he was portraying.

The assistant noticed that Hu Jun was really drunk. He kindly asked everybody to head home.

Hu Jun stood up unsteadily. Holding his cup, he said angrily, "Why? I have no work tomorrow. You leave. My treat. I want some more."

The assistant supported Hu and walked up to the cashier.

Hu was already drunk. He couldn't stand still, even by supporting himself against the table. Liu Tao, who was keeping an eye on him,

rushed over to help him.

Hu was too tall and too strong for her though. She crashed into his arms instead.

Qin Guan and the others, who had already left, let out a breath of relief. They pretended to see nothing. Unfortunately, Chen Hao happened to notice the scene.

She turned her eyes away calmly and pulled Jiang Xin out.

"What are they doing? Qin Guan and Huang, I'll drive in the same car with you." Jiang Xin suddenly pulled at her coat.

"I want to stay with you, Sister Hao," she said in a low voice. "I'm afraid..."

"Don't worry, I'm here. Hey Huang, save two seats for us!"

Huang was speechless. They only knew his surname.

They squeezed into the same car and returned to the base. Nobody talked about the matter.

On the way back, Jiang's face was pale. She was not as brave as she would be in the future.

They left to get some sleep. Nothing happened over the night.

When Hu Jun woke up the next morning, his room was filled with sunlight. Covering his eyes, he asked, "Who's there? Close the curtain for me!"

Wang Jingcao was sitting in a chair not far away from his bed with a serious expression on her face. Hu's poor assistant was holding the curtain in her hands.

Chapter 310: Calm Down, Princess!

"You scared me, Sister Wang! Let me know before you get in!"

"Ha! You want me to announce myself before getting in! If it wasn't for your assistant, there would have been another person in your room yesterday. You may have gotten even more scared!" Wang patted the table with her hand.

Hu Jun was still in a daze. "Watch your hand, sister. Does it hurt?" he asked.

Wang didn't know what to say. She burst into laughter at the hairy man's words. "You are an adult yourself. I know you well. Don't let your hormones control you! Learn from Qin Guan. Hold yourself back, okay?"

Hu was surprised to hear Qin Guan's name from his agent.

"I know him, Sister Wang. He is an honest, handsome guy. I didn't see the extreme beauty that you mentioned though."

A video of Qin Guan on the show automatically emerged in Wang's mind. The boy was holding his elegance back for the show. Only on the T stage did he bloom open like a flower.

"Stop that rubbish! We are talking about you now..."

Hu Jun, who usually acted like a mature person, was listening to her like a pupil as the rest of the crew was carrying on with their work.

The towering Diancang Mountain was covered by accumulating snow the whole year. The snow was glittering under the clear sky.

The surface of Erhai Lake was as limpid as a mirror. The moonlight shone against the waves as fishing boats returned home in the evening, singing fishing songs.

The beautiful scene matched the beautiful actors perfectly. The audience enjoyed their beauty as the crew suffered silently.

They had to climb the steep hill while carrying heavy equipment, looking for the right place for it.

A lot of scenes took place on that hill. Li Qiusui, the main villain, appeared and Xuzhu murdered him there. He killed the master of an island in order to save someone.

The whole crew suffered during that short scene. They had to find pine cones, as they were an important element for that scene. In their spare time, they dug everywhere in hopes of discovering dried, beautiful pinecones.

Fortunately, the squirrels had stocked food for winter. Otherwise, they would have been short of pinecones that year.

Qin Guan had to get up at nightfall and work overnight under the light of torches.

Then they had several hours of rest. After hard work and concentrated effort, they finished all the mountain scenes.

When they returned to the base, Huang got excited. He knew what the following scenes were. The whole crew was waiting for the exciting love scene.

Who was in it? Qin Guan, of course! His partner, the Princess of Xixia, had joined them two days earlier. She was waiting for her dream lover at the base of the hill.

They enriched their experience with an icehouse, which had been built by the prop team overnight. Ice blocks were piled inside the room. It looked splendid!

All the crew members and actors were doing their jobs. They were all annoyed by something though.

Director Zhang saw it, but he didn't express his opinion. He just looked at Qin Guan with a smile, without telling him anything.

It was a nice day. Qin Guan was led to the other side of the set. Director Zhang came over to meet him, which was strange. He

sized Qin Guan up for a long time before he said, "Are you clear about the scene today?"

"Yes. There is only one line in my script, 'Hugging tightly on the bed'. Shall I just act freely?"

Zhang shook his head. "No, just follow my instructions."

Qin Guan relaxed. That will save me some energy.

Before leaving, Director Zhang asked him, "Did you have any garlic at breakfast?"

"No." Zhang left guiltily. Qin Guan scratched his head. Is there any connection between garlic and the erotic scene we are filming?

All idlers cleared away, except the women and some important crew members and cameramen.

"Ready?" An actress wrapped in a coarse grey cloth walked in slowly.

Qin Guan, who was sitting on the stone bed with his legs crossed, realized that he knew the girl.

It was Liu Jia, the girl he had helped on the red carpet. Qin Guan smiled. Little did he realize that his smile was fatal.

His charm was suddenly revealed to everyone. They were all caught unprepared.

His shabby gown couldn't cover his elegance.

Liu Jia, who had been preparing for a long time before entering the set, was struck by his beautiful smile.

Chapter 311: I'm Cold, Hug Me

The silly, sexy woman forgot about the way she was dressed. She ran up to Qin Guan with the cloth barely covering her breasts.

"Qin Guan! It's me! Remember me?"

Her agent swallowed awkwardly. Tragedy was upon them again.

Liu stumbled on the cloth!

Bang! She fell down on the cold rock.

"It hurts!" Trying her best to hold her tears back, Liu Jia stood back up from the ground.

However, thanks to her bean-sized brain, she forgot that the cloth wrapped around her body had also fallen down.

"Wow!" The people behind and around her sighed in disappointment. It was a pity that they were not in the right position to get a good view.

Qin Guan stared at Liu with wide eyes. He was the only one able to see her front. Everyone else could see her naked back, but only he could see the invisible paste on her chest!

Qin Guan saw the disappointed expression of the cameramen across from him.

Liu Jia pulled the cloth up and climbed into Qin Guan's bed. She tried to hide behind Qin Guan.

Qin Guan waved at the crew members outside. "Could someone help her?"

Two streams of blood were running down from her nostrils. Her silly expression made her look funny. She should have been a comedian, not a sex idol.

Her agent shouted at her, making the silly girl come back to her senses. Zhang saw that everything was ready and cleared his

throat. "Attention! Xuzhu and the princess will be sitting on the bed face to face. The lights on both sides should be out. Turn down the background lights."

"The princess should look scared. She found a warm, reliable chest in the cold, dark cave. Her first thought should be to warm herself, okay? You should look eager to take off his gown and hug him. Understand?"

Liu Jia chuckled to herself before she nodded.

"Qin Guan, I'll give you some instructions. A sexy, naked woman is in your arms. You just act like she's any ordinary woman. Have you made love with someone before? Surely, you're not a virgin? Show us some foreplay. I don't need to discuss any details with you."

Everyone laughed knowingly. Qin Guan sighed in relief. Luckily, I'm not a virgin. I won't make a fool of myself.

"Camera!" At the director's order, Liu Jia suddenly changed into a hungry woman. As a sex idol, she had acted in many shows with erotic scenes before. Zhang's requirement was nothing for her.

With her full lips, smooth back and big boobs, she was a very sexy girl.

Qin Guan understood why director Zhang had selected her for the part. She was a completely different woman when she acted.

"I'm cold!"

Her hands naturally reached for his belt. Qin Guan was caught by surprise.

As his self-protection instinct kicked in, Qin Guan held on to his clothes. Under the dim light, his eyelashes trembled slightly, arousing everyone's carnal desire. They all wanted to destroy the beauty of suppressed sensual passion.

Liu Jia immediately realized that Qin Guan had never acted in an

erotic scene before. Afraid that they would have to shoot the scene once again, she used the greatest weapon that a woman possessed.

Stop fighting me!

Suddenly, Liu Jia hugged Qin Guan tightly and tore his gown apart.

A pair of soft hands touched his naked back.

"Quick! Quick! Zoom in on his face! Camera No.2, stop drooling! Why are you drooling at a naked man instead of a naked woman? You idiot!"

The cameraman hastened to push the lens forward. Panic, thirst, and struggle could be seen in the actors' eyes.

Silence prevailed inside the studio. Only the heavy breaths of the actors could be heard. "Hug me!" Liu's deep, sexy voice lingered inside the cave.

Qin Guan touched Liu's smooth back carefully with his cool fingers.

When his lips pecked hers, Liu softened. Small electric streams radiated from the warm, sweet kiss.

The experienced girl crushed her body against Qin Guan's. They fell on the cold rock bed together.

"Okay! Cut! Have a break. Where is the prop team? The next scene is in 10 minutes."

What? That was all? You only showed the audience this much? You cheated us, Director Zhang!

Zhang drove them out like chickens.

"This is not f*cking porn! This is a martial arts show! Martial arts! Understand?"

They ran away, making fun of Qin Guan. Qin Guan was happy to put an end to the scene there. He could feel that Liu Jia's

admiration of him went beyond the plot.

Even while they were in the dining room, Qin Guan could feel her burning eyes. Her agent couldn't stop her pursuit of love. What could Qin Guan do? He could only run away!

Chapter 312: Notice From Overseas

Sister Xue didn't pay any attention to the escaping sheep. Huang was still busy working with the crew, so Qin Guan returned to Beijing alone.

Cong Nianwei picked him up at the airport. Qin Guan fastened his seatbelt and fixed his eyes on her.

After being gone for a month, they had missed each other a lot. Distance couldn't beat a lover's heart though.

The telephone bill surprised Cong Nianwei, who was not used to taking money seriously. They had talked on and on about all the interesting things that had been happening while Qin Guan was away.

Everything had remained the same at home. A day away from a dear one always seemed like three years. Cong Nianwei suddenly recalled something and asked Qin Guan about any news while he had been filming on the mountain.

"The confidentiality among your crew is not that good. I know a lot about your work."

"For example?" Qin Guan murmured as he lay in bed.

"Lin Zhiying likes racing cars. There's an affair between Hu Jun and Liu Tao. The bar street..."

"Impossible! Director Zhang wouldn't attract attention by using such a method."

Qin Guan gradually lowered his voice until he fell asleep.

Cong Nianwei covered him gently with a blanket. Sweet dreams.

A good sleep always refreshed people. What a comfortable life!

When he woke up, Qin Guan stayed in bed like a worm. Cong Nianwei patted his bottom angrily.

Crack! What happened to my reserved girlfriend?

"Get up! Check your email! It's time for colleges to send acceptance notifications!"

Qin Guan picked up his laptop, murmuring, "I have a hard-working girlfriend. I wouldn't miss the notice."

"Don't get nervous over it. If we were accepted, we'll get a notification later than the rejected students. Probably in two or three weeks."

"Are there any students who get rejected by colleges? You definitely don't have to worry, you were recommended by your college."

I'm worried about you!

"You are such a careless man. You might not even have read the recommendation letter your tutor wrote for you!"

Qin Guan wanted to cry. He had checked the application three times before sending it. Men had to look stronger in front of women though, so he tried to look confident. To be honest, he was actually very nervous. If he was rejected by every college, he would lose face.

Although he had applied to several universities, he was not sure about any of them. If he didn't get accepted by Columbia University and was kicked away to Massachusetts or California, he would be a peasant in the countryside, while Cong Nianwei would be a fashionable girl in a metropolis.

Never! Wish me luck! Suddenly, he saw an email in his mailbox.

With trembling hands, Qin Guan clicked on the email that would influence his sex life in the future.

"Ha ha! I passed!"

He pulled Cong Nianwei over in excitement, sharing his happiness with her.

Cong Nianwei jumped up and opened her own mailbox. She found a similar email.

Their hearts were finally at rest. What a good feeling!

"Now we can only wait for their official notice. I've heard that we have to prepare a lot of paperwork, like XX, XXX..."

Hey, Weizi! We have several months to prepare for that!

Qin Guan bit the inside of his cheek by accident. "Ouch! It hurts!"

We should celebrate today!

Qin Guan put on his clothes and got ready to go out. Cong Nianwei was standing beside him, watching him.

"Qin Guan?"

"Yes?"

"Don't cause me any trouble until we leave China. Be careful with your affairs. Otherwise, I'll ..."

"Why do you say that?"

Liu Jia's eyes suddenly emerged in Qin Guan's mind. He smiled with a guilty conscience.

Would that girl cause me trouble? I should confide in my girlfriend later.

Cong Nianwei shared her experience with Qin Guan. "Some seniors said that the notice doesn't mean there will be a final offer. It's said that some famous colleges with too many applicants cancel some admissions every year."

"Any harmful news about the applicants would influence the final results."

Qin Guan was scared. Would an affair be considered harmful news in such a free country?

Of course! Tutor Martin, who had accepted Qin Guan as his student, was actually watching the video sent to him by his old

friend.

Chapter 313: When We Were Nobodies

Chinese martial art films were wonderful! For example, "Crouching Tiger and Hidden Dragon" had done pretty well at the Oscars the previous year.

Doctor Martin looked happily at Qin Guan, who had died gracefully. His colleagues were also attracted by the old background music.

It was St. Patrick's Day in the US, the happiest time at Columbia University. All the staff members and students were on vacation.

The St. Patrick's Festival, a traditional Irish festival, had been carried on in the US.

In fact, it was only an excuse for a fun day off. Most Americans had no idea about the real meaning of the festival. They had just changed it into a beer festival.

Wearing green caps and green shirts, several friends of Martin's tried to invite him to the parade on 5th Street, Manhattan.

"What are you watching, Martin? Is it more interesting than a glass of beer? You are smiling like an idiot!" Martin turned the screen to them, as if he was showing off some kind of treasure. "Look! He is my new student. What do you think?"

"Which one?" The aged men inched closer to the computer.

"Wow! He is flying! He's flying backwards!"

The video was part of "The Legend of A Swordsman". It was funny, but they could understand the plot thanks to Qin Guan's simple translation.

"What a handsome boy! He looked handsome even as he died! How wonderful are Chinese martial arts!"

"Martin?"

"Yes?"

"Could we negotiate over him? We are in the same department, and you have many choices every year. Could you give him to me? He is quite different from the previous Chinese students."

"Never! Are you aware of his status in the Chinese entertainment circle? He's like Tom Cruise in Hollywood. Tom Cruise! Understand?"

Those simple academics were convinced. How could they be so naive considering their age?

It made sense though. As bookworms, they only engaged in scientific research and drinking beer. They knew nothing about famous actors.

They all sighed in admiration repeatedly. After watching flying flowers, swords and tears on the screen, they turned their eyes away.

Martin was satisfied with the effect. Putting on his own green cap, he went off with his old friends.

Actually, he looked like the main character in a traditional video game. A green-clothed plumber, to be exact.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan was busy dealing with work before going abroad.

He had to hand his work at the club and the company over to Bu Qinglu. In the future, he would have to rely on Bu to carry on that daily work. He had finished all his other jobs, except the one with J Clothing.

Sister Xue and Qin Guan were waiting at the J Clothing Headquarters in confusion. A.M. had turned down any plans related to Qin Guan. Why had J Clothing invited them there?

The door opened and the boss of J Clothing walked in.

"Long time no see, Qin Guan and Xue Wanyi!" he greeted them both like old friends.

"Hi!" Qin Guan and Sister Xue answered in surprise.

"I know about Qin Guan's plans. So you don't want to renew our contract for next year? Thanks for the early notice. There are few men as honest as Qin Guan these days. They may get that money first."

Sister Xue gave him a proud, sad smile. "We have been good friends for many years. We met each other when we were all nobodies. We would never cheat you."

The other snobbish guys had disappeared the moment they had heard the news. They were afraid that Qin Guan's departure would influence their sales volume.

The boss laughed happily. "I'll never give up my ambassador. I didn't invite you here just to meet with old friends, but to discuss our contract for next year."

The man pushed two thick piles of paper towards them and fell silent, waiting for their response.

"What? Do you know what going abroad means for a model? It's like cold storage! The audience won't be able to hear news about Qin Guan in the media. It is not worth the trouble. You are a businessman!"

As she tried to persuade him, Sister Xue read through the contract.

"Don't worry, just keep reading." The man smiled like a shrewd businessman.

Finally, Sister Xue saw the different terms on the contract.

"Ha! You plan on entering the US market? You'll open your first store in Manhattan? That's so bold!"

Chapter 314: Melancholy

In fact, the J Clothing boss had blind faith in Qin Guan. He had been planning on opening stores overseas since the previous year.

The small company had started its business by selling shirts. It had taken the man two years to purchase three plants and open hundreds of stores all over China.

Half a year earlier, he had purchased a new production line engaging in clothing exports. All those things were trials before the bigger expansion. Low labor cost was his best weapon in competing with foreign companies.

The ambitions of J Clothing went far beyond a small store in Manhattan. He had also started negotiating with Walmart and other large shopping malls.

He would test the brand in New York City. Cheap shirts and T-shirts with stamps were his biggest hope.

Surrounding a city with villages was a traditional Chinese wisdom. There would come a day when "Made in China" would occupy American people's lives. It would be a battle without smoke or gunpowder.

J Clothing had made changes to their contract for the next year. According to their evaluation of Qin Guan, as well as his progress in Asia, the boss had thought that Qin Guan would be aiming for Japan and South Korea. Little had he known that Qin Guan would go to the US. Things had turned out really well for him. He had invested all his capital in the US, putting all his eggs in one basket.

Sister Xue was shocked by the two-year contract, which would earn Qin Guan 500,000 yuan a year.

It made Qin Guan feel confident, considering that he was facing an unknown future. It was much better than those short-sighted Japanese brands.

Sister Xue answered sincerely, "Don't worry. I'll give the contract to our legal department. We'll send it back with our signature."

"It was nice doing business with you!"

"Same here!"

They shook hands without saying anything else.

It would be a mutual effort in a strange country and a complicated city.

Quiet days flew by faster. The sense of watching sand gradually fly away between one's fingers always made people melancholy.

Thanks to his hard-working girlfriend, Qin Guan had a lot more spare time than other people. As he idled around on campus, he felt melancholy about every familiar thing.

All his roommates were busy with their own courses or jobs. There were more and more talent fairs held at their college.

There were small tables everywhere with boards with the title of the company or unit on them. They reminded the senior students that they would be leaving college to pursue their own futures.

Registration day was just like the day before. There were subtle expressions on everyone's young faces.

Lovers smiled, cried and hugged each other. The reality of joy and sorrow broke into their ivory towers.

Acquaintances rushed to greet each other and leave. Students looked nervously at the recruiting tables.

Farewell, youth. Farewell, college years.

All the annoying and happy events that had happened during that time were gone with the wind. Everyone looked back and saw nothing.

Hats and scarves were thrown into the air. Diplomas were waved high. Those precious moments and faces were recorded in

pictures.

Graduation day was not just the conclusion of the previous four years, but also the start of their future professional lives. They had shared that short time with each other, as well as their joy, blessings and wishes.

As the most handsome guy there, Qin Guan was easily recognizable among the crowd.

He finished his conversation with the monitor in the woods. When he turned around, he saw a group of strangers standing behind him.

The leaders of the group were Huang Jiajia and Mou Xiaoliu.

Finally, the day had come. Qin Guan smiled with ease and melancholy. The young girls had grown up.

"Congratulations on your graduation," Mou said, speaking up first. Then she fell silent.

What shall I say? We are only mere acquaintances. As a person on a completely different life track, I have nothing to say.

"Rubbish. Graduation is as easy for him as eating."

Huang Jiajia was much more beautiful now. She was no longer the childish girl that she used to be. Pride granted her a special attitude.

She had her own unique charm.

"Tell me, how are you getting along with your girlfriend?"

Her baby face suddenly emerged in Qin Guan's mind. As he thought of Cong Nianwei, his smile became softer.

"We are doing well. Thank you for your concern."

Huang Jiajia choked up.

"What are you doing here? Did you come for me?"

The group of girls looked excited. Qin Guan was familiar with

some of them, but a few of them were younger.

A brave girl looked around and waved her hands. Her companions shouted in one voice, "Senior Qin Guan! We all like you! We wish you a happy future!"

All the different voices were in harmony. Some sentimental girls couldn't help but cry.

Chapter 315: We Wish You A Happy Future!

"Stop crying! Be strong!" A tomboy turned her head around with red eyes.

It was wonderful to express their feelings together to Senior Qin before he left. She did not mind if they got sneered at.

They just wanted to comfort their maiden hearts.

They didn't wish to be accepted. This was just a result of their love. They started crying loudly, astonishing the rest of the graduates.

Huang Jiajia was also astonished. She watched the girls, who had runny noses and tears on their faces.

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The fan club is out of my control. They are all confessing their love for my prince! Impossible! Qin Guan is mine! He might have a girlfriend, but I'm the first runner-up! I just used them to bother him on campus!

Suddenly, Mou turned around. "Senior Qin, may I hug you?"

What? Mou Xiaoliu! You're betraying me! You cunning bear!

"Okay," Qin Guan answered in confusion. Mou hugged him right away.

Ouch! I forgot about her strength! "Be... careful... My... back... hurts!"

Qin Guan tried his best to speak.

"Senior Qin, I'm sure about my feelings. I love you, but I will move on and live a happy life. Cheer up! I wish you a happy future!"

Mou looked up with a splendid smile. She looked like a newborn baby. She let Qin Guan go and took a few steps back, waving at

him.

Cheers! We will always be with you!

"Mou Xiaoliu..."

Huang Jiajia looked at Qin Guan with watery eyes. Suddenly, she paused.

Qin Guan spread his arms out towards her. "I'm leaving. Do you want a hug?"

He was still the tutor saving her from trouble.

He was still the fighter protecting her.

He was still the good-tempered man spoiling her.

He was still the older brother smiling at her mistakes.

"Thank you!" Huang Jiajia smiled, looking as gorgeous as a rose.
"Goodbye!"

She left, leaving Qin Guan's embrace empty. She was a proud girl. The knot in her stomach was finally untied.

"I wish you a happy future," Qin Guan murmured with gratitude. Suddenly, he felt several shameless hands on his body.

"Senior Qin, may I have [the second button on your shirt](#)?"

Hey, you read too many Japanese comic books! Let me go!

Laughter was heard all over campus. Qin Guan wished safe sailing to all the students rubbing their hands in anticipation of his departure!

The train took Mu Lejiang and Ayimina away. They returned to their hometown of Mu, where the Northwestern branch of the Bank of China was located. Mu would do his bit to help his hometown, in accordance with the national plan designed to develop the Great Northwest.

It was rare to see a student engage in finance there. Mu would have a bright future.

All his roommates saw him off at the station. He was the first to leave college.

The day before, they had had a celebratory feast at the small restaurant next to the campus. The dishes there seemed especially delicious, as it was their first time visiting the restaurant.

The prices were also reasonable. The prices of meat dishes had increased from eight yuan to ten yuan during the past four years. If they had three traditional cold dishes, they could drink overnight.

The restaurant was crowded during graduation season. There were familiar faces everywhere.

"Hi, Lao Xu! It's you! Sit with us! Waiter, one more pair of chopsticks!"

Graduates talked on and on. They talked about the first time they had met at their dormitories, about the girls they had pursued together, about the farce caused by a bowl of instant noodles...

Brother sleeping on the upper bunk, take care of yourself in the future. I will see you off before I leave. Please keep my face in your memory.

...

Men do not shed tears easily. When the train left the platform though, Qin Guan was surprised by Liu Xiaoyang's calmness.

He remained terribly calm during Mu's departure, even though Mu had always treated him like a younger brother.

"Ah! Brother Mu!"

The staff of the railway station were scared by Liu's sudden cry. The train had left for a long time by then. What was the young man chasing after?

Liu kept running with tears and snot on his face, as if he had just understood what Mu's departure really meant.

This time, they wouldn't meet after vacation. There would be

distance between them forever. The crazy boy ran back fast. "He is gone! Really gone! We are not six roommates anymore!"

It's the button closest to one's heart.

Chapter 316: Elapsed Love

The next day, on the same platform, Ye Dong faced Yang Jing with a forced smile. Yang's eyes were red and full of tears.

"Let me help you..." Ye Dong murmured.

Then they felt silent. The train roared as the conductor shouted to the passengers still standing on the platform.

"No."

When they had begun to talk about their futures, Yang had foreseen this departure.

After Ye Dong had registered to take the civil servant exams, she had given up all hope. In fact, she had always been struggling to decide between leaving and staying.

Her decisive boyfriend had informed her about his choice not long after, in the garden they frequently visited.

"If you trust me, you will stay with me, Yang Jing. I'm a man, so I can take the responsibility. Maybe at the beginning we won't live that luxuriously, but that will change."

"I'm sorry, Ye Dong. My parents are getting old back home. We are all the backbones of our families. I'm not as resolute as you are. I've always loved the countryside. I miss the smell of rice flowers and the song of the harvest flies in this cold metropolis..."

"Maybe I could stay with you for love, but reality will teach us a lesson through this departure. Maybe I'll marry someone from a small town and watch my parents get old, but my youth, love and first heartbeat will always belong to you, my love."

Yang Jing smiled. Her face looked vague in Ye's eyes. Men only shed tears when they were heartbroken.

"Take care of yourself..."

Without any words or tears, Yang Jing picked up her luggage.

Farewell, my love.

The strong man started sobbing like a child. The whistle took his love away. Ye Dong covered his eyes, trying to stop the running tears.

May no other people in love experience that kind of pain.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei returned home together. They would stay with their parents during their last summer in China.

Qin Guan's aged grandparents went to see their talented grandson. They wanted to bid Qin Guan farewell before he left for an unknown country.

Qin Guan's mother was so worried about her son that she began purchasing all kinds of things for Qin Guan, including but not limited to, medicine, tools, cleaning supplies, clothes, cooking utensils and local products.

She also suggested taking Qin Guan to the capital, so she wouldn't worry about him.

Cong Nianwei's father nearly resigned and went to the US with her, but Cong Nianwei's mother didn't let him.

"Dad, Qin Guan will be with me. What are you so worried about?"

That's exactly what I'm worried about. You might return to China in two years with my one-year-old grandson.

Both families went to Beijing and stayed in Qin Guan's apartment. On the day of their departure, they checked their luggage and passports again and got ready to go.

"Qin Guan, put on all your clothes. If your luggage is overweight, you'll have to pay a fine."

"Mum, three pairs of pants in August? Are you kidding?"

"I wonder if the dormitories in the US have central heating. What if you catch a cold?"

Qin Guan scampered off like a frightened rat. Liu Xiaoyang, who was their driver, gave him a forced smile.

His large business car was enough for the two families.

"Thank you! What a nice guy!"

Cong Nianwei's father looked at Liu with a satisfied smile. That young man is pretty nice. He is thin and good-tempered. At least my daughter would beat him in a fight.

Cong Nianwei didn't care about her father's feelings. If she could read his mind, she would have sneered at him.

Their families were reluctant to part with them at the security check. An unknown future was waiting for them on the other side of the door. Qin Guan felt sad, despite the fact that he was a tough man.

To his surprise, Liu Xiaoyang, his best friend from his dormitory, was really calm compared to when he had seen Mu Lejiang off.

Qin Guan was relieved. He had grown up after all. He seemed to have gotten used to departures, which was a must for growing up.

"Come on, hug me! I'm leaving. Take care of yourself!"

Qin Guan spread his arms out towards him with a warm smile.

"You are all gone. You are leaving me alone!" Liu Xiaoyang turned his face up and burst into laughter. He didn't care about the onlookers casting astonished glances at him.

Chapter 317: New York, New York

Cong Nianwei's father was shocked. That short boy has a terrible explosive power in his body! It's a pity that he is not as clever as other people. Forget it. Compared to him, Qin Guan is at least an ordinary person.

Qin Guan smiled and hugged Liu. "Even if I leave, you will still be my best friend. Not just any friend, my best friend."

"Really?"

"Of course!"

They disappeared at the other side of the security check. Their families returned home, leaving them there. Time never stopped for anyone.

Their fingers were locked. Cong Nianwei looked down through the window, watching the land below shrink inch by inch before turning into a beautiful map.

"Qin Guan?"

"Yes?"

"I'm starting to miss home."

"Me, too."

It was a choice of youth. They felt melancholy, but they did not regret it.

After tens of hours, the plane finally landed. Qin Guan picked up their luggage in relief.

They had to find a familiar figure among the crowd in the arrival hall.

Cong Nianwei and Qin Guan passed customs and saw a big poster of Qin Guan right away. On the poster, there were twisting Chinese characters reading "Handsome! Qin Guan!"

The two of them burst into laughter.

Actually, nothing could shock people in New York. Nobody paid any special attention to John. Several fashionable girls just took some pictures of the strong young man. Both the guy on and behind the board were attractive.

"Hi, John!"

Qin Guan greeted John from afar. John couldn't utter a word at the sight of him. "Hey, dude. Did you live a hard life in China?"

"Why? Thanks for picking me up from the airport. My girlfriend and I have no idea how to navigate the city."

Pointing to Qin Guan's clothes in an exaggerated way, John said bitterly, "Look at your clothes! I must have been messing about in China."

Qin Guan looked down, but saw nothing strange. My cheap white T-shirt, grey shorts and brown sandals are very comfortable. At least I'm not wearing three pairs of pants!

"You..."

John pointed at Qin Guan's short hair, which seemed like the standard hairstyle of a prisoner.

Several months ago, he had seen Qin Guan's picture in a magazine. What had happened during that period?

When they got into John's car, Qin Guan expressed his worry.

"It's said that the campus environment is pretty good. It's next to the Hudson River, north of Manhattan Central Park. I heard the Harlem District is dangerous though."

"Even the New York Police has declined to send forces to that area. I read about it in a textbook... It's terrible."

"That's why I've dressed like a poor guy. If I am at Stuart and Citizen, I won't see the light of the day till tomorrow."

John could see the worried expression in the girl's eyes through the rearview mirror. He couldn't help but burst into laughter.

This was what people called cultural shock.

John was laughing loudly, completely out of breath. A small truck passed by. The driver looked at him anxiously, as if he was looking at an idiot. He tried to maintain a distance from their car.

Where did most crazy men live? No idea, but there were a few in New York. The city was like a melting pot. Anything could happen there.

Looking at their confused expressions, John tried to explain, "I was not born in New York. I grew up in a small village. It took me one month to blend in here."

"Your concern is reasonable. Columbia University is located in the most dangerous part of town, but the surrounding district has high security."

"After all, it's one of the top Ivy League Universities. It's even more famous than New York University. Do you think people would want to see drugs, guns or gangs around it?"

"The residents there are mainly German. It's quite safe. Besides, if you have to return to campus late at night, you can call the university staff to come pick you up. Of course, you have to be within a two-block radius."

"Wow!"

John held his tears back. In fact, the boy didn't leave his residence zone often. He was an indoorsman. Work and sleep took up most of his time. He had only gone around Manhattan for Qin Guan.

The streets were getting busier. There were tall buildings and large mansions everywhere. Cong Nianwei and Qin Guan knew that they were getting close to their destination.

The college would open in late August. The first thing they would have to do was find an apartment in the unfamiliar city.

There was a small apartment in Queens, Manhattan, where John had lived for two years. It was a small room of about 30 square metres with an independent bathroom.

It was the best type of house for a young guy in that complicated district. Compared to the crazy prices in downtown New York, rent prices in Queens were much lower. 1,000 dollars a month was an alright price for John.

Of course, considering the distance from Qin Guan's college and his possible job, John thought Qin Guan might be able to find something better if his wallet allowed it.

Chapter 318: Start of A New Life

Of course, the houses in Long Island and the Upper East Side were beyond their wildest dreams.

The center of Manhattan, where Times Square and Fifth Avenue were located, was too noisy to live in.

Thanks to its convenient public transportation, the Metropolitan Opera House would be a good choice. There were many apartments for students in that area. There was also Fordham University, which added an academic, sophisticated style to the surrounding area. Besides, there was no dangerous part of town there.

It took the residents half an hour to get to the New York University by bus. It was indeed a good choice!

The three of them arrived at John's small apartment. After washing quickly, Qin Guan changed his clothes to satisfy John's request.

Visibly cheap clothes made John, who was a fashionable guy, feel ashamed.

Qin Guan appeared again in J Clothing, which made his picky friend smile.

They had Mexican roast chicken for 7.5 dollars downstairs and started their long journey of seeking a house.

In order to select a house in such a big city, they had to ask help from a real estate agency.

Agencies were not their first choice because of their high fees. Fortunately, the gods in the US were similar to those in China.

After several houses, Cong Nianwei and Qin Guan made a preliminary choice. The house-owners understood the demands of students very well. The house was perfect for a single person or a couple, and the good neighborhood it was in was another selling

point.

There were also different choices of luxury suits and shared rooms to satisfy various demands.

In a few hours, they had decided on an apartment. It would take them only three minutes to walk to the bus stop from there and 10 minutes to get to college by bike.

We like it.

The administrator of the building was an old American lady. She seemed to be familiar with students. After receiving the first month's rent, she gave the keys to the two foreign lovers.

John was relieved to be done with that.

Feeling embarrassed, Qin Guan urged John to call back his agent, who had called John many times during that short time.

John was about to leave, but he still looked worried about them. He took their luggage to Qin Guan's apartment. "Do you remember my number? There is a public phone in the corridor. Call me if you need anything."

Qin Guan smiled. "Got it. Don't worry about me. I'll call you later."

"Qin Guan?"

"What?"

"Can I live with you as your friend?"

John showed his strong arms to Qin Guan and cast a soft glance at him. "I could be the bottom."

Bang! Cong Nianwei had hit him on the head with a pan.

That naughty boy had to be punished on a regular basis.

"Please! Spare my life!"

John scurried off like a frightened rat, laughing loudly.

Joseph, a tenant who had just returned with a loaf of bread, had witnessed the violent scene. The golden-haired German dropped his key in fear.

Are those my new neighbours? They seem even more terrible than the crazy French guys. I better keep some distance from them.

Trying to look calm, he squatted down to pick up his key.

Cong Nianwei failed to catch up with John and went back to their apartment leisurely, still holding the pan in her hands.

The doors of the other apartments were slightly open.

"Our new neighbor seems lively."

"Is he gone?"

"Yes. Let's clean the apartment as soon as possible, or we'll be sleeping on the floor."

"Thank god we followed my mother's instructions. I saw a supermarket nearby. Let's go grocery shopping."

"Okay."

Joseph's hands started shaking again. Chinese! They're speaking Chinese! Now it all makes sense! They come from a mysterious, ancient country. That's why that petite girl was able to defeat a strong American man using only a pan!

It seems like Wonder Woman is living in the apartment across the hallway!

All the doors were shut silently. The new couple seemed awful!

Cong Nianwei and Qin Guan had no idea about this. They were too busy trying to get used to their new environment. From then on, that small apartment would be their new home and their warm harbor in the US.

There was a small open-area kitchen in the living room. The

cooking utensils were ready to use, but there was no food.

They decided to go to the supermarket first. They would cook at home and have their first meal in the US!

The two of them headed to their destination. When they disappeared down the staircase, their neighbors finally opened their doors.

Two boys with brown hair appeared. One was fat, and the other was thin, but their faces were very much alike.

Chapter 319: Strange Neighbours

"Wow! They are not romantic at all. We should keep a distance from them, Batiste!"

"Yes!" The plumper boy, who was the younger brother, blinked. "But, Batisler... What if they say hello to us?"

"Silly boy! You can just start speaking French. They do not seem clever. They speak poor English, so they shouldn't be able to speak French well either."

"Oh!" The fat boy named Batiste nodded.

Joseph was still standing by the door. He was always serious, even when he was gossiping about his neighbours. "According to international research, you French guys are idiots. You are only better than Africans. You dare laugh at the cleverest race in Asia? You're ridiculous!"

"You!" Before the French brothers could explode, Coulibaly from Congo got angry. "That's bare discrimination! I'm the best delegate studying in the US. As the son of a tribe chief, I would like to give you an official warning."

The man could hide perfectly in the dark if he didn't open his mouth.

Putting on his poker face, Joseph said, "There were four grammar mistakes in your words. Don't tell me this is a standard London accent, because it isn't."

"According to official research, only a small group of Irish in South London can speak with an original standard English accent. Don't ask me how I know that. I have no time to explain to you idiots!"

Bang! Joseph shut the door in time when he saw that the African was about to throw his gold bracelet at his head.

The Batiste brothers started laughing loudly, ignoring the reality of the situation. Joseph's laughter echoed in the empty hallway.

"Shut the f*ck up!"

Several girls with brown skin opened the door of the largest apartment. They were the only female lodgers on that floor. All the onlookers closed their doors silently.

Their leader, a Mexican girl, was dressed like a hippie. There were rings on her nose, lips and bellybutton.

A shining skull was on her chest and a dangerous-looking poppy was on her leg. Her hair was styled in a bright red Mohawk.

"Who woke me up? It must be that f*cking German! He is like a mouse in a stinking ditch!"

Cella licked her lips impatiently. Her underground band had two gigs that day. She had no time to go back to sleep.

I'll kick his head like a ball one day.

Cella and the other girls retreated to their apartment. They had to get dressed and go out into the wonderful Manhattan night.

Coulibaly, the brave prince of the Congo tribe, shivered. He still recalled the day when he had returned late at night and scared Cella in the hallway. He had also been scared by her.

Cella had seen a mouthful of white teeth floating in the air, while Coulibaly had thought that she was a demon from a legend.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were carrying their shopping bags back to their apartment. It seemed like they would have to buy a small car.

According to their contract, they could get a parking space at the lot across the street for free. Of course, that was included in the rent. It was convenient, although the rent there was higher.

By the time night fell, they had put away everything. Warm yellow lights were turned on silently in the small kitchen. There

was beef boiling on the stove.

Dinner would be ready in 10 minutes. The reflection of the moon was visible on the floor of the living room. Qin Guan was wearing an apron, while Cong Nianwei was cleaning the long second-hand table they had bought.

This was a good residential community that could meet all their living standards.

The smell of beef rose from the pot. When they seasoned it with Chinese spices, the American beef would taste delicious. Cong Nianwei arranged the tableware, while Qin Guan filled a large bowl with soup and beef.

"Isn't that too much?" Cong Nianwei asked worriedly.

"We can put it in the fridge later and save it for when we are feeling too lazy to cook."

The two of them smiled at each other. Suddenly, they heard someone knocking on the door.

Who is it? Who would drop by at dinner time? Is it that shameless John? Qin Guan answered the door and saw a stranger outside.

"Hello! I'm Joseph. I live in the apartment across the hallway. I noticed that I have some new neighbours. This is a welcoming present for you."

Bro, try to find a better excuse next time, okay? I saw you at the door with your bread when my girlfriend went out with that pan. Be more sincere in the future. Why did you come here with just one loaf of bread?

Keeping open doors was a traditional virtue of the Chinese though. Qin Guan smiled at him and invited him in, "Welcome. Come in, please."

Actually, Joseph wanted to bum a meal off them. He had been

born in a country with terrible food, second only to British food. He usually had no interest in food, but the smell of meat in the hallway had attracted him to the new neighbours' apartment. What a shame! I can't tolerate having dry bread and beans from a can when I'm smelling that wonderful smell!

Chapter 320: [The Eight-Nation Alliance](#)

Joseph hadn't expected his new neighbours to be so handsome. He felt ashamed of his behavior now.

Cong Nianwei was surprised by his impudence, but she smiled at their guest. "Welcome! Take a seat. I'll get a plate for you. Where are you from?"

"Wow!" Joseph was impressed by the dishes. He suddenly forgot about his shame. "I'm German. I'm from Hamburg."

Aha! A German who is not punctual!

Before Qin Guan could close the door, another visitor came.

"Aha! Your door is open! I knew Joseph would want to visit the new neighbours first. He is so shameless. How do you do? We are the handsome brothers from France, Batiste and Batisler. These are welcoming presents. We hope you'll like them."

Hey! I didn't invite you in!

Qin Guan looked at the small, dirty flowers in his hands. They looked like wildflowers picked by the side of the road.

Qin Guan didn't know what to do with them. I'll throw them away after they leave.

Suddenly, there was another knock.

Qin Guan couldn't help but shout towards the hallway, "Is there any other customer out there?"

Suddenly, the small apartment was full of visitors.

"Oh, my! Such good friends!"

The new visitors had brought folded chairs with them. They had even known how many chairs Qin Guan had. All their neighbours were there. Cong Nianwei began to boil rice again.

The real problem was that Coulibaly's present was a small golden

leopard. He was a real local tyrant!

The group suddenly pointed a finger at the young African man.

"What do you mean by that?"

"You are trying to be special! We just wanted to express our appreciation!"

"Cella and her sisters only brought Mexican pancakes. Why did you take this so seriously?"

"Did you know that the ancient Chinese thought gold was bullsh*t?"

Stop! The ancient Chinese wouldn't agree with you!

The three girls were smiling. Even the rings on their tongues couldn't suppress their appetite. They all shouted at Cong Nianwei, "Hey, hot chick! The guests are waiting for you. Stop your work for a while."

Cong Nianwei smiled at the self-invited guests. So many strange things going on around here! It seems like we won't be lacking any joking material in the future.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei sat by the table. Their foreign guests were looking at them like poor puppies waiting for food. The lure of the delicious dishes distracted them from the perfect appearance of the young man.

Qin Guan wisely did not give a welcoming speech. "Everyone here looks hungry. Let's eat first and chat later!"

"Wow! Great!"

"Okay!" they all echoed before digging in.

Cong Nianwei and Qin Guan suddenly realized that the Mexican pancakes were the girls' own staple food, not a present for them. They had originally planned on standing outside their apartment and eating the pancakes there. Little did they think that the new neighbours would be so generous.

The three girls were eating the beef and soup in combination with their pancakes. The Batiste brothers watched Coulibaly eat using the traditional eating method of his tribe: hand picking. They sped up themselves and stopped trying to look elegant.

"Ouch!" Coulibaly realized this was boiled beef.

Joseph, who was calmly looking at his plate, pointed to the shredded potatoes with his fork. "What's this?"

"Shredded potatoes. Try them."

"Can potatoes be shredded into such thin threads? Are you kidding?"

"We used a shredder."

Joseph picked up several threads and put them into his mouth carefully. What a magical country! They spend so much time on potatoes! They taste f*cking wonderful! I have never had such delicious food before!

The strict German put down his fork and put his hands to use. The fat boy called Batiste, who was lazy and greedy, found the situation unfavorable to him.

Who said the French were elegant? Bullsh*t! He threw his knife and fork away.

The scene reminded Qin Guan of his own roommates. He soon got lost down memory lane.

Cong Nianwei estimated the quantity of the leftover food silently. The beef was 1.5 kilos. Sure enough, the foreigners were greedy with meat. In the warm evening, Cong Nianwei forgot that she was a foreigner in a strange country herself.

Dinner was the best bridge between people from different races. Several minutes later, there were people with full stomachs sitting around the table.

Now the guests had the time to observe their new neighbours and

vice versa, Cong Nianwei and Qin Guan were also observing them.

It is said that one's face is the mirror of their heart. The appearance of the strangers was quite different from their ancestors' pictures. The Latin girls had tattoos on their faces, and so did the black guy.

A metaphor, referring to the forces that invaded China in 1900, including the US, the UK, France, Germany, Russia, Japan, the Austrian-Hungarian Empire and Italy.

Chapter 321: Heavy Metal Rock

You could only see his teeth in the dark.

Everyone stared at Qin Guan for 30 seconds and gasped.

Batiste grabbed Qin Guan's arm with shining eyes. "Are you a Drama Major? Why did you come to New York? You should have gone to France! We have the best drama schools!"

Naturally inclined to contradict the French, Joseph questioned his logic, "Broadway is in New York. He might be a dancer. Besides, Los Angeles is also in the US! What could Qin Guan do in France? Remain unpaid and go on strike with your labor union?"

"You motherf*cker! The Honor of Gaul Warriors will never be defended!"

Cella broke in, "I've never had dinner for free before. You treated me to food, so I'll treat you to good music. We are all artists after all."

Who told you that I'm an artist? How can you tell that that's my profession? By my appearance?

Before Qin Guan could speak, Cella went on to say, "I have a show tonight. You should come. Drinks are for free."

"You should dress up though. Your face is dangerous, and we have a dangerous audience."

Who would dare come to the show after you say something like that? Do you think I'm an idiot? What? Drinks are for free?

Joseph, who was an alcohol addict, suddenly turned to Qin Guan. "You are a stranger here, Qin Guan. You'll get lost. I've been living in New York for many years. I'll take you. It'll be my pleasure!"

The French boys suddenly stood up. "Cella, you never invited us! We are also artists ourselves! We want to..."

"Wow! A background band! That's what I call American culture! I

want to go too! Here is the admission fee."

A golden foil was presented. It was a bribe from Congo.

Cella inserted the foil into her hammock calmly. Her generous cleavage swallowed it up. There was a beautiful snake tattoo on her breasts.

Qin Guan cast a glance at Cong Nianwei and saw his brave girlfriend watching the funny scene in high spirits. It seemed that he was the only one who would rather stay in bed with his girlfriend on his first day in the US.

Since everyone was interested in the show, Qin Guan agreed to go. He put on a pair of silly black-framed glasses before they left.

At the entrance of the building, Cong Nianwei and Qin Guan realized that Cella's show was different from the ordinary.

The members of her band, most of whom were not Mexican, came to pick her up. They were driving a cool bubble car with prints of golden flames.

It was like a demon carriage from "Journey to the West". Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei followed the French brothers to their Volkswagen. We'd better stay with ordinary people.

After several turns, they arrived at the city center and parked in a large parking lot. Then they walked to the inner streets.

The roads were wet and slippery with waste everywhere. Compared to the business streets of New York, that area was much darker.

At the end of an alley, there was a small twinkling bulb, quite different from the exaggerated neon lights in the Japanese entertainment area. It had a restrained vibe to it.

They gathered at the entrance, where iron handrails were leading to the basement. A strong man was standing by.

He was a security guard. Even though it was dark, he was still

wearing sunglasses. Every visitor had to be checked by him.

This was the tradition of such disorderly places. No guns or sharp weapons were permitted. That rule was for the protection of their customers.

They went in directly, because Cella was with them.

Qin Guan pushed the old iron gate open, feeling like he was opening Pandora's box. The world inside was completely different from the one outside.

Sparkling neon lights were rotating on the high ceiling. Except for the lights on the stage, it was completely dark inside.

It took them some time to adapt to the low lights. They could hardly see anything in the chaotic, dark hall.

Rockers with rivets and metal pieces were making noise in the hot, dry environment.

The bar counter was the brightest place in the hall. Customers went there every now and then. They moved towards the normal-looking bartender subconsciously, trying to avoid people with rogue faces.

"In my tribe, they would be the best warriors."

"What do you mean?"

"In my tribe, tattoos on the face are a symbol of courage during hunting. Besides, the tattoos would scare big felids away. Any one of them could frighten two lions, in my opinion."

You could poison a lion with your words, my prince.

Only Joseph knew the place well enough to navigate through it with ease. He asked for a large glass of beer and enjoyed it by the counter.

Cong Nianwei was in Qin Guan's embrace the whole time. For a good girl like her, this was a new experience.

The lights on the stage lit up and several drummers appeared. Cella was standing by the microphone. She was the lead vocalist of the band!

The whole audience was screaming, whistling and cheering. Cella was very popular in the club. Everyone went crazy during the prelude.

The band was playing heavy metal music, a valiant genre of rock music. Even the cement floor was trembling along with the rhythm.

Cella's voice was a typical hoarse voice. Her friends, who knew nothing about music, were in awe of her. The crazy music cheered the audience up.

Chapter 322: The German Sun

Everyone there was much more fierce and irritable, not just because of the alcohol, but also because of their own characteristics.

A guy with long hair standing like a snake had been provoking Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei for a long time.

As a frequent patron, he knew that people would hit on him if he stood in the spotlight.

He was clever enough to find a place near the counter.

He was right. After a couple of songs, there was quarrel in the hall. The crowd parted, leaving space for a person rolling out ahead and another one chasing them.

They knew the rules well. They had their fight by the edge of the room, automatically avoiding the counter.

The crowd gathered again, paying no attention to the follow-up. Even the security staff standing by just cast an indifferent glance at them and turned their heads around.

Interesting. If this had happened in China, they would have been stopped right away. People there seemed uninterested in other people's affairs though.

Qin Guan wanted to take his girlfriend away, but she was sitting happily with their neighbours. She should have had some sunflower seeds in her hand.

There were idlers everywhere. By that time, Joseph had ordered his third cup of beer and was discussing the concrete uses of martial arts in real life.

The man beaten by his opponent was sad to hear the commentary. Nobody would want to hear such comments when they were suffering a beating.

The winner was also annoyed by the narrator, who was querying his IQ and analysing his actions in a disdainful manner.

"Shut up!"

"Shut up!"

The two men shouted at Joseph in one voice.

Huh? What's happening? I was whispering under the cover of loud music.

Qin Guan pulled the confused boy away, reminding him not to irritate other people.

"F*ck!"

Joseph was calm though. "See?" he told Qin Guan. "English speakers are short on words and expressions. They don't even know how to curse without using the word f*ck."

Qin Guan wanted to agree with him, but he couldn't say anything. He realized that Joseph had just insulted the two men.

It was strange, but the other guys did not seem anxious. They were looking at Joseph as if they were watching an actor.

Aren't you too cruel with him? He's tall, but he doesn't look like a good fighter. If something happened to him, I'd give him a hand.

The two men rushed up to Joseph and attacked his face with their large fists.

"Be careful!" Suddenly, Joseph squatted down and set his glass on the counter. He was not a strict commentator anymore.

The two guys couldn't draw their fists back in time. Missing their target, their fists collided with Qin Guan, who was standing behind Joseph.

"Ah!" Cong Nianwei couldn't help but scream. Despite her high IQ, she could do nothing but scream as she faced the wide gap between two different forces.

The others failed to run for help. They were all too stunned to move. Even the straw in Bastie's mouth fell to the ground.

The handsome boy would get disfigured after those two blows!

...

Potential was always maximized during a crisis. Qin Guan's brain automatically issued an order, manipulating his nervous reflexes.

There were only several centimetres between the fists and his body, when Qin Guan suddenly moved.

The onlookers only saw a pair of black-framed glasses flying in the air as the owner disappeared in a flash.

Actually, Qin Guan hadn't even moved his feet. He had bent 90 degrees, as if he was limbo dancing. His movement was clean-cut and clear.

The two guys realized their mistake and retreated. The threat had been minimized temporarily.

Qin Guan stood up again.

The crowd applauded him.

"I told you he was a dancer. He will become famous on Broadway!"

Joseph was no longer the focus of the conversation. His enemies had been shocked by Qin Guan.

And God said, "Let there be light; and there was light."

The onlookers saw someone shiner in front of them. The boy who had lost his glasses during the fight revealed his real beauty before them.

They thought it was miracle.

"Wow!"

As sophisticated New Yorkers, they came back to their senses fast. Cheers and whistles were heard everywhere. This was what

rebellious, frivolous American boys were like. Joseph though, who had no idea what was going on, thought that they were challenging him and Qin Guan.

You think your master is scared? Just wait till you experience the German Sun!

Chapter 323: Applause

Joseph jumped over and pushed his head against one of them.

Bang!

Caught completely unaware, the guy fell down and fainted.

"Wow!"

Is this the time for admiration? You guys are too optimistic!

"Hey, Joseph..."

Joseph's eyes were shining. He was not influenced by the others. All he could see was the other guy, who was wearing an iron gauze.

"Oh, f*ck!"

I, Warrior William of 132nd Street, will never yield to anyone! He attacked Joseph again.

The best defense was offense, so Joseph jumped aside.

Qin Guan was picking his glasses up from the floor, when he looked up and saw another fist in front him.

He pushed one of his fists down and performed an elegant backward somersault by using the recoiling force. He landed on the table behind him.

It was a perfect landing. William had just retreated with his arm outstretched.

Ignorant American guys, huh?

"Qin Guan, I love you! Do it again!" Batiste shouted loudly.

More and more people saw the fight in the dark. It was even more splendid than the band on the stage.

It included all the favorite elements of American guys: violence, astonishing results, fairy boys from Asia and mysterious Chinese martial arts.

Taking advantage of this, Joseph hit the man on the jaw. The attack was on point.

Blood escaped the man's nose. Looking at his white T-shirt, Joseph jumped back without hesitation.

So did Qin Guan, who had stopped posing on the table. Thanks to Joseph's move, he hadn't attracted more attention.

As a tall man, Joseph is a bit too vigorous. Judging by his figure, he should have been a tough fighter. He seems to be good at dodging hits though.

Qin Guan didn't think about it anymore. More and more people gathered around them, curious about the unusual fight.

"It's late. We better go," Qin Guan suggested.

"Fine, let's go," said Joseph.

He had won the battle, so he didn't want to stay anymore.

The waiter cleared their cups away. Just before Joseph left, the man lying on the floor rubbed his blood on Joseph's pants.

Is that your way of fighting back?

William had noticed that Joseph was a squeamish guy, because he had cared about his white shirt.

"F*ck dich!" Joseph cried. "What shall I do now, you motherf*cker?"

Qin Guan stopped him before he could stomp on William's face. "If you step on his face, you'll get more blood on your shoes!"

Qin Guan is right. I'd better stay away from the bastard.

"Go! Go!"

Pushing Joseph, they ran as fast as their feet could carry them. The crowd made a path for them.

The strong man must have hit his head pretty hard. He was the one who had provoked the others first after all.

In fact, Joseph was an ordinary man during peaceful times. He liked to provoke others and start fights when he drank though. His friends knew him well.

When they left the noisy underground club, some hot-blooded youngsters decided that they should learn something from the young martial artist.

They rushed to the exit, but saw nobody there.

They all got in the car. Anyone who wasn't drunk had to drive. Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei's driving licenses would be valid in the US in half a year. They had to take the examination again during that time.

The two cars drove off, leaving smoke behind them.

The moon looked the same as it did in China. Its dim light was like water.

The smell of armored concrete in a metropolitan area was exactly the same. After a busy day, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei had a good night's sleep on a soft bed.

It was wonderful to experience life in a foreign country. These would be their best memories when they were old.

New York, New York.

Chapter 324: Schools Open

That brief interlude was soon behind them. Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei merged into the city in high spirits.

Taking their kettles, backpacks, spare change and a city map with them, they entered the noisy city.

The sunlight was blocked by enormous mansions. People there saw no sun rays in 2002. The US was completely dejected.

New York was still a beautiful city though. There were trees everywhere as well as free public museums.

They travelled from south to north by bus, getting a panoramic view of Manhattan. They saw the financial district, the New York stock exchange and the Federal Reserve Bank.

In Chinatown, on the Lower East Side, they felt right at home.

The New York University had no walls around its campus. A visitor might think that those were just a few ordinary buildings.

Broadway was clustered by dozens of theatres. Looking ahead, they saw luxurious Chelsea and the solemn Supreme Judicial Court of New York.

The Upper East Side was inhabited by rich people of the last generation, and it was one of the most luxurious areas of the city.

In an effort to avoid the repression of old-fashioned people, young lawyers and doctors had found their own paradise. After crossing a bridge, they got away from noisy Manhattan and reached their quiet harbor.

Long Island, which was slightly remote, had naturally been their first choice for a home.

The air there was misty, and the sky was blue. The housing prices were completely ridiculous though.

Leisure time flew by fast. Before Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei

could visit every free museum in the city, all schools had opened.

The first beam of sunlight fell on the Upper West Side. Columbia University was far from the city center. A towering lion sculpture was the symbol of the university. It was bathing in the sunshine like a king bathing in holy light. It looked solemn and respectful.

The Roman-style Butler Library was located on the central square of the university, welcoming the bustling students.

Senior students were already familiar with the university. It was the freshmen who attracted more attention.

There were college societies at all the entrances of the main buildings.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei looked curiously at the unfamiliar campus, attracting the volunteers in charge of guiding freshmen.

John was an enthusiastic young man. He was a typical Washington guy with a pair of deep, charming blue eyes.

He was also an influential basketball player, so he was very popular in college. Wearing his green volunteer uniform, he saw Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei. They seem like Asian students. I have no Asian supporters in my campaign.

He ran over to them happily and greeted them, "Freshmen, right?"

"Yes. She is in the Department of Civil Engineering and I am in the Department of Finance."

"Oh, different departments. The general introduction is still the same though. I'll take you to register first and then I'll show you around the campus."

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei exchanged a glance. This sure is the top university in the US. His taste in clothes might be mediocre, but he looks nice.

"Ladies first. We'll head to her department. As for you, don't

worry. The two of us are in the same department."

Media Studies, Law, Finance and Civil Engineering were the top four departments of Columbia University. Among all universities and colleges, they were the fiercest competition. The acceptance rate there was only 8%.

John was surprised to find out that the two freshmen were both enrolled at top departments. He was more serious with them now.

During their conversation, he discovered that they were Chinese students, which made him even more serious.

There would be about 7,000 foreign students at the university that year, which was two sevenths of all the freshmen.

China was spreading to the whole world and the number of Chinese students was increasing at Columbia University. That year, the rate was about 30%.

This meant that there would be one Chinese student in every 24 freshmen. That was a large number. If John could make a good impression on his fellow Chinese students, he could gain an overwhelming advantage in the upcoming election.

John was even more enthusiastic with them now. After helping them with their registration, he showed them around the campus. All facilities at Columbia University were perfect.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei felt a familiar vibe coming off the warm-hearted boy.

There were differences between oriental and Western culture, but people remained the same. John was like Ye Dong in several aspects.

He was much more liberal and easy-going than Ye though. He really loved politics, while Ye had just liked power.

He could become a good friend in time. Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei exchanged a glance with each other and got immersed in

the bright atmosphere of the campus.

The whole university was like a sea of singing and dancing students.

Chapter 325: Throwing Herself at Him

Dancing teams and cheering squads welcoming the freshmen could be seen everywhere. Loudspeakers were playing mainstream music.

Time and again, dancers competed against each other, attracting applause from the onlookers.

"Would you like to take a walk around, or apply for a bank and phone card first?"

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei looked at each other. "There's no hurry. We'd like to watch the dancers first."

John liked that reply, as he had just seen Susanna, his dazzling girlfriend and cheerleader of the basketball team, competing with her arch enemy Wendy, a classic beauty engaging in modern dance. They were currently in a hot competition.

Most of the onlookers were senior students at Columbia University, who were anxious to see the world in disorder. They had been watching the love-hate relationship between John and the two beauties for many years.

Even John had no idea who was the ex-boyfriend or ex-girlfriend.

Cupid always shot his arrows at random. Whose heart got broken now?

Susanna made several elegant somersaults. Her nearly transparent hair was shining in the air. She was a typical American girl with blonde hair, blue eyes and fair skin.

In the US, young people loved movies. Such a girl would have been the female villain in a movie. Susanna was the winner in real life though.

She had been born on the West Coast, in Central California. Her father was a famous farmer who owned the wildest land in

California, but she did not look like a Californian girl.

As the queen of the university, she had always been a cheerleader at school. The only arch enemy she had ever had was Wendy at Columbia University.

That tall b*tch was always standing high above the masses. She was nothing but a middle-class citizen, yet she constantly acted like a queen.

Susanna paused and looked at Wendy in a provoking manner. Suddenly, she spotted her handsome boyfriend in the crowd.

"John!" Susanna ran over and took his arm. "Did you come to cheer me on?"

John looked at Wendy guiltily. The brunette looked down gloomily. Her beautiful eyelashes trembled slightly.

"I'm working as a volunteer. What about you? Come join me and my new friends if you are not busy."

"Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei, this is my girlfriend, Susanna."

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

Susanna glanced at the two Asian students. The boy was mediocre, but the girl was pretty in a delicate way. American boys tended to like girls like her.

Susanna cast a worried glance at them and noticed that their hands were locked. They are a couple. Suddenly, her voice softened. "We are still in the middle of the competition. I have to wait until Wendy finishes her dance. Anyway, we are good friends, right?"

John looked awkwardly at Wendy, who was standing in the center proudly. He fell silent.

He couldn't show favor towards one of them, or World War III would break out.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were newcomers, so they just stood by, watching the performance quietly. They noticed the strange expression on the surrounding people's faces.

Let's observe first.

Suddenly, Wendy moved. The music became more melodious. Her dance was sad and beautiful in a heroic way.

She looked up at the sky unyieldingly, struggling with her emotions.

As Qin Guan watched her with relish, he told Cong Nianwei, "Such skill. It seems like she is not just good at contemporary dance."

John focused on Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei happily. Their comments were actually quite accurate.

"She often performs on Broadway. If the courses at our university weren't taking up so much of her time, she would have been a chief dancer in theater."

"That's why I got a ballet and jazz vibe from her performance. She combines those characteristics in contemporary dance."

John looked at Qin Guan with new eyes. The Asian boy with the black-framed glasses seemed to know a lot about dance.

"Exactly. She is excellent." John gave Qin Guan a thumbs-up in a slightly showy manner.

"Ouch!"

John turned his head around and saw Susanna's pink nails twisting on his bottom.

Some people around them put their fingers in their mouths and whistled at him.

A dancer could get startled by the whistle of an audience member under the stage, let alone their own lover's.

Wendy was distracted by the whistle. She jumped repeatedly, but she forgot that she was not in a safe dancing room, but on the hard campus ground.

"She shouldn't have done that! John, catch her!" Qin Guan warned John.

Wendy realized her mistake, but it was too late for her to control her body. She flew right in John's direction.

In other people's eyes, she looked like she was expressing her emotions for her ex-boyfriend. She was such a cunning girl. She had taken advantage of the dancing to throw herself at him.

Chapter 326: The Hero Saved the Beauty

John was convinced by the Asian boy. Even though he had not known him for a long time, he considered Qin Guan a reliable guy.

Qin Guan kept talking, using professional terms.

John unconsciously rushed up to Wendy and spread his arms. In Susanna's eyes, he was about to embrace her enemy.

Susanna's hometown was renowned for its bikers and skinheads. She was an irritable girl in nature.

She suddenly pulled at John's T-shirt and hugged him tightly. Before John could explain, Susanna pasted her lips on his.

Everyone saw the couple kissing each other in the middle of the crowd. Wendy was about to land right in front of them.

In Qin Guan's opinion, if no precautions were taken, Wendy would break her slender legs, which was a terrible thing to happen to any dancer.

"That's dangerous!" Even Cong Nianwei could see that this was not going to end well. Feeling sympathetic, she gently pushed Qin Guan in Wendy's direction. "Any ideas?"

Weizi, I'm not invincible. I can do nothing to help her, short of being a landing pad.

Time was pressing. Qin Guan decided to save the girl first, so he rushed over to Wendy.

Wendy couldn't control her body well though, and Qin Guan had no time to get prepared. He was knocked down by her.

Wendy fell down and landed on Qin Guan's body with her legs open wide. Her right foot was on Qin Guan's jaw, and her left was between Qin Guan's legs. Right on his crotch, to be exact.

Stunned, Cong Nianwei covered her mouth. She was relieved when she saw the thick grass under Qin Guan's head. She rushed

up to the two of them fast.

"Get up! You are sitting on my boyfriend!" Cong Nianwei ordered Wendy, who was still on Qin Guan's stomach with her legs open.

You're making my boyfriend suffer.

Cong Nianwei got even angrier at the thought. "Hey! Watch your underwear!"

Wendy came back to her senses and looked down unconsciously.

Her skirt had been flipped. Fortunately, she had been wearing safety pants. She stood up reluctantly and fixed her clothes.

Her eyes were still focused on Qin Guan's face though. She was feeling extremely frightened and helpless, and she thought the Asian boy had a mysterious charm.

Under his glasses, she could see a pair of beautiful eyes. No pores were visible on his smooth skin. Why does he suddenly look so different?

Qin Guan was lying on the ground tamely while Cong Nianwei was checking him carefully from head to toe. He looks like an ordinary boy. There's nothing special about him.

"Are you okay?" Cong Nianwei asked nervously as she pulled Qin Guan up from the ground and wiped the dust from his clothes.

"It's nothing. My back hurts a little though. You can apply safflower oil on it at night. My mother gave me a bottle."

"No problem. I'll take care of your jaw too. You have a bruise there."

Qin Guan smiled warmly at Cong Nianwei, who was wiping the dust off with her handkerchief.

Suddenly, Wendy realized something. This mysterious Asian boy is a miracle. He is as splendid as the brightest light on Times Square, yet he can also be as dim as any ordinary person.

When John pulled away from Susanna's kiss, he saw that both Wendy and Qin Guan were safe. He was very relieved. If Susanna had caused an accident, there would have been chaos.

Chapter 327: Luxurious Columbia University

"What happened?"

People thought the spectacle was over and began to disperse. Suddenly, a group of heavily armed football players came over. Their leader was Joseph.

"Joseph?"

"Qin Guan? Cong Nianwei?"

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm a student here!" they all said in one voice.

Why couldn't they talk about business like ordinary people? They were too sensitive about their privacy, so they knew very little about their fellow students.

"What a coincidence!" Joseph became serious when he saw the scene. "What happened? Were you beaten? Who was the troublemaker?"

Qin Guan is the best cook I have met. I have to protect him for my stomach's sake.

Joseph looked at John. That guy is famous in college. He must have been competing with Qin Guan over the girls. Qin Guan was alone, so he was defeated.

Joseph cast a glance at Susanna and Wendy. Those easy b*tches! They always try to flirt with that handsome boy!

Joseph handed his hamlet to a strong black boy who was under his command and strode over to John.

He looked at John with his cold grey eyes, showing him his strong chest. "Hey, boy! Qin Guan is my brother. Don't cause trouble for him on campus."

"No, there must have been a misunderstanding! Qin Guan just saved Wendy. That's why everyone is shocked."

John did not look nervous. He wasn't afraid of anyone on campus. The two guys were from two different worlds. If he knew Joseph better, he would have been more careful around the German.

"It's just a misunderstanding, Joseph. Are you here for training? Just go, I'm okay. I'll tell you the whole story at supper."

Qin Guan waved at Joseph, gesturing for him to go away.

"Really? I'll bring some wine. What's for dinner tonight?"

"Meat and rice!"

"Okay!" Joseph left, swallowing his own saliva. He didn't forget to make a suggestion though. "I liked those potato threads!"

Poor boy.

The dancing teams left for another place. Qin Guan decided to continue their trip around campus.

John and Susanna led the way, when suddenly Wendy, who had remained silent for a long while, said, "Thank you very much, Qin Guan."

She took out a pen and wrote her phone number on Qin Guan's arm.

"This is my number. I'm a postgraduate student at the Media Studies Department. I think we are in the same semester. You can call me if you need anything."

Biting on her lips, the beautiful girl added, "Are you a foreign student? I'll be in the dancing studio on the second floor. Everybody knows where it is."

When she left, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei followed John to the main building.

"Qin Guan?" Cong Nianwei asked in a soft voice.

"Yes?"

"I have told you to behave yourself. Don't act like a peacock! Wendy is acting too strange around you."

Your Majesty asked me to save her, but now Your Majesty is suspicious of me.

Qin Guan felt wronged. "Impossible! We idled on campus for half an hour. I'm just good at acting now. I'm not flirting with other girls. Besides, we are strangers here!"

His words convinced Cong Nianwei, and they continued their trip.

The character of a college lay neither in its lofty, magnificent buildings, nor in the beautiful scenery on campus. It was the ordinary details that showed the university's humanistic concern for its students.

Sure enough, the student dormitories were plain even at Columbia University.

Independent American students were inclined to live outside campus after spending several months there.

Plus, the dormitories were a rare resource. You had to apply one year in advance. With enough good luck, you might manage to get a key.

However, their first stop on their traditional campus trip was still the dormitories. After all, there would be quite a few of their fellow students living there.

Qin Guan entered one of the dormitories and saw the master, a strong man with a beard, who was calmly typing on his computer amid a pile of rubbish.

It was a double room of about 10 square meters. The gap between the beds was wide enough for one person to walk through.

There was an independent washroom, which was good if one neglected the strange smell.

John, who was familiar with the scene, led them to the next building. The rooms there were all the same.

Qin Guan was shocked by the next building though. There was a 24-hour gym with top equipment, and it was for free!

There were all kinds of equipment, including yoga, aerobic gymnastics, free sparring equipment, and so on. The university had made great effort to enrich the students' lives after class.

On the first floor, there was a giant swimming pool with diving towers and boards. A city sports meeting could be held there.

After their visit, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were confused. Should we go to university just for education?

Chapter 328: Class Has Begun!

John didn't explain any further. They would know everything soon enough in class.

After passing several buildings, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei finally reached their favorite place: the library. The building was of a solemn, ancient style, unlike the rest of New York, which was very fancy. Human knowledge was stored there.

The library of the University of Columbia had the fifth largest collection of books in America. There were thousands of ancient books there. The floor and the chairs were made of brown wood, and there were also private, independent chambers. Students there had many choices.

Their class was a vocation course, yet half the seats were already taken. They made a quick visit to the library and then left.

"The library is open 23 hours a day. The staff arranges the returned books during that one hour. You can study here anytime."

"The bad news is, although the library can hold hundreds of students, it's usually impossible to find a spare seat on weekdays."

"This university is very academic. You'll see when you get to your first class."

Words couldn't do justice to the reality of the situation. Most Chinese students, who were the most diligent guys in Asia, would not listen to the seniors' stories. As a result, they would cry later in class.

At the end of their tour, they saw a strange iron gate.

It was black with European characteristics, so it stood out in the university. Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei looked at John curiously, waiting for his explanation.

John shrugged helplessly. "It's Barnard College."

"It's an independent girls-only college inside our university. The girls can apply for a degree from Columbia University after their graduation. We do not recognize their diplomas though. All their professors and staff are independent from our university. We call their college a younger sister. If you are not clever enough, you could apply to this college."

Suddenly, he looked up proudly. I'm a proud student of Columbia University!

Qin Guan saw some freshmen going out. They were wearing purple summer uniforms with a bear symbol on them. Interesting. It was different from the lion of Columbia University.

It was just like a small college in Peking University. The students shared all the resources on campus, including the library and the gym.

Suddenly, John told Qin Guan in secret, "The girls there all engage in art. They are the most beautiful girls in the US, and they like to date students from our university. Understand?"

I understand nothing. My girlfriend is here, and I don't want to die.

They walked out of the gate with their shoulders touching, fighting playfully. Outside was Broadway Street.

The setting sun cast an orange light on the street, which was quiet during peak time.

They unconsciously headed west. Unlike most universities in the US, Columbia University had fences. That was because there was a river by the side gate.

Purple flowers decorated the bank. On the other side of the river was the noisy urban area.

"Thank you for showing us around. See you in class!"

They said goodbye on the path along the river. This was the splendid paradise they would be striving in in the future.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei decided to walk along the river towards Broadway Street before concluding their trip.

There were simple restaurants all along the street. Cheap fast food, like hamburgers and fries, was popular among the students. Breakfast there cost only 1.99 dollars.

...

The next morning was just as beautiful. Taking their student cards with them, they walked in different directions, starting off the new semester.

Following his timetable, Qin Guan went to his first classroom. He saw a Chinese cup, a clean handkerchief and a vintage cigar case on the professor's desk.

What kind of person is our professor? He sure has a strange style!

When most students had taken their seats, Professor Martin entered the classroom leisurely. Those things on the desk must have been arranged by Kuhn. Martin cast a favorable glance at the first row, where a young man with blonde hair and blue eyes was sitting. He was grinning at Martin.

Martin sighed at him helplessly. Then he saw a boy with thick glasses. Xu Xiaoxiao, Kuhn's friend, also passed the postgraduate exams. Good boy!

Where is my Chinese boy? Is he late for his first class?

Martin couldn't find Qin Guan. Forget it. I'll call names first.

"Kuhn?"

"Here!"

"Qin Guan?"

"Here!"

Chapter 329: Chinatown

Huh? It's him!

Prof. Martin looked in the direction of the voice. The boy was quite different from the one in the photos. Students in Columbia University like to boost themselves up. It's not a good idea to dress like an ordinary person here.

If Qin Guan could read Martin's mind, he would have protested loudly. He was there to study, not cause drama. All the students there seemed busy and calm. He didn't want to attract attention either.

Prof. Martin got a grip on himself and began his opening lecture. "If you are strolling on the shady path along the Hudson River, you will notice two American presidents accompanying you, as well as 97 Nobel winners."

"It's a wonderful feeling, isn't it? As your tutor though, it's my job to bring you back to reality!"

"Wake up, boys and girls! If that was true, you would definitely be seeing ghosts! I'd admire anyone who would dare stand by the river calmly."

"Stop that rubbish right now! You are in the school of finance. Do you want to dream in your spare time? No problem. But there will only be two possible scenarios. One, you give up and fail the exams. The second scenario applies only to the geniuses among you. The homework I will give you will be a piece of cake for them."

"The first scenario can come true at any time, but the second one will only be a dream in my class. Today, I'll show you the advantages of studying finance at Columbia."

As flowers bloomed and cicadas sang by the window, Prof. Martin began his lecture. As a straight-A student, Qin Guan was

fascinated by the class.

He only came back to his senses when the bell rang. He was about to rush out with his books, when he suddenly realized no one had left their seats.

"Okay, that's it for today. Your homework includes the core views of the three finance systems of Columbia..."

What? Homework? Are you kidding?

Qin Guan, who had had no homework for many years, was shocked. He had written several theses, but he'd had no homework in college.

All the freshmen were taking notes earnestly.

"Send them to my email by tomorrow. Dismissed!"

Looking at the thick books in his hands, Qin Guan nearly spit out blood. This is so much work! I have to do it by tomorrow?

This reminded Qin Guan of the lovely days during 12th grade, before he had taken the College Entrance Examination.

Xu Xiaoxiao, the only other Asian student in class, kindly explained to Qin Guan, "Freshmen always struggle in the beginning. There is a proverb that says that 'studying is a drug'. You can't live without drugs. The homework today was fine. I have gone through more miserable phases in my life."

Kuhn raised his eyebrows. Xu Xiaoxiao, the boy who is as dumb as an oyster, speaks on his own initiative? Without me, he would have cried eight times a day on campus.

Qin Guan smiled at the honest boy. "Got it! Thanks! I'm Qin Guan. I'm from China."

He stretched his fair, slender hand towards Xu, who looked stunned as he took it. "Xu Xiaoxiao, I'm Chinese American. I live in Manhattan."

"Are you ready, Xu Xiaoxiao? I'm going to Roche Square. Are you

coming with me?" Kuhn was impatient to leave.

"Oh, I'm coming!" Xu Xiaoxiao looked at Qin Guan in disappointment and hastened to catch up with Kuhn.

Qin Guan glanced at his watch. He had elective classes in the afternoon. Time was pressing. He had to have a quick lunch in the meantime.

The classroom was empty. After classes had started, the relaxed atmosphere had disappeared from campus. There were hurried students everywhere. The university was of a practical style. Everything they did was career-oriented.

Sitting in the corridor, Qin Guan was looking in the distance like a sculpture. Cong Nianwei walked up to him in a rush with her textbooks in her arms. His heart warmed up immediately.

"What did you think of the courses?"

"There are differences from the theories we learned in China..."

They discussed their courses on the bus. They were so concentrated that they missed their stop.

"We are close to Chinatown. We can have lunch there and take a bus back."

"Good idea. We haven't been there. We can get off at Broadway Street."

Walking hand in hand, they looked at the Chinese-style streets. It was like another city within Manhattan. It felt like they had gone back to a familiar place through a magic door.

Pointing to the carved beams and the painted rafters with the red lanterns, Qin Guan suggested that they have lunch there.

"Okay!" The two of them entered the Chinese restaurant.

The bead curtains divided the two worlds. Qin Guan found a hidden, but beautiful spot inside. The owner must be rich, but he lacks knowledge on the Chinese culture.

He had combined too many Chinese elements together. What a mess! In the eyes of American people though, this was what China was really like.

In the center of the restaurant there was a stage for Peking opera, just like the stages in Brazilian and Russian restaurants.

It was like a traditional house restaurant in China, or the little theater of Deyun Crosstalk Association. Everything was bright and gorgeous.

Qin Guan ordered the boiled dumplings. They couldn't stand the so-called Chinese dishes they saw on other tables.

Chapter 330: Are you Kidding?

Boiled dumplings with eggs and Chinese chives were a common food for Chinese people. Even the frozen ones bought from the supermarket were delicious. As he was chewing the dumplings in his mouth, Qin Guan heard a percussion from the stage.

The attention of the guests was attracted by the sound.

Dang, dang, dang,...

["Leaving Hongdong Town, Su San walked along the street..."](#)

Qin Guan spit his food out. Cong Nianwei, who was peeling garlic across from him, calmly pulled her plate back.

Are you kidding? It's despondent to sing such a sad song during dinner.

Even more ridiculous things followed.

There was a hurried percussion sound before [a monkey](#) suddenly jumped out.

"Elder sister, don't worry! I'm coming!"

The Monkey King performed a series of backward somersaults backstage. All the American customers looked excited. They cheered and applauded, forgetting about the food on their tables.

The Monkey King's appearance was expected. Anyone studying about the Peking Opera would have clapped. It was a pity that he was in the wrong play.

[Who had taught them this?](#)

An intact garlic was lying in Cong Nianwei's hand. She blinked and put the garlic in Qin Guan's bowl. Qin Guan had gotten absorbed in the performance, so he was paying no attention to her.

After several backward somersaults, the monkey walked up to Su San with his golden stick.

"You b*tch! You killed my brother! You should pay back!"

Qin Guan's chopsticks fell on the table. Am I dreaming?

"Spare my life, uncle! It was Wu Dalang who originally..."

Sister, you just called yourself Su San. Why did you change your name from Pan Jinlian? What is this? A combination of traditional operas?

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei stopped eating for fear that they would choke on their dumplings.

They were curious about what the monkey would do next. According to common sense, the martial arts part had to follow. The monkey would play with his famous stick and hit Pan Jinlian, or Su San, on the head.

The Monkey King moved. The stick was rotating like a wind wheel in his hand before it took flight. It danced in the air like a golden flower and then landed on Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei's table.

"Careful!" Qin Guan yelled, shielding Cong Nianwei's head.

In an instant, water and dumplings splashed out in all directions. Their plates and chopsticks fell on the floor with a loud sound.

"Thank god the soup was warm, and not hot!" If the soup had been boiling hot, Qin Guan would have gotten burned.

He let Cong Nianwei go and spat the dirt out. It had been an accident.

The monkey on the stage was confounded, but the audience was laughing happily. They all applauded Qin Guan. "Good, very good!"

Are they praising me?

The monkey ran up to Qin Guan with a bitter expression. "Qin Guan? Is that you?"

"Who are you?" Qin Guan picked a dumpling off his hair angrily.

There go my hard-earned dollars...

"It's me, Xu Xiaoxiao!"

What? The obsequious boy? Are you kidding me?

The two of them were classmates. Qin Guan calmed down. "Do you work here?" he asked Xu sympathetically. What a hard job!

Xu sniffed as he watched Cong Nianwei clean Qin Guan's face with a handkerchief. Finally, he noticed Qin Guan's real face.

Oh, my! Words can't express my feelings.

Reality had exceeded his imagination. Students at Columbia University were considered the most modest among Ivy League Universities. That guy was too modest in Xu's opinion though. He had heard about the mysterious, ancient skill of disguising in China.

Although he had been born and raised in the US, Xu admired Chinese culture a lot. His family had lived in Chinatown for hundreds of years and worshipped traditional Chinese culture the most.

Xu showed off to Qin Guan proudly. "No, this is my family's restaurant. I direct the performance. Isn't it perfect?"

Both Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei smiled kindly at him.

Xu waved his stick at the stage and the percussion resumed.

"People say that bright, beautiful flowers will bloom in Luoyang, but this is no spring before my eyes..." It was an authentic Peking opera.

"My grandpa will celebrate his 68th birthday and all my family members will gather in New York. We'll play an opera during the party. As his grandson, I have to perform on stage. I have to dress up in motley attire to amuse my parents."

"So you're practising here? How is it going?"

Xu looked down gloomily. "I'm too busy with courses. I have no time to practise. Besides, there are few opera actors in New York. Nobody has agreed to teach me."

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei exchanged a glance. He's a devoted, but unlucky boy.

From the famous Peking Opera "Su-San Under Police Escort";

It's the Monkey King in "Journey to the West";

It means that the writer's knowledge of Chinese Literature is poor.

It's a famous plot in "Water Margin";

Chapter 331: The Quintessence of Chinese Culture

"Qin Guan, help him..."

"What? I can't..."

"Yes, you can! I know Teacher Rong trained you. You are a clever guy. You can even tell a story in a Beijing dialect using a drum. The Peking Opera is nothing compared to that. Surely, you must be good at it!"

Qin Guan couldn't explain to his girlfriend. [He had been trained in Mei School](#), which had been selected by Teacher Rong for his job. He had played a young lady in a Peking Opera.

What would he teach to the monkey? How to cast soft glances?

Xu Xiaoxia was also a smart boy though. He could see that Qin Guan was an opera actor. Besides, according to his girlfriend, Qin Guan had learned from a great master.

"Master! Help me!"

[I'm not Tang Monk.](#)

Xu pulled Qin Guan's sleeve.

"Help me! I want to make a great impression at the birthday banquet!"

Xu was anxious about the banquet. He had been born into a big family, whose main talent was the lively power of reproduction. His grandfather had three brothers, and they had their own sons and grandsons.

It was hard to stand out. Xu had to compete for attention. It was a pity that, although he was a favorite in his own family, he was a nobody for others.

He was the eldest son of his father, so as a child he had been

taught to hide his weak points.

"But I acted out young men's and women's roles. I know nothing about martial arts roles."

Qin Guan and Xu looked at each other silently. Elderly people liked lively, joyous plays for birthday celebrations. What could they do?

Cong Nianwei was more observant than the two boys. "You two are silly! 'Ma Gu Congratulating Birthday' is the most authentic Peking Opera. Xu is not a strong man, so he could play Ma Gu."

Xu really liked her proposal. It was much better than performing "Monkey King Defeats Pan Jinlian". Both he and Qin Guan approved of the idea.

"Let's get down to business." Xu thought that Qin Guan would arrange a schedule for him, but he pointed to an empty table instead. "Dumplings, please. We are hungry."

Xu had an idea. He pointed to the stage and said, "Qin Guan, if you perform on the stage right now, well or not, I'll give you a 70% discount in the future."

"Really? Are you serious?"

"Of course. I'll get you a golden card."

"Deal. A hungry bear doesn't dance though. Boil those dumplings for me. They have to be ready by the time I'm finished."

Cong Nianwei was happy with the deal. Prices in New York were very high. They had made some calculations overnight and realized they would be needing about 100,000 dollars a year, tuition fees not included. Even the amount they paid for a meal was important to them.

"Put some makeup on backstage."

Qin Guan saw Su San taking off her dress at the backstage area. Even though she was a professional Peking Opera actor, she was

satisfied with the pay there.

The classmate of the boss' son will improvise on the stage. The middle-aged lady sighed.

Those foreign Chinese kids are ruining the quintessence of Chinese culture. Before she could get a grip, Qin Guan finished his makeup.

He drew on delicate eyebrows, pinned some flowers on his hair and brushed a bit of rouge across his cheeks. Soon, the handsome young man had become a beautiful lady.

Waving his long sleeves, Qin Guan opened his mouth and said, "Xu Xiaoxiao, show me the way to the stage..."

Perfect!

Su San stood up excitedly, nearly kicking off her chair. Impossible! Surely, this doesn't mean... I have to keep watching!

"Ah! It's an order from the goddess from the abode of immortals. I'm turning around and picking up a jar of wine..."

Making the orchid gesture, Qin Guan started singing a beautiful melody. His expression, gestures and posture were all attractive. He looked like a really beautiful girl on stage.

It was like a dream!

The foreign customers were shocked. What a charming girl! Their saliva was dripping like the Niagara Falls!

Qin Guan finished his performance and returned to the backstage area. Su San grabbed his arm. "Who was your mentor?"

"Teacher Rong..." Qin Guan stared at the lady in confusion. Xu Xiaoxiao came back to his senses and rushed up to them. "What are you doing? Let him go!"

"Teacher Rong?" Is that a master of the Peking Opera in China?

"Teacher Rong recommended that I study with Mr. Hu Wenge.

He was the one who taught me."

"That explains your style. How about Ms. Li Susheng? Is she any good?"

Li Susheng was another follower of the Mei School from the same generation as Hu. Qin Guan nodded. "She is fine. She performs often on stage and has many followers."

Su San loosened her grip on Qin Guan's sleeve and sighed in relief. My teacher is living a happy life. She wasn't that angry with me, even though I quit.

The boy had given a good performance, even though he had just had a few lessons on the Peking Opera. It seemed that her struggle to carve a path for the Peking Opera in foreign countries had been wrong.

There was no room for the Peking Opera there. She had become rusty after all those years. Besides, the foreign audience under the stage was not really interested in the Peking Opera.

A famous genre of Peking Opera

In "Journey to the West", Tong Monk was the master of the Monkey King

Chapter 332: Homework at Night

Maybe I was wrong from the very beginning. It's time to go home. Li Diandian, the actor who portrayed Su San, smiled at the unsurpassed beauty. It felt like she had gone back in time to the moment she had won an award in China, back during her prime time.

"Thank you, young man." She stood up and left the restaurant without hesitation.

Goodbye and farewell.

"Qin Guan!" Xu Xiaoxiao gave Qin Guan a quivering thumbs-up. My mentor!

Qin Guan took off his costume and makeup. There was no trace of charm left on his face. He smiled at Xu. "I'll teach you in my spare time. It's only a three-minute scene anyway. It'll be a piece of cake."

Xu would do anything Qin Guan told him to. He considered Qin Guan [a talented person hiding in a cave](#). He would become Qin Guan's henchman in the future.

After the performance, Qin Guan was very hungry. He followed Xu to his table, where there was a plate of fresh shrimp dumplings. You really invested a lot in this, dear Xu.

The manager ran up to Xu Xiaoxiao with sweat covering his forehead. He pointed to two smartly dressed foreign customers standing beside the cashier. They looked like Wall Street geniuses.

"What's the matter?" Xu asked the manager strictly, changing his attitude completely.

"They want to give the lady who was on stage a bouquet. And they want her number... Sir, shall we...?" He pointed to the green bills in their hands, implying that there was money involved.

"F*ck off!" Xu pushed the manager off awkwardly. Then he turned back, afraid that Qin Guan would get angry.

However, his mentor was buried in food while his girlfriend convulsed with laughter.

It seems that they encounter such pursuers often...

In Xu's imagination, Qin Guan was a disciple of a famous Peking Opera master. He had lived an ordinary life, filled with flowers and applause, but still remained indifferent to favor or humiliation.

He was getting closer to the truth now, except that Qin Guan's identity still escaped him.

The moon rose above the high buildings of New York. Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei left the restaurant hand in hand.

Their long shadows merged together on the ground.

"Cong Nianwei?"

"Yes?"

"Do you have homework?"

"Of course."

"What shall we do then?"

"Run!"

Happy laughter and cheerful voices flew in the air above Manhattan. Their hard-working figures could be seen in the moonlight by the window.

As they were sleeping in their queen-sized bed, Qin Guan received a message on his phone.

It was 1:45 at night. Who the hell is texting me? Qin Guan got out of bed, his bare feet padding on the floor. Their phones were lying on the bedside table next to each other.

Both of them had received messages, but they had missed them in their deep sleep. Qin Guan narrowed his eyes and read the

message.

He could read every word, but he didn't understand. What does "additional work" mean? More homework?

That was why people took drugs. Qin Guan pushed Cong Nianwei awake and told her, "Weizi, my professor just gave me more homework. You also have a message. Is it about homework too?"

Massaging her eyes, Cong Nianwei glanced at her phone. Suddenly, she threw a pillow at him. "Do your homework in the living room. Close the door for me!"

It was only a message about the weather forecast.

The rising sun was peering through the window. Cong Nianwei walked out of the bedroom with a yawn. She found Qin Guan sleeping on the couch with his laptop on his stomach, saliva running down from his mouth.

She massaged his short hair with a smile. "Time to get up!" she told him before she ran to the bathroom. It was important to get to the bathroom first in the morning.

"Are you done with your homework?" she asked amid the sound of the water running.

"Of course. I'm a genius. I finished it all. Then I found some other material to read before I fell asleep."

Qin Guan walked to the fridge in his slippers and discovered that it was empty.

"We could eat out."

"Okay."

In the morning, only breakfast bars were open in Manhattan. Hurried office workers would only stop for their favorite breakfast.

Like all authentic Manhattan residents, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei followed the crowd flow into the most traditional

breakfast bar.

There were simple bagels on sale there. The most typical example was a classic round bagel. Customers cut it into halves and spread thick cheese cream on them. That was the traditional way to eat it.

In the supermarket, bagels were sold for 0.75 dollars each. One could find them everywhere, in both bars and restaurants.

That bar was particularly popular though. Qin Guan believed it was because of the abundance of food offered.

One could get a sandwich, an omelet, floppy pancakes or waffles there. There were also fried eggs, cheese, ham, bacon and hamburgers on the menu. The bar's rich breakfast was very popular among Manhattan residents.

In Chinese martial art fiction, talented people are modest and always hiding in caves, keeping a distance from earthly things.

Chapter 333: Racial Segregation

Retired people were eating leisurely at the tables. Only they could enjoy their breakfast like that.

Qin Guan walked out of the bar with a bag in his arms. To prevent the cream from getting dry, the barista had considerately wrapped the bread with thin tinfoil.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei walked into campus, enjoying the traditional breakfast of another country. They smiled at each other when they parted. Thank you for coming to New York with me.

With you by my side, I will not miss the moon back home or look for tofu pudding early in the morning. Even this sweet American bread cannot stop our love.

The couple was the best example of tough Chinese people. If everyone on Earth died, the last humans to survive would definitely be Chinese.

The two young students were already living a comfortable life in New York.

Qin Guan entered the classroom quietly before the bell rang. Xu Xiaoxiao, who was sitting in the first row, patted the chair next to him.

"Qin Guan, sit here. It's easier to communicate with the professor."

"Where is your friend? What about him? Won't he mind if I sit here?"

Xu didn't know what to say. Qin Guan noticed a knowing, wicked expression on his face. It must be my imagination.

"Never mind him. I think Kuhn will be busy in the following days. Plus, the seats are enough for all of us."

Qin Guan thought that Xu must have been oppressed by Kuhn for

a long time.

Xu Xiaoxiao had been lively in Chinatown, but he had been studying at Columbia for several years. He had to understand Kuhn's family well.

"Okay, I'll take the seat."

The view was really good from the first row. Qin Guan sat next to Xu happily.

When the bell rang, Prof. Martin entered the classroom. He frowned slightly when he saw that his favorite student was absent.

"Does anyone know why Kuhn is absent?"

His voice had hardly faded away, when Kuhn rushed in with messy hair.

"Sorry, professor. I had a private affair to attend to..."

It was a big event for his family that day. His father's secretary and assistants hadn't gone home, and his mother, who was only good at acting and shopping, couldn't do anything but dial his father's number again and again and cry in his room.

Annoyed, Kuhn hadn't finished his homework, let alone the work the professor had given them at midnight.

Actually, he should have asked for permission to skip the class that morning considering the situation, but he was an ambitious boy, so he had managed to get to the class.

Anything he did could make the news. He could never leave any room for humiliation from the political opponents of his father. Kuhn immediately noticed that Qin Guan was in his seat. He blinked.

Xu was surprised by his presence there, but his eyes were shining bravely behind his thick glasses. So what? Things have changed.

The day before, Xu had returned home and talked about Qin Guan with his father. His terrible father had broken in and said,

"From now on, you should keep a distance from that Kuhn. Stop paying attention to him. Henchmen are only necessary when it's profitable."

He was right. Although Manhattan was in the lead in the financial circles, they had to pay attention to another important circle: politics.

Lott, Kuhn's father and the leader of the majority party in the US Senate, had unexpectedly delivered a speech at Thurmond's 100th birthday party, causing great trouble to himself.

Lott had made a big effort to praise Thurmond, who was a retiring senator. "If you had been elected president in 1948, all the current problems of the US would never have existed, including 9/11."

Wow! Did that mean that Lott would say anything to impress people now that he was about to become the leader of the Democratic Party?

Grinding his teeth, Xu Xiaoxiao smiled. "Sorry, Kuhn. I didn't think you were coming. I thought you'd be absent for a few days. After all, who would go to class after such an event? Or is this your true nature? Is it your cold blood driving you or are you actually making an effort?"

Qin Guan was stunned by Xu's sharp words. Although he was not good at arguing with others, he was not an idiot.

Why would Xu fight with Kuhn in such a blatant way? There had to be a story there. I'm a newcomer though, so I'd better remain silent.

Qin Guan pulled at Xu's T-shirt, pointing to Prof. Martin, who was about to explode at his students.

You all look down on me! If I was 10 years younger, I would have beaten you to the ground!

You are funny, Prof. Martin. As an academic geek, you always

envied the leader of the school team!

Kuhn cast a meaningful glance at Xu. Before Prof. Martin could shout at him, he walked to the back of the classroom with his books.

The class began, diverting everyone's attention. Xu sighed and pushed up his glasses.

That year, as a candidate supporting racial segregation, Thurmond had declared, "Considering all the laws and bayonet of the Washington army, the government shouldn't let negroes into our homeland, schools, churches and entertainment venues!"

Chapter 334: Theatre Club

Why had Lott reminded everyone of the past? The US had been a melting pot in 1948. Asian, African and Latin immigrants had made a large family together.

Lott's speech had expelled the Asian race from the system. By taking advantage of 9/11, he hadn't left a way out for other races.

Okay. Now let's wait and see.

Lott had no time to attend to other things. According to Xu's father, in a few days, he would quit from his position as leader of the party.

He wouldn't have lost his status, if he hadn't behaved foolishly.

As a good boy, Qin Guan had no idea about the situation. Prof. Martin praised him for his homework.

The old man really loved his engagement. He attached great importance to Qin Guan's work, which showed his abundant knowledge and seriousness.

Before the class, he had tasted the best scented tea in China, which was jasmine tea. It had been a gift from his Chinese old friend.

Qin Guan would have laughed out loud if he had seen the tea leaves. They had been just ordinary products from Zhangyiyuan, worth 80 yuan. He wouldn't have had the heart to reveal the secret though.

Jasmine tea from Zhangyiyuan had the best fragrance. It was a typical trick of the 100 year-old store.

The straightforward old man said, "I will praise one student and criticize another. Qin Guan, you did well. Even though you are a foreign student, you have adapted to Columbia really fast. You are definitely the top student in this class."

Prof. Martin was a strict instructor, so everyone was shocked by his comments. Only Qin Guan remained calm.

You have not sat the Chinese College Entrance Examination. We have to finish two papers in one hour. The homework at Columbia was okay for ordinary students, and Qin Guan was no ordinary student. He was gifted.

Martin was glad to see Qin Guan's calm expression. Suddenly, he sighed and looked towards the back row.

"Kuhn, your work was bullsh*t! Are you messing with me? Kuhn? Kuhn?"

The students in the back row pushed Kuhn awake. The unlucky boy had fallen asleep. He hadn't slept at all the previous night.

Kuhn was still Martin's favorite student though, so the professor just sighed helplessly. "Stay here after the class is over."

Xu Xiaoxiao pulled at Qin Guan's backpack and gestured towards the Recreation Hall. Qin Guan nodded.

"The coffee at Columbia is pretty good. I'll show you the charm of our university..." Xu told Qin Guan as he dug for change in his pocket.

On the square, they saw several boys gathered on the lawn in front of the Roche Library in groups of two or three. They watched the football match there three times a week.

Xu Xiaoxiao explained to Qin Guan, "Asian students seldom watch it. It's popular here at Columbia though. Matches are often held here. "

"Of course, the basketball team is the best. John, your new friend, is the team captain. Our college team participates in the US college league. We are the top among all Ivy League colleges."

"Did you see them yesterday? Their disputes are renowned at our university, just like the exciting stories of those wealthy,

influential families from the Upper East Side. In fact, most Columbia students are quiet like you."

"A bookworm can be born in an academic family, and a boy in shabby clothes can be the son of a state governor. Columbia is a cradle for politicians after all. Thanks to wealth, people can pursue their dreams."

Dreams? In this wealth-oriented country? Are you kidding? Only simple Americans would believe that false conception.

As they chatted, they went through the gym and entered a private dancing studio.

Suddenly, Xu recalled something. He handed Qin Guan a flier. "It's the freshman welcoming party. Chinese students organize it."

Qin Guan looked down at the paper. Interesting. More and more Chinese students were going to US colleges. It was said that the union of Chinese students was very powerful. I could take a look.

Qin Guan didn't say anything. He began his lesson instead. He taught carefully, and Xu listened just as carefully. Their melodious voices attracted a lot of attention. American guys had no experience with such melodies.

When they finished and were about to leave, they saw a line of heads along the window.

The leader of the theater club had hastened there at the call of a friend. He was eager to discover new talent. It was the beginning of the semester, so it was the best time for societies to find fresh blood. That way, they would get more points when they were evaluated by the university.

Unlike societies in China, societies at Columbia were independent and responsible for their own profits and losses. The administration of the university had the right to supervise their function and budget though.

It was a pity that Qin Guan turned down the invitation of the

theater club. He had his own plans. Xu tried to persuade him not to make a quick decision.

When the crowd dismissed itself, a girl stayed behind.

It was Wendy, the proud girl he had met before. She had stayed to try and convince Qin Guan.

Chapter 335: Part-Time

"Qin Guan, you'd better give some thought to his suggestion. If you look down upon the university theater club, I could recommend you to the actor union on Broadway."

"Large theaters have strict regulations, but if you pass the test of the union or get approval from famous actors in the circle, you'll do great things on Broadway."

Qin Guan shook his head at Wendy's kind words. Although Broadway played an important role in the entertainment circle in the US, it was only a small part. Considering their limited audience, both musicals and dramas were in an awkward position.

Besides, long-term rehearsals and tours did not fit in Qin Guan's schedule.

Out of respect for Wendy, Qin Guan didn't try to mess with her. He gave her a detailed explanation instead.

Different people had different aspirations. Wendy loved Broadway, but she would never force others to love it. The reasonable girl gave up her plan to convince Qin Guan.

Qin Guan and Xu Xiaoxiao left, ignoring the light in Wendy's eyes.

Xu was a cunning guy though. Although he had an idea about Qin Guan's plan, he thought Qin Guan shouldn't let that chance go so easily. He tried to explain the benefits to Qin Guan.

Being a member of the theater club was a unique experience.

"Hey, dude! Don't be silly. You'll be an important member of the club. You are even better than the students from the Art Department. It will be a rich experience that will get you offers from big companies in the future. You shouldn't say no to that."

Qin Guan grinned at Xu. "Who cares? I'll return to China after I

graduate."

Xu was astonished by his splendid smile. He followed Qin Guan, thinking of the old photos his grandfather often caressed in his spare time. "Is China really that good?"

Qin Guan nodded firmly. "Of course. It is perfect!"

"We have the financial center in New York, there's Hollywood in Los Angeles, and the iron planes in Seattle."

"We have everything in China. We also have nothing. You have to experience it yourself. I'm inviting you to China. You should come to my home court."

Xu fell silent. He secretly decided that he would go to China someday. I've heard that Chinese people can't even afford tea...

Time passed peacefully. Qin Guan had gotten used to the homework by now. He was leading a regular life.

The routine tests would be over at 12:00 every day. Then the papers would arrive in the afternoon. Qin Guan was fully prepared, so he saved a lot of time each day.

He decided to execute his plan in Manhattan. It was not his fault he would have to work part-time one month after arriving in Manhattan.

They spent 3,000 dollars a week, and it cost a week's wages for Cong Nianwei to have a haircut on Times Square.

She didn't ask for a lot. She simply cut her hair shorter. Qin Guan couldn't help but use the word "f*ck" to describe the prices in New York.

John invited Qin Guan to the LEE headquarters in Kansas. Thanks to his recommendation, the designer had sent an invitation to Qin Guan.

After checking his schedule, Qin Guan apologized to John. "I have only one day off in October. Your launching event will still be

in the early stages. I have no time for that."

John roared angrily, "This is about your future development! I have made so much effort to get you this chance! New York Fashion Week will take place in late October. It's among the top four international fashion weeks. If you get that chance, you won't need to go to f*cking auditions!"

"You are an Asian stranger in New York. Nobody will be interested in you!"

Unconsciously, Qin Guan recalled the old professors back at his college. If they knew that their best student skipped classes for a part-time job, they would hang him upside down.

Sometimes, giving up was necessary. Qin Guan took a long breath. "John, I started my career from being a nobody. I've been to auditions before. Why couldn't I do it again? You know how strong I am. Believe in me! I'll see you at New York Fashion Week."

Then he hung up, feeling very ambitious.

John looked at the silent receiver, grinding his teeth. He was at a bar, and the phonograph was playing soft music. A girl in a short skirt smiled at him.

"May I treat you to a glass of wine, honey?"

In the flirty night, John temporarily forgot about his Asian fairy.

Qin Guan prepared his resume and sent his homework to Prof. Martin. He wondered if there was a place for him on Times Square, where the most designers and clothing companies gathered from all over New York.

New York gave the impression that it was the center of finance and press. Actually, that was only part of the truth. The city had important ports, but it was also the largest fashion center in America.

That contradicting combination was perfectly embodied on

Times Square and Chelsea Street.

Chapter 336: Resume Delivery

Designers were pursuing their dreams in New York, which was a paradise in their eyes. Even a studio on Grace Building was enough for them.

Qin Guan's status as a student protected him well. He was not interested in looking for an agent there.

Many Chinese models had agents, while others worked independently.

They got a little tired when they attended auditions, but they were able to avoid lots of trouble. It was a good choice for Qin Guan at the time.

Besides, there was no model union in New York, like the actor union on Broadway or Hollywood. There was only one in the UK.

The brave Asian boy jumped into the melting pot.

It was Xu Xiaoxiao, and not his girlfriend, who was interested in the auditions the most.

Clinging to the notion that Qin Guan didn't have a car, he offered to be his temporary driver while Qin Guan was looking for a part-time job.

"It will take you a long time to get from Chelsea Street to Times Square. If you take the bus, you will be able to make two auditions at best."

"It's a waste of time! I'm not helping you for free. Let me copy your homework, and I'll be your driver till you buy a car."

What a cunning guy!

"Okay! Thank you for your help. See you tomorrow."

"See you!"

Xu Xiaoxiao parked his Ford under the dormitory. When Qin

Guan knocked on the window the next day, Xu realized that his classmate had changed clothes.

Qin Guan was in a black short-sleeved shirt with round delicate buttons that looked like pearls. When he sat down in the passenger seat, his pants didn't have any wrinkles.

When he got out with his LV handbag a while later, Xu was still staring at his back.

He tried his best to fix his eyes on the steering wheel, afraid that he would get dizzy and cause an accident on the busy street.

After a long time, Xu came back to his senses. He bought a cup of iced coffee to calm himself down.

He didn't believe in the Chinese proverb that "one could become quite a different person". In his opinion, it was an exaggeration. On that day though, he experienced the accurate, profound wisdom of the Chinese. Qin Guan was the realization of that proverb.

Xu was feeling confident about Qin Guan's audition, as he had seen four girls on the street look surprised by Qin Guan's appearance. Everyone knew that New Yorkers didn't care about strangers. As a result, Xu was very confident about Qin Guan's interview.

Times Square, where the top 10 brands from all over the world gathered, was Qin Guan's first destination. The studios and agencies were in the building behind the mansion.

Qin Guan followed the crowd into the elevator, looking carefully at the map of the studios John had given him. He would make good use of his time.

Armani was his first destination. Their traditional formal wear style fit Qin Guan's personality.

Unfortunately, this was also a battlefield for models. It was even a first choice for supermodels, let alone agencies.

Armani chose very few new models every year, and 99.999% of them were recommended by companies. Qin Guan would have to fight for a 0.001% chance.

He decided to deliver his resume personally.

Some experienced models couldn't bear the strict terms companies and agents set or yield to their dirty deals and latent rules. They were familiar with the circle and they tried to introduce themselves to the designers and branding businesses by delivering their resumes personally.

They knew the locations of the designers' studios and the brand companies, as well as the time of brand launching events and shows.

They worked harder for themselves, waiting eagerly for a chance. They were usually welcomed by independent designers, as the designers could find suitable models for their concepts that way.

Besides, models could be discovered in small shows by famous brands and then soar up to the sky.

Qin Guan didn't think much about that. As a foreigner in the city, this was the best way for him to proceed.

The Armani offices were simple and plain, like any other office in the universe. There was nothing on the white walls except the designer's logo.

The lobby was as quiet as a fantasy world.

The girl in black at the reception looked busy. She was arranging files. After they were sorted, they would be sent to different departments.

Suddenly, she turned around and saw the visitor. She knew what he wanted right away.

Pointing to the elegant boxes beside the entrance, she said, "Put

your resume in the corresponding box. Thank you."

Chapter 337: Not That Simple

Qin Guan paused. Famous brands were harder to approach than ordinary studios. They received a large number of resumes every day and couldn't afford to interview every model.

The boxes had to be their way to save time for both sides.

Qin Guan smiled at the girl and then turned around to head for the boxes.

"Hey, leave your resume here. I'll deliver it."

The girl stood up from her desk. A voice was repeating in her mind, "Stop that Asian boy!"

She seemed to sense his history. That model was different. How could she describe it? She could only use the word "charming".

"Okay! Thank you for your help."

Surprisingly, Qin Guan handed his resume to her. It was an advantage to leave it to the receptionist instead of throwing it in the box.

"Hey!" The girl stopped him again. "How is your English?"

She thought he was an Asian adventurer. Qin Guan smiled at her. "Not bad. At least we had a pleasant talk just now."

Qin Guan left, leaving the dizzy girl behind him.

The girl read his resume carefully and put the file on the most noticeable place on her desk, for fear that she would forget it when the assistant came.

Qin Guan visited five famous brands in that building, but got similar results. He was experiencing the strictness of the circle.

Qin Guan was a cockroach though, so he wouldn't be crushed easily. He knew he couldn't rely on big brands, so he chose some small studios around the square as his next destination.

He looked at the time and decided to find Xu and head together to his next destination.

He found Xu scratching his ears and cheeks in embarrassment in front of a chessboard. He was surrounded by a group of old men.

New York put a lot of emphasis on city parks. Even in the crowded Manhattan area, there were about five small parks, not including Central Park.

Those parks were an entertainment venue for retired people. Because of their clumsiness, chess was their favorite game.

Influenced by his grandfather, Xu was attracted by chess players. There were also small bets made on the games, about one to five dollars a game.

Unfortunately, Xu had overestimated his ability and underestimated his opponents. He had lost several rounds along with all his money.

Irritated, Xu grabbed Qin Guan. "Help me, bro! Can you play chess?"

"Not that well," Qin Guan blurted out.

The old men sighed in relief. That boy looks clever. Thank god he is not a good player.

"Lend me some change. Ten dollars, maybe. I have to finish this round. I have to win at least once."

Qin Guan dug for coins in his pocket as he looked at the chessboard. It seemed like Xu wouldn't get his five dollars back even in 50 years.

Time was pressing though. He couldn't spend his whole day off in the park.

Qin Guan stopped at the thought. He broke the rule that a true gentleman should remain silent while watching a chess game. Foreigners hadn't heard of that rule anyway. Fortunately, they

were in New York. If this had been Beijing, the old men would have kicked them with their canes.

Qin Guan started whispering to Xu. After several rounds, Xu won his first game.

He smiled like silly at the bills as he was pulled away by Qin Guan. The old men were about to say something.

Qin Guan knew what they wanted to say. He didn't look back. He had helped a player cheat after all.

The crowd parted, making a path for them. That boy could play chess blindly! Even against the three of us! We better keep silent about it.

Qin Guan and Xu Xiaoxiao walked away. They could still hear the applause behind them. It seemed that good boys were welcome everywhere.

"How did your interviews go?"

"No idea. I just left my resume there. The next studios are more important."

"Really? May I be your assistant?"

Qin Guan looked at him carefully and blinked with effort. "No, thank you. It'll just take a few minutes."

"Okay."

Chapter 338: Second Rate Model

In the building Qin Guan had just left, the girl at the reception finally finished her work. She sorted Qin Guan's resume and put it into a file.

With professional sensitiveness, she gathered the best resumes.

Any time she saw a new face in an Armani show, she would check in her files. If she found their original resume there, she would get happy.

She pressed the button and the HR assistant came to collect the resumes. She frowned at the man, who was the most difficult to get along with in the company. His name was Jimmy, and he was a strange, mean man. Most of the staff disliked him.

He walked up to the resume boxes with a disgusted expression and dropped all the sorted files into a large case he had brought.

"That's all? Honestly, you should clean the shelves. There's too much dust."

He raised his eyebrows angrily and patted his clothes. Keeping her temper in check, Emily handed him Qin Guan's file.

"I'll clean them later. This is another model's resume. The best of the day, in my opinion. That's why I singled it out."

Opening his eyes wide, Jimmy screamed dramatically, "Wow! This is the job of the HR department. When did the receptionist start doing it?"

"Besides..." He cast a mocking glance at the cover. "An Asian model? Darling, your job is to clean. You have no idea about the concept or the function of our company."

"An Asian model? Armani would become a laughing stock in the New York Fashion Week! Just mind your own business!"

He put Qin Guan's resume in his case like it was rubbish and

sneered at the girl before he left.

Qin Guan had no idea about that. He had decided on the first brand he would be interviewing for. It was Hollister in SOHO.

The brand aimed at young people between the ages of 15 and 25, and sold casual clothes. It was associated with AF, but its low prices attracted customers of all kinds. One could see both young girls and older women wearing their clothes on crowded streets.

Qin Guan went into a Hollister store and sighed in relief. He got almost the same feeling as being in Beijing. The brand originated from South California. In their flagship store there, they put two handsome, half-naked guys by the entrance to attract customers.

Qin Guan couldn't imagine having to accept such a job. If Chinese visitors took photos of him and brought them back home, he would die of embarrassment.

Fortunately, this was New York. In the dim store, a sales assistant led him to the storage room behind the store, where Mary, a designer visiting the stores and getting customer feedback, was waiting for him.

She was in New York especially to meet Qin Guan, the Chinese model who worked for LEE. Qin Guan had gotten in touch with her in advance.

Mary watched Qin Guan walk up to her gracefully in the dim light. Suddenly, she got the same feeling the LEE designer had.

That model was perfect.

Before Qin Guan could even take out his resume, Mary said, "Would you like to go to California with me? We need talented models like you."

"No!" Qin Guan shook his head.

Mary looked disappointed.

"Okay, let me see. This is a small room, but it's enough for two

rounds. Could you please try on some of our clothes here? Weenie, find me NO.5526, 1123 and 999. Size L."

"Got it!" Weenie dug up the clothes easily.

Qin Guan changed in a small fitting room.

Xu Xiaoxiao was in the front of the store, watching the customers shuttling back and forth. There's so many girls here!

The door of the storage room was opened. "Here. This space should be enough."

The designer pointed to the space before the counter with shining eyes. Qin Guan walked between the shelves as if he was on the T stage.

He was wearing skinny jeans, flip flops and a simple blue-white striped shirt.

It was not a popular outfit for busy office workers in New York, but it looked very comfortable on Qin Guan's body.

The broad stripes looked fashionable, the flip flops were wonderful for the torrid summer, and the jeans looked sexy on his slender legs.

A girl passing by holding shopping bags fixed her eyes on Qin Guan. She hit her head on the glass door hard.

Nobody laughed at the poor girl. They were all stunned, the clothes in their hands dropping to the floor.

Xu took a deep breath to refresh his brain.

An old woman standing beside him nearly fainted.

"Okay!" Mary clapped, breaking the silence.

"Qin Guan, follow me!" she said, waving at Qin Guan. They disappeared behind the small door.

The onlookers' view was blocked by the door. Coming back to their senses, they all started taking action one after the other.

Chapter 339: The Italian Festival

"Hi, I want the shirt he was wearing in L and XL."

"I want the flip flops, size 45!"

The idling customers had suddenly found their purpose.

Qin Guan went out of the Hollister store with a smile. Xu didn't ask about the outcome of the interview. He had a general idea judging by the effect he'd had on the customers and the very few clothes that had been left on the shelves.

He was confused by the brands Qin Guan chose next though.

In his opinion, Qin Guan looked splendid in casual clothes, so he should try out for similar brands.

GAP, AE and AF would have been good choices.

Why did he want to visit CK and NORTHFACE?

He couldn't figure out Qin Guan's criteria. Maybe models had their own secrets.

Qin Guan saw Xu Xiaoxiao off and returned to his apartment in a good mood. All his preparations that day had been groundwork for the future.

He couldn't rely on casual clothing brands. His ultimate goal was to get into the US modeling circle.

He needed a chance to introduce himself to the brands.

He was focused on the width and not the depth at the moment. It was enough to get a taste of the most popular brands in America.

He was taking off his shoes at the entrance, when Cong Nianwei craned her head around to look at him from the kitchen.

"Tomorrow is Columbus Day. What shall we do?"

Qin Guan realized that the holiday was right after the weekend. Italian-Americans celebrated their holiday on the second Monday

of October.

Americans liked to change other people's traditions and make them theirs.

This holiday had originally been in memory of Columbus' adventure, and it had been celebrated by Italians.

However, as more and more Americans followed the tradition, the president had declared it an official holiday.

The next day, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei attended the festivities on the busiest street of New York.

That day, there was a festival dedicated to countries from the American Continent.

The floats in the parades were moving slowly. Girls from Latin countries, such as Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador, were dancing in sexy costumes of their national flags. A group of strong men seemed fascinated by their slender legs and the colorful feathers on their heads.

The poor guys waving Italian flags were ignored by the crowd.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei discovered a unique skill Italians possessed. The 58th Columbus Day didn't disappoint them.

Suddenly, dozens of fine horses appeared. Handsome Italian riders in uniforms and silver helmets were on top of them, holding Italian flags. They strode along Fifth Avenue in an imposing manner.

A group of beautiful girls followed. The flower balls in their hands dazzled everyone.

"It's the parade!" Before Qin Guan's voice could fade away, he nearly choked on his juice.

A group of clowns rushed out, rolling and crawling. Their ridiculous masks attracted a lot of attention.

That was why everyone considered Americans the most swanky

people in the world.

The clowns blew ribbons at the children, disturbing the array of Italian beauties, and ran up to the floats to show off.

They forgot that the horses were not war-horses from the Middle Ages though. They were just ordinary horses from the suburbs.

Most of them were used for transportation. They were tame with their masters, but they had been raised in the quiet countryside. As a result, they got frightened by the crowd and the strange faces all around them.

They neighed and jumped, and their riders couldn't control them. After all, they were not professional riders. They were just handsome actors.

Noticing that the commotion was getting closer to him and Cong Nianwei, Qin Guan pushed Cong Nianwei behind him and turned to leave as fast as he could.

He was surprised.

If this had been in China, everyone would have backed off, putting their own safety first.

The strong American men were itching to help though. Some short-tempered members of the crowd put their bottles down, climbed over the fences and rushed up to the horses. Qin Guan looked down and saw the pile of beer bottles on the ground.

Chapter 340: The Difference Between F and B+

Several bald men rushed up to the frightened horses courageously and spread their arms, intending to grab the horses' necks and press them against the ground.

It was a pity that the scared horses were irritated by the constraints.

A black horse, which seemed to be the leader, neighed and stood up on its hind legs. Caught off guard, the rider fell off its back. Fortunately, his boots were out of the stirrups, so he didn't end up hanging from the horse.

Unfortunately, the animal's horseshoes kicked the man in the teeth. A tooth flew high in the sky.

"Careful!" Qin Guan shouted loudly, warning the rest of the crowd. The horses ran in different directions on Fifth Avenue.

The black horse locked its eyes on the strong man and headed for the crowd.

The angry horse was getting closer and closer. There was nothing else on Qin Guan's mind. Nobody wanted to be a hero anymore. All directions were blocked by frightened people.

Qin Guan cast a glance at Cong Nianwei. Then he made a decision. He threw his cap and glasses at her. "Stop running about! Hold the fence and squat down!"

His shout served as a warning for the confused crowd. Qin Guan was right. The fence would block the horse. Even if it jumped over the fence, it would run into a dead end.

Cong Nianwei caught Qin Guan's belongings. Her face was pale as she looked at her boyfriend calmly.

Qin Guan stomped on the fence and leapt high towards the

running horse. The horse fell on its back. Before it could come back to its senses, Qin Guan stepped on the stirrups and tightened the reins.

Using his other hand, he patted the horse gently on the belly.

It's alright, honey. Everything's alright. Let's go home.

His legs clamped around the horse's belly, and he used his mouth to hold the reins. After a few seconds, the black horse gradually stopped moving.

The people in front of Qin Guan were quiet and calm, unlike the unruly crowd behind him.

Qin Guan didn't feel the difference. He wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"Good boy, good boy." He patted the horse's back and turned his head to Cong Nianwei.

A golden ray of sunshine fell on his face. His tall nose made him look like a Roman sculpture. Smiling gently at his girlfriend, Qin Guan stood up before the crowd.

"Wow!"

"Good boy!"

"Such a handsome boy!"

"Hush..."

Screams and whistles fell and rose around them.

"Have a bottle of beer, young man. My treat!" An old man threw a bottle of beer at Qin Guan. A black bra followed. It had been thrown by a pretty girl.

Qin Guan glanced at her red lips and then peered at Cong Nianwei.

He picked the black lace bra up with his fingertips, as if it was a hot potato, and handed it to Cong Nianwei. He noticed that it was

an F-Cup.

"It's Triumph. I wonder if flea shops accept fancy underwear."

Qin Guan was disappointed. Cong Nianwei only wore a B+-Cup. I'm doomed.

He cast a guilty glance at Cong Nianwei, who signaled for him to get down from the horse.

Qin Guan jumped down obediently and walked up to her.

He was prepared for a slap on the face, but surprisingly, Cong Nianwei hugged him tightly. Even cold iron bars couldn't separate their hearts.

"Are you an idiot? We should have run away. How come you were so confident with that horse? Let's squat down at least. There are policemen who are able to control them."

Indeed, the chaos had been settled by the police and security staff. The horses were silently taken away.

Cong Nianwei was about to say something again to cover up the horror of losing Qin Guan, but she collapsed in his embrace instead.

The best elements of the US were perfectly embodied in the two Asian lovers: world peace, romance and fierce conflict.

Everyone applauded them, making them blush deeply

They escaped as quickly as they could.

"Hey! Wait!" Someone pulled at Qin Guan's loose T-shirt from behind. Luckily, they had reached a corner far from the noisy parade.

It was a fashionable guy, one of the weird people who walked the New York streets. He handed Qin Guan his business card politely. The words "Starlight Media" were printed on it. The pink feather on the man's head was trembling nervously.

Chapter 341: A Difficult Interview

"I'm a professional talent agent. My company is the most famous entertainment firm in the country. I see star potential in you. If you are interested, call me anytime."

"Okay, thanks." Qin Guan stuffed the card randomly in his pocket without a pause. Then he kept walking, holding Cong Nianwei's hand. The man behind him shouted at him, "You can reach me on my phone 24/7. If you are interested, just call me!"

"Call me! I'm the best talent agent there is! Believe me!"

After several blocks, they finally got away from the man.

Cong Nianwei looked at the card with curiosity. "You have no agent in the US. Why didn't you consider his proposal?" she asked.

Qin Guan was hiding something, but he didn't want to tell Cong Nianwei about it. He threw the card in the nearest trash can without hesitation.

"Things here are not the same as in China. I'm a newcomer here. It would be a nightmare if I fell into the wrong hands."

"One can be austere if they have no selfish desires. That's me. I'm really firm, aren't I? I wouldn't be forced to do something harmful to you though."

"You mean..." This reminded Cong Nianwei of something. She sized Qin Guan up in an exaggerated manner. "Well, you are capable of attracting criminals..."

Qin Guan hugged her around the shoulders, and the two of them headed home. "I might have grown in the gutter, but I try to keep myself as pure as I can for you..."

A simple life was the best fate for an ordinary man. Qin Guan's part-time job hunt was going very well.

Both THE NORTH FACE and Hollister had sent him emails. Only

CK didn't respond for a long time.

It was unbelievable. As a famous brand that had started its business by selling underwear, it was in big need of models for casual clothes and businesswear.

Rest assured, Qin Guan hadn't applied for the underwear position. He had applied for the apparel job.

Just as he was thinking about it, his phone vibrated. He had received a short notice for a follow-up interview. He hadn't gotten the job yet.

Wow! This was really one of the top 10 brands in the world. The process was much more complicated than it was with other brands.

Once they decided on a model though, they wouldn't let them go easily.

After class, Qin Guan gave his textbooks to Cong Nianwei. Looking at the setting sun, he told her, "Go home first. Save some food for me."

Cong Nianwei knew about his plans for that evening. He was wearing his business clothes after all.

The bus left the stop. Soon, Qin Guan arrived at the CK headquarters.

He got a numbered card from the staff. The interviewing room was on the second floor of the building. He pushed the door open and walked into a busy hall.

It was time for people to go home, yet the staff there looked much busier than usual.

Some assistants were pushing lines of hangers, and several designers were making changes to final designs on plastic models.

Qin Guan was not nervous at all. He carefully observed the models who were there for the follow-up interview. The naked

ones were on the left, and the ones wearing clothes were on the right.

Different corridors led to different doors, behind which was a big hall.

Holding his card, Qin Guan found a quiet corner on the right and sat by the window.

After a while, an assistant with messy hair walked along one of the corridors and shouted at the waiting crowd, "Time for the apparel models! We're starting from No. 1. Ten minutes for each candidate. No waiting after the set time."

Suddenly, the models looked nervous.

No.1 strode toward the room.

Qin Guan was at the end of the line. When the guy before him left, he glanced at his watch.

Night had fallen, and the fashion capital had lifted its veil.

When Qin Guan entered the interviewing room, he realized that the interviews in China paled in comparison to these.

The room looked like it was still daylight outside thanks to the bright lights. The ceiling was about four to five meters tall, and all professional equipment and props were in place.

Considering the moving fake shelves and the full photographic equipment, this was no simple interview. It was an imaging test.

That kind of test was only used by top brands. Models had to interpret the featured apparel on the lens.

It was a difficult test. First, the models had to handle the lens well and show their best angle in the high-definition digital camera.

Second, they had to understand the concept.

Professional skills were not enough though. The models also had

to catch the eye of the designer and stand out among the rest of the candidates.

The staff were optimistic about Qin Guan's ability to stand out. To be frank though, they did not believe that he would meet the first two requirements.

They wished that the chief designer of the final interview would give him a chance based on his appearance.

Qin Guan was surprised by the outfit he had to wear. It was businesswear. He had worn CK in China before, but most of it had been underwear.

Chapter 342: Military Style

CK Apparel was light, elegant and bright in color, which men who engaged in press and design really liked. They considered the style elegant and fashionable.

Why had they made the autumn collection like that?

Qin Guan was wearing high black army boots with brass buckles and loose silk pants. His jacket was even more dramatic. There were tactical pockets on his shoulders and chest, which was a symbol of the US special forces.

The long-sleeved jacket was black, just like the pants, and reflected cold light under the lamplight. Qin Guan let out a sigh.

The flourishing city of New York couldn't cover the residents' sorrow and wounds. War did not seem that far to ordinary people. Both the government and ordinary citizens were hesitant about the TIPS plan.

The country focused on privacy and democracy, yet it was not completely against a plan that would make one million citizens spies of the government.

This was because of the fear of terrorist attacks, as well as the economic downturn. After all, those who would be monitored were not American citizens.

Qin Guan came back to his senses and put on his outfit.

After 10 hours of work, all the CK staff were annoyed. They were eager to enjoy the after-work parties, but they had to wait for the last interviewee. Qin Guan stepped into the room, walking neither too fast nor too slow.

He was like a frozen sucker in the intense summer heat.

I'm here. Pay attention to me.

The photographer, whose name was Mark, was a famous fashion

expert in New York. He was tired from the hard work the interviews took, but Qin Guan's presence cheered him right up.

"Move! Move! This is the last series! Then we can get off work!" Mark shouted at the stunned crowd. All of a sudden, everyone got busy working.

"Qin Guan? Just perform. Don't pay attention to us. Just start anytime you like."

The annoyed chief designer, whose name was Sam, finally stopped frowning. He actually hadn't been satisfied with the previous models. They had been too slender or too delicate. They would have been perfect for CK's original style, but that season's collection was different.

According to the feedback of the marketing department, most Americans preferred a vigorous vibe. They liked dauntless, unyielding men.

In general, they were fond of clothes that gave off a sense of security and could be used in an emergency.

Office worker backpacks were larger than the previous year by thirty percent, and inner pockets were classified by different symbols.

They put flashlights and ropes inside for an emergency, so the clothes had to meet the main demands of the market.

Sam was now waiting for Qin Guan, the only model he had liked from the follow-up interviews, to show them his abilities.

"Okay, let's begin."

Qin Guan didn't waste their time. After speaking, he suddenly became a different person. He was no longer the same gentle guy, but a fierce, imposing man.

Shining spears and armored horses,

The symbol of war in ancient China.

The general was fighting on the battlefield,

He was the most commanding man there...

Qin Guan sat on a simple folding chair, like a warrior sitting astride a horse. He looked powerful and mighty, as if he was facing enemies, like the ancient warriors thousands of years ago.

The age of cold arms in China exceeded the imagination of Europeans, who used to fight with manure forks. Americans had an even more pitifully short history. Lacking any proper professional cultivation, Mark was stupefied, and so were the rest of the staff.

Suddenly, Qin Guan stood up and pushed the chair aside. He strode over to the crowd with rhythmic steps. His slender legs looked straight in his black pants. His delicate face looked firm and persistent, and his distinct muscles seemed ready to conquer.

Crack, crack.

The clicks of mutton were the only sound in the silent room.

Mark gradually calmed down when Qin Guan finished.

Qin Guan smiled at the crowd in the dark. "Thank you."

That's all? Mark looked at him in disappointment. Then he turned to Sam. Bro, once more?

Sam's expression was hard to make out in the dark. "Okay. Change out of the outfit and return it to the assistant."

Qin Guan bowed before them again and walked away.

When he left, Sam stopped pretending. All the staff was around him.

"Hurry! Show me the photos!"

Mark picked Qin Guan's photos out excitedly.

Chapter 343: Saving A Beauty

Qin Guan's fierce performance had overwhelmed them. The outfit did not look like it had been made for slender models, but for valiant soldiers.

Tough, but not rough. Idealistic, yet practical. The concept of the outfit had been interpreted perfectly by him.

"Pass?"

"Pass!"

Qin Guan's name was circled on the list.

Qin Guan had no idea about the final result, but he was confident. He had done his best, so he didn't care about the outcome. Actually, he owed this attitude to the money in his pocket. Several years ago, he would have even washed dishes at a restaurant in Chinatown for 500 dollars.

As he walked along the dark corridor looking for the elevator, Qin Guan suddenly heard cries and moans from the end of the hallway.

To go or not to go, that was the question. He was in an unfamiliar place, so he didn't want to poke his nose in other people's business.

This seemed to be the only way to the elevator though. Maybe those people hadn't expected that someone would use that corridor to get to the elevator.

Having no other way to go, Qin Guan kept walking down the hallway. He was a tall man, so he could see into the room through the window. Suddenly, his eyeballs nearly dropped out of his sockets.

This had to be the interview room for the underwear models. However, all the equipment inside had been shut off and the staff had left. Several dim lights and a shining laptop revealed that

there was still someone inside.

There were several blankets spread on the floor. A naked girl was trembling, facing in Qin Guan's direction.

The man, who was standing with his back to Qin Guan, seemed to be a photographer, but Qin Guan had no clue what he looked like or how old he was.

"Lisa... Yes, baby... Like this... Hold me..."

Qin Guan glanced at his private parts. It was disgusting! They were wearing no underwear. Of course, this was some kind of deal. New models would do anything for their career.

Speeding up, Qin Guan tried to walk past the room. Out of sight, out of mind. Little did he know that the trembling girl would look up and spot him right away.

The photographer closed his eyes, waiting for her silently. Taking advantage of this, the girl mouthed something silently at Qin Guan.

"Help..."

There were several freckles on her fair skin. She looked like a little girl. No wonder that she had been held back alone. A girl with no idea of how the circle worked was the best prey.

Qin Guan couldn't stand to watch the young girl, who seemed to be the same age as Huang Jiajia. He stopped in his tracks. He couldn't just break in like that. Nothing had happened yet. Besides, the scared girl might take the photographer's side.

Thinking of that, Qin Guan put his backpack down in the corner and picked up a torn maintenance uniform from a storage compartment.

It must have been left there by the staff of the building. Qin Guan put it on, not caring about the dust or the smell.

Then he shouted loudly in the darkness, "Hello! Is anybody

inside? Night maintenance! We'll cut off the power in a while. We're doing routine checks on the rooms."

He walked on with slow, heavy steps, as if knocking on pipes.

Frightened, the photographer opened his eyes and put on his pants in a hurry.

"Lisa, put on your clothes. So much for today..."

He would be embarrassed if he was caught like that. If it had been a staff member, the photographer would have bore a grudge against them, but a maintenance worker was hard to deal with.

If the worker saw them, he might take photos of them. He was famous in the fashion circle after all. The photos would attract an audience.

He cast a disappointed glance at the young girl and put on his pullover. Leaving the equipment on the table, he dashed out.

"Hey, bro! Watch it!"

The photographer crashed into Qin Guan's shoulder. He looked back at him without a word. That worker is really handsome. It's a pity he's not a model!

Qin Guan didn't speak much for fear of betraying his identity. He carried on his duty in a bold, generous manner. "Is anybody inside?"

Qin Guan was getting closer to the room. The photographer sped up and nearly stumbled over something in the dark corridor.

Chapter 344: The Final Test

Qin Guan cleared his throat to suppress his laughter. He waited outside until the girl got dressed.

"Don't stay around. Go!" Qin Guan shouted rudely at the model, keeping up his performance.

"Oh, thank you. I'm leaving..."

Trembling, the girl looked up and got a hold of his collar. She tried to keep her savior in her memory.

The pores on Qin Guan's face were invisible in the dim light. There was a beautiful shadow above his lips. Of course, one had to ignore the torn uniform with the blue stripes, which was stinky in the summer.

Lisa smiled in relief. She bowed before Qin Guan to express her gratitude.

Qin Guan just wanted to leave as soon as possible. Everyone would have helped a little girl unwilling to do such a thing.

"Go home as soon as possible. Take care of yourself."

Qin Guan waved at Lisa and left the corridor with his backpack.

He had to return his outfit to the assistant waiting for him. He thought she would blame him for being late, but she didn't say anything. Instead, she gave him a piece of paper with her phone number.

Qin Guan was in a relationship though, so he threw the paper into a trash can after leaving the building.

Giant colorful advertisement boards were hanging on the tall, cold buildings. Cars shuttled back and forth on the streets. Behind the bustling scene, sin was always lurking.

Qin Guan relaxed only when he got home and found Cong Nianwei in the kitchen.

"I'm back."

"Welcome home."

It was sunny the next morning. The fragrance of pine trees on campus covered the ugliness and darkness of the previous night.

Several weeks after classes had begun, the students already had to take quizzes. Qin Guan was surprised by the random timing.

The instructors didn't take inferior things like cheating into consideration. The answers to practical questions couldn't be found in a textbook.

As his classmates were writing swiftly, Qin Guan handed his paper in. At Columbia, students could hand in their papers at any time, which saved them time for the next subject they had to study for.

Qin Guan gestured at Xu Xiaoxiao to call him later and rushed out of campus.

As expected, he got a notice from CK about the final interview. He had to have final sample measurements taken at the CK headquarters.

If he didn't do anything wrong, after a small conference regarding the autumn collection, he would get a contract for the New York Fashion Week.

That was his final goal. He sent the notice to Sister Xue.

Considering her keen instinct for trends in the fashion circle, Sister Xue must have known about his intention to choose between those three brands.

She didn't disappoint him. As soon as she got Qin Guan's email, she began to make future plans, even though it was late at night.

First, she would release the news to his fan club, and then she would intervene with the promotion plan New Silk Road had decided on.

Wearing his school uniform, Qin Guan went into the building without a pause.

He looked professional, indicating his identity to the security and reception staff.

He is definitely a new model of some designer.

Sitting in a small meeting room, Qin Guan began to exchange information with other models, from whom he learned about the importance of the final test.

The final test was not just for the chief designer and the designing department. It was also an important event for the photographers, the PR department and the operational department. They all gathered together that day.

The small launching conference was not just about the next collection. It was also CK's final test of the market before the New York Fashion Week.

There would be three top brands from France and Italy at the fashion week, which made CK, a traditional brand from the US, feel threatened.

Unlike CK, which was very flexible, they were brands that tailored to traditional styles. Upper-class men always preferred extreme elegance though. CK had to stress on the trend.

That was the reason they were using their full strength.

As the models of the apparel group entered the bustling backstage area, the underwear models got off the stage and changed clothes behind the curtains. They turned around calmly and began to swiftly put on their outfits.

A designer with all his tailoring tools hanging from his body asked the models to get on the stage one after the other.

Qin Guan was pulling his sweater down when he saw Lisa staring at him with red cheeks.

The girl had recognized her savior right away when she had gone backstage. However, the noisy crowd discouraged her from walking up to him.

Chapter 345: Appreciation From An Old Manager

Qin Guan smiled and nodded at her. Then he turned around to wait in line.

A short-haired girl beside Lisa asked her curiously, "Who's that? An Asian face is rare here! Do you know him?"

"Not exactly." Lisa looked gloomy. He witnessed that awkward incident the other day. She was feeling perturbed and depressed.

She didn't even know his name. They were not even acquaintances.

The girl beside her kept asking questions. "Wow! You like boys like that? I'm worried about him. The old directors of the operational department will want to include an Asian face in such an important conference."

"Even if he passes the test though, he might still be weeded out at the fashion week..."

Lisa couldn't help but feel nervous for her savior, while the other girl, whose name was Veronica, grimaced disdainfully.

"No. E-116..."

When Qin Guan heard his number, he suddenly changed his attitude, which had attracted attention from the other models.

He showed them the real power of the Asian model who had earned a place among them.

As his army boots stomped on the floor, all the interviewers fixed their eyes on the approaching boy.

The two senior managers of the operational department were shocked by Qin Guan and his outfit. They frowned slightly when they saw his skin clearly though.

An Asian...

They both remained silent. The two photographers had a completely different expression though. Sam was too excited to control himself. His fingers were constantly clicking on an imaginary button.

The other photographer was Jones, the guy Qin Guan had met in the dark corridor. Apparently, one could never avoid their enemies.

Jones recognized Qin Guan right away and became furious

You dared mess with me! I'll pay you back. An eye for an eye...

And that's exactly what he did. Smiling, he turned and told Douglas, the most old-fashioned man in the operational department, "It seems that our brand is going along with the trend of globalization. I wonder if other brands of our level will have the same idea though."

Douglas didn't say anything. He just folded his arms over his chest.

Jones didn't get a response, so he backed off awkwardly.

By that time, Qin Guan had gotten the approval of the tailoring designer, who had finished taking his measurements.

It was time for the final test. The chief designer spoke up.

"Could you make time in your schedule for our conference? It's between November 5th and November 8th."

"No problem."

"You were this year's Asian Fashion Man and the first Asian male model on VOGUE's cover. Why did you decide to continue your career in New York?"

It seemed that they considered him a representative of the Asian continent.

Qin Guan answered slowly, selecting his words carefully.

"Actually, I'm a foreign student in New York. I'm enthusiastic about the profession though, so I wanted to get a part-time job while I'm studying."

"Oh?"

The interviewers seemed interested. Many girls and boys in the modelling circle started working at a very young age.

Their goal was to become famous as early as possible. A foreign student engaging in modelling would spark their interest.

"Are you an undergraduate student?"

"No, a postgraduate."

"At the State University of New York, the Municipal Academy of Arts or the Community College?"

This was an insult to the fashion circle, and it made everyone angry.

Jones came back to his senses and realized what he had asked. He closed his mouth like a clam in an effort to protect himself.

"At the Finance Department of Columbia University..."

Are you kidding? You must have walked into the wrong interviewing room! Wall Street is north of here!

Trying to remain serious, Douglas finally opened Qin Guan's file.

"Why don't I see this in your resume?"

"According to the rules, I couldn't include any information irrelevant to the profession."

"Hmm, strict and modest. You are a true Columbia student."

What do you mean? Was that a compliment?

Qin Guan was confused when he saw Douglas hand the file to the chief designer.

"Not bad!"

The old men nodded together for the first time, which made the chief designer feel extremely flattered. Jones wisely remained silent.

Wait and see, bastard. You'll really enjoy working with me.

Qin Guan did not care about his malevolence. He was completely unashamed.

After Qin Guan left, Douglas asked the chief designer to stay behind.

Chapter 346: Slow Down, Grampa

"Make a collection for the boy. It would be beneficial for you."

Douglas' indication was clear to the chief designer. The brand had to find a new direction the following year. His promotion of Qin Guan had attracted attention from the senior executives of the company.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan's phone was packed with messages. Most of them were from old Columbia professors, assigning more homework to him.

However, among them was also a strange text from Xu Xiaoxiao: "Call me back".

Qin Guan called him immediately.

"Qin Guan, my grandpa's birthday banquet is tomorrow. Come watch my performance!"

"No problem. I'll see you tomorrow. What should I wear? Should I bring a present?"

"Us young guys will have a cocktail party after the banquet. Formal attire is mandatory. And you are the best present for my grandpa!"

What a silly boy! No one can go to a birthday party without a present.

Qin Guan was not worried about that though. He was good at dealing with old people.

Cong Nianwei had been invited by Wendy to join an architecture club at Columbia, so she couldn't attend the banquet with him.

Standing before an ancient style mansion, Qin Guan fixed his black bow tie and called Xu.

"Let him in! He is my friend!" The honest gatekeeper saw Xu shouting from the second-floor balcony and let Qin Guan in

without a word.

A shrine with joss-sticks was placed before the [Guan Emperor](#), looking striking in the broad, elegant hall.

It was surprising to see such a traditional idol in a modern house.

Qin Guan followed Xu to a small hall on the second floor. There was a stage inside set up for a small-scale martial arts play.

"Look at me!" Xu pulled Qin Guan to the backstage area to show off.

Can I tell you the truth? You look like [Pigsy](#) when you're playing the Monkey King.

Qin Guan noticed that Xu Xiaoxiao had a lingering charm thanks to his makeup and costume. He just reminded him, "Stand still on the stage and watch your posture."

It was better for Xu to stand still while he was singing.

"Okay!"

Qin Guan took his present out. "According to your description of him, I think your grandpa will like this."

It was a delicate snuff bottle, half a finger tall. It was made of transparent glaze, and the bottle cap was red coral. Red fancy carps were painted on the bottle.

It was an elegant bottle with an auspicious implied meaning.

"Good snuff is hard to find in China. I took only a little abroad for fear of the custom check."

Qin Guan took out a small antique case. It was snuff from a store at Tianhuizhai, which could be dated back to the Qin Dynasty.

Cigarettes had replaced snuff for the time being. White people of the last generation preferred to play with the bottles.

As a [banana boy](#), Xu had never seen such a unique thing. He fondled the two items admiringly.

"I'll deliver them for you."

By that time, people were already heading upstairs one after the other.

The guests were all polite. They found their seats by looking at the numbers on their cards. Qin Guan peered out from the gap between the curtains. He felt a solemn void in the room.

There were similar Asian faces all around. Everyone was talking to each other happily. Qin Guan got a faint idea of what Xu's family was like.

A thin old man in a Tang suit sat down at the seat of honor. He seemed hale and hearty. Xu's father announced the beginning of the banquet.

"Where is Xiaoxiao?" Strict Grandpa Xu liked his eldest grandson the most.

Xu's father knew about his plan. He smiled awkwardly. "Dad, everyone is here. We should just begin. Xiaoxiao will get here soon."

Grandpa Xu looked around and waved his hands at random. "Okay."

The opera troupe began its performance. Since this was a birthday banquet, the opera "Ma Gu Offers Birthday Felicitations" was a must.

The curtain rose and a plump lady walked on the stage. She sang along to the rhythm.

The chatting audience was shocked.

At the beginning, they didn't recognize Xu Xiaoxiao because of the thick makeup on his face, but his voice betrayed him.

"Ha ha ha..."

"Good!"

Grandpa Xu spit his water out. Xu's father grinned at him awkwardly. "Slow down, grampa."

Guan Yu, a character from "Romance Across Three Kingdoms", the most popular god of Chinese people overseas, especially gangsters.

The Monkey King's younger brother in "Journey to the West", who was originally a pig.

A nickname for Chinese-Americans (ABC). It means that they have yellow skin, but deep down they are white.

Chapter 347: Chinese Freemasons

Xu seemed to be a good actor and grandson.

When he finished the aria, he bowed before his grandfather and said, "I wish you happiness as immense as the Eastern Sea, and a life as long as the Southern Mountain."

Then he moved around his long sleeves. "I'm leaving..."

He was still the Monkey King. The audience was laughing and applauding.

Xu Xiaoxiao and Qin Guan went off the stage together. Everyone was making jokes about him.

"Grandpa, this is my friend from college, Qin Guan."

Qin Guan took a bow. "May your life be as long as pines and cranes!"

"Thank you, boy," the old man said with a smile.

"Grandpa, this is a present from Qin Guan. It's really beautiful!" Xu took out the small bottle proudly, as if it was his own present.

Grandpa Xu looked at the small item carefully. It was not expensive, but it reminded him of times past.

"I like it. It's much better than the scratcher you got me."

"It's a massage chair! You're biased!"

His father kicked him on the butt. "What are you talking about? Go! You kids go play by yourselves!"

Xu made a face as he pulled Qin Guan away.

"My dad is always like this. I have nothing in common with those old men. Let's go hang out with people our age."

Xu led Qin Guan to the wing hall, where all young boys and girls had gathered. It was much more fun there.

"Sir, the guests are all on the roof garden..." the steward whispered to Xu Xiaoxiao.

"Let's go up to the roof. We'll have a drink in the New York night!"

The young men followed them up.

The roof was American in style, as well as all the guests. There were white and black faces everywhere around them, unlike the yellow faces down in the hall.

"They are our business partners and friends. Of course, there are also several adventurers here..."

Xu winked at several hot girls like a womanizer. Qin Guan cast a supercilious look at him. "Where is the food? Do you know what time it is?"

Xu struggled under Qin Guan's grip.

"It's right there... Let me go!"

Qin Guan saw an acquittance by the table. He was in no mood to greet the guy though. He let Xu Xiaoxiao go and headed for the barbecue instead.

Jones was surprised to see Qin Guan at the party. He had tried his best to get an invitation to the birthday banquet. He had even used his reputation as a top photographer.

To be frank, he was just working there, taking nice pictures for the guests. He was hoping to expand his interpersonal connections that way.

Xu's family was the largest Chinese family in New York, and they were very rich and powerful in Chinatown. How had a little-known Asian model qualified for an invitation to the banquet? Jones shuddered.

Thank god I didn't play any dirty tricks on him, or I would have ended up in a garbage bag in the river the next day.

The Xu Family were [Chinese Freemasons](#), the largest branch of the Hip Sing Association. Although they had been whitewashed many years ago, they still maintained a relationship with the Chinese reactionary gang.

The boy is really close to the third generation of the family!

Jones drank a glass of champagne in one go to get over the shock.

The atmosphere was perfectly harmonious on the roof. Grandpa Xu walked up the stairs slowly. On the small podium on the roof, the Mayor of New York was about to extend his own wishes for his birthday.

After his speech, all the guests clustered around the old man, expressing their respect for the Asian big shot.

He left after several routine greetings. Then the party began.

Holding a hot girl, Xu Xiaoxiao walked up to Qin Guan, who was buried in food in the corner. "Hey, dude. Don't focus only on the food. Look at Lily's friends over there! What do you prefer? Black, white or Asian?"

"F*ck off! Cong Nianwei would kill me. You can have them all if you want..."

Meanwhile, a burly chap was heading upstairs, the wooden floor creaking under his feet.

It originated from an underground organization called "Hong School" during the early Qing Dynasty. It aimed to overturn the Manchu Sovereign and restore the Han Dynasty.

Chapter 348: Robbery

A Barbie-like girl was following him. She was Asian and she was wearing a black gauzy skirt that looked like an umbrella.

"Yamaguchi Tsutomu?"

"Yamaguchi Tsutomu?"

Xu Xiaoxiao and Qin Guan called her name out together in one voice.

"How do you know her?"

Xu looked at Qin Guan in surprise. Unconsciously, he said, "£\$^%*^*&^&?"

Qin Guan swallowed a shrimp. "What are you talking about? Can you speak like a normal human being? Or were you rendered speechless by that beautiful girl? Beauties of her kind are rare in the US."

Xu let out a breath at Qin Guan's ignorance on argot. Then he patted Qin Guan on the shoulder. "Just enjoy your food. You can leave any time you like. Just tell me in advance."

Qin Guan nodded in confusion. Xu let the hot girl go and walked up to Yamaguchi Tsutomu.

Yamaguchi Tsutomu had been looking around blankly until Xu approached her. Then she noticed Qin Guan behind him.

She had been looking for him for a long time. Looking back, she saw Qin Guan sitting there eating meat...

She bowed in his direction. The big man next to her, who was her loyal servant, had also met Qin Guan in Shinjuku. The honest man bowed before Qin Guan silently.

"My distinguished guest, shall we talk downstairs?"

Xu didn't want to attract other people's attention. He gestured to

Yamaguchi Tsutomu and they headed downstairs.

Qin Guan was nearly full. He set his plate down on the table and turned around to leave. I've met so many acquaintances at this party! I better go home now.

He sent a message to Xu and left the noisy party unhurriedly.

He idled on the quiet road in his Burberry formal wear, humming a song. His house was close by, just a couple of blocks away, but he hesitated on the crossroads. The road on the left led to a black neighborhood.

The road on the right would take him an extra 10 minutes.

Qin Guan was a brave man, so he wasn't afraid of anything. The black neighborhood is no hell. I'll take the road on the right though.

Qin Guan chose the longer way without hesitation. It was a wise choice.

Experienced robbers were the most difficult to deal with. Those smart guys waited there to find more victims.

Qin Guan's wise choice didn't help him though. He was surrounded in no time, with no way to escape.

There were three unarmed criminals around him. Qin Guan thought of all the skills he had been gifted with and chose one in hopes of shocking them.

He shouted like Bruce Lee in his fine black clothes, and then he spun around and performed a side kick.

He followed up with a handspring, a handspring front tuck and a somersault. Finally, he took a stage pose and ended his performance.

He beckoned arrogantly at the black men. "All men are brothers. Gentlemen fight fair! One on one, come on!"

His floor exercises had landed him out of their ring of

encirclement. The three robbers were right across from him.

"Bro, he seems fierce. Who should go first?"

The leader knocked the other man on the head. "You idiot! We are robbers, not martial artists! Don't listen to him. We all attack together!"

They all approached Qin Guan. The closer they got to him, the more surprised they looked.

That Asian boy seems like a real martial artist!

To be on the safe side and ensure their success, their leader murmured, "Weapons..."

He seemed cautious, which was wise of him. Qin Guan's outfit could be sold for thousands of dollars at a second-hand designer shop. He was also wearing a diamond watch and sapphire sleeve buttons.

In fact, Qin Guan looked like a real nouveau riche. It was a pity that he hadn't taken his wallet with him.

Qin Guan realized that his pose was useless. He was still trying to think of a plan when the three guys took their knives out.

They were flick knives, as long as a grown man's palm.

According to Qin Guan's estimation, they could make a big hole in his body. He was not frightened though. When facing beasts, one had to be brave.

"Come on!" he shouted loudly.

Chapter 349: Hands Up

Actually, his unspoken words were "Chase me"!

The three men were shocked by his shout. Taking advantage of this, Qin Guan ran away at full speed.

Don't laugh at those guys for wearing tracksuit pants and running shoes. Maybe they were from the US. That was a Rule of Living there.

Qin Guan ran down the empty street without scruple. If he could get away from that isolated alley, he would be able to get to his apartment building, where someone might come to his aid. Encouraged by that thought, Qin Guan ran like a vigorous tiger.

Unfortunately, there were certain shortcomings between different races.

Which race was the best at running? The black race... Which race was the strongest in the world? The black race...

The wind roaring in their ears cheered them up, reminding them of the traditional honor of their race. Black men like us can't catch up with a f*cking Asian? That's ridiculous!

Qin Guan was getting closer to the building. He was hurriedly looking for his key in his pocket. Key! Key!

Suddenly, a swift, violent wind blew by him. The shortest black man was blocking his way.

"Bro, calm down!" Qin Guan was disappointed by the lack of witnesses. By the time the police arrived, he might only be left in his underwear.

Just before he surrendered to his enemies though, his savior showed up out of the blue.

"Who dares cause trouble on my turf?" It was the German guy.

Joseph was standing by the entrance with his bag. He seemed to

have just returned from college.

"What are you doing here?" one of the black men said in German. Qin Guan was confused. Those black guys could speak German? Joseph could speak English!

When he turned around, Qin Guan saw the three guys step back together with a serious expression.

They had only taken one step away. The three men living at the bottom of society were not kind-hearted.

"We're robbing him... Mind your own business..."

Then they saw Joseph clearly under the lamp light. Letting out a breath, they became arrogant again.

It's only a student. So what if he's German? They were planning on robbing them both.

Before they could show their knives again though, the tall German guy took out a black pistol from his bag calmly. The cold shining barrel was pointed at them.

"Knives down! Hands up!" he said in fluent English.

Qin Guan thought that things were not going well. He rushed up to Joseph, but his effort was unnecessary.

The three guys threw their knives to the ground and kneeled down without hesitation. "Bro, spare our lives. We just wanted money. We're no pimps or drug dealers."

Surprised, Qin Guan stood next to Joseph by the entrance.

"Shall we call the police?"

"Are you kidding? There's no point. What if they cause trouble for you every day after they are bailed out? Better save yourself that trouble. Let's go inside."

They entered the building and closed the door behind them. The three guys left with their knives.

"Thank you so much..."

Qin Guan expressed his sincere appreciation to Joseph. He was in no mood to ask about the gun. Joseph didn't take it seriously. Before entering the room, he said, "There are some rugby league matches in a few days. Could you please ask John to lend us Susanna's cheerleading squad?"

"Why? You have your own cheerleading squad, don't you?"

"The Columbia basketball team always comes first. The rugby team comes second," Joseph answered awkwardly. "All the beautiful girls are on their team... We are ashamed of having the ugliest ones, so we borrow theirs every time."

"Okay, I'll ask him. Wait for word from me."

"Thanks!"

Alas! Beauties were always energetic. What miserable lives were the members of the rugby team leading!

Qin Guan arrived home safely. Meanwhile, Xu Xiaoxiao was in trouble. Yamaguchi Tsutomu had gone to his grandfather's party with evil intentions.

Japan was the only country where her gang was active. [Yamaguchi-gumi](#) was both good and evil. They were involved in both politics and business. They openly controlled the business of black and white people.

There was an old saying about brave people and how they always succeeded. That year, Yamaguchi-gumi saw that they had a chance in the US and took it.

The largest gang in Japan.

Chapter 350: The Russian Tearoom

It was the best time for an external power to penetrate a country that was suffering from a bad economy and widespread panic. Yamaguchi Tsutomu's trip to New York was a test.

In the US, the domains of different gangs were intertwined with each other. Nearly all top 10 gangs had a branch in New York.

There were not just Chinese gangs in Chinatown. Russians had also come to the harbor with tankers, and the Scottish, who engaged in construction, were just as difficult to deal with.

The fate of a Japanese gang without any foundation that wanted a share of the cake would depend on the local gangs' decision. A powerful dragon could not crush a snake after all.

Yamaguchi Tsutomu was not a reasonable girl though.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Yamaguchi. I have no idea why you visited us. The Xu Family is only a branch. We have been far from the center of power for a long time. Besides, we do not engage in the business you are proposing."

"To be frank, Chinatown is not what it used to be like 10 years ago. That business disappeared during the general repression five years ago."

"We are all honest businessmen. We have no idea about the business you deal in. Maybe you can find someone else."

Xu Xiaoxiao was no longer the retinue following Qin Guan around. Sitting by a round table of *dalbergia odorifera* calmly, he shook his head, blowing at the non-existent tea leaves in his cup.

Yamaguchi Tsutomu sat across the table with a poker face. Wild rivers and seas were occupying her mind. This was her first stop in New York. They are showing no interest in our high profits!

Actually, she had found the wrong person. The Xu Family had

been whitewashed up to the third generation. Their successors were all engaging in business and politics.

The Chinese race was the keenest on politics. They had realized pretty early that the US government would not tolerate the expansion of gangs, so they had gone ashore as quickly as possible.

You are a greenhand with no idea about the situation. You dare come bother law-abiding citizens like us! We are kind enough not to report you to the New York police!

Yamaguchi Tsutomu felt defeated by the stubborn boy. Without saying anything else, she patted the table and stood up.

"Okay, we are leaving. Let's not delay each other anymore. Time is precious after all."

"That's it!" Shocked, Xu nearly dropped his cover.

The representative of Yamaguchi-gumi left the hall, where there were only odds and ends of the banquet. Xu took an enjoyable sip of his tea.

"Has grandpa left?"

His guard craned his neck at him. "He got home safely..."

"Ha!" Xu put his cup down on the table. "[A strong wind is coming... My soldiers are ready to fight...](#)"

The Peking Opera echoed in the empty hall.

They will play a role in Chinatown. There is another group waiting on the streets, who loves our motherland even more than Chinese Freemasons. They are former Chinese soldiers. They are loyal, well-armed and ready to risk their lives to protect Chinatown.

"Release the news to Han Zhujiu and his guys," Xu instructed his guard. "Yamaguchi-gumi will move a [large quantity of white powder](#) to the Lower East Side. They will give those Japanese a lesson."

Yamaguchi Tsutomu has a long way ahead of her. Italian and Mexican businessmen won't let her in the drug business. They will detain the Japanese visitors in New York. It will be interesting!

["I'll kill them all..."](#)

It was a beautiful morning in New York. Qin Guan was admiring the location of the CK fall collection launching event. It would be held at a cafe on the Upper East Side.

He didn't know New York well, but when he was led to the hall, he realized it was a unique place.

The Russian tearoom, which was decorated like an ordinary Manhattan cafe, had a hidden beautiful inner world.

Every restaurant and building on the Upper East Side was full of intricate details.

The Russian tearoom had been founded by the Russian Royal Ballet Group, which had wanted to provide a gathering place for Russians in New York. It had become a club for film stars and politicians by then though.

Qin Guan handed his backpack to the waiter. Madonna used to be a waitress there.

The hall was decorated with red and gold ornaments of a traditional Russian style. There were crystal ceiling lamps and countless oil paintings in the room. The whole restaurant was as beautiful and luxurious as a royal palace.

Thanks to its Baroque style, the hall was like the resplendent, magnificent Russian palace. Only the first floor was open to the public though.

Qin Guan didn't look around. As a guy of fine taste, the luxurious hall hadn't shocked him.

The CK launch event would take place on the second private floor. The VIP meeting room was only open to large-scale

gatherings. Qin Guan went in, showing no interest in the transparent crystal floor or the glaze-colored ceiling. What impressed him was the 15-foot bear ice sculpture standing in the lounge.

It was only mid-October. It must have taken a lot of work to make it stand there.

Then he realized his ignorance. The gorgeous light was not coming from the ceiling lamps.

Peking Opera

Drugs

Peking Opera

Chapter 351: A Scream During the Show

It was a splendid crystal tree decorated with colorful eggs of Venice glass that dazzled the eyes. Hundreds of candles were placed around it, shining with a soft light. The candlelight was reflected on the glass ceiling, looking extraordinarily romantic.

This had to be the site. Qin Guan went through the room hurriedly and walked to the small cabinet in the back.

The bustling scene inside brought him back to reality.

The assistant took out his outfits and pushed him towards the makeup room. Without saying anything, Qin Guan changed clothes in a corner. I'm coming, New York!

Distinguished guests had been invited to the show, including not only VIPs of the fashion circle, but also curious residents of the Upper East Side.

The educated guests did not look very excited. They were just whispering greetings to acquaintances.

There was no opening speech or gorgeous background. A deep rhythmic song began to play.

The red velvet curtain was suddenly opened, and a splendid Christmas tree was revealed. The reflected light lit up the whole hall.

Shoes stomped on the floor as beautiful models started filing out through the curtain. The black and grey tones were a little dark for the season, but the brave, practical designs attracted the audience's attention.

The Upper East Side residents, who focused on high-end tailoring, were their target group.

An anxious middle-aged man in a polo shirt looked shocked by the models. He had been annoyed for a long time. As a director of

an independent film with a limited budget, his trip to the Cannes Film Festival had been unsuccessful.

The first reason was that he had been short on money. The second was that the vulgar actors had not been interested in his film. When it came right down to it though, the first reason had been the most important.

Everyone knew that if you were lucky enough to win a big prize, your place in US movie theatres would be mediocre at best.

This was because people stressed on box office success, which was the only way to attract public attention. That was why Director Gus was gloomy.

The show had inspired him though. His actors could come from the fashion circle! They were all beauties after all. Thinking of that, he began to observe the models carefully in excitement.

When Qin Guan got on the stage, it was like a small stone had been dropped on a quiet lake, causing ripples to form on its surface.

The Asian model looked different from the other models. He was too elegant to be real. He looked like an illusion that would be gone with the wind.

As Qin Guan walked through the room, the audience held its breath for fear of scaring the fairy away.

Suddenly, drums started to beat. In a moment, he became a general, a king and an emperor. Every identity presented resonated with the model.

He was wearing black silk pants, that looked thin and airy. It was the first time CK had used oriental silk as a material.

His loose pant legs were stuffed into his high boots. Actually, that style was out of date for Chinese people.

It was not a real design in China. Labor workers and independent

traders used to stuff their pant legs into their shoes to move more comfortably before 1949.

The difference was that they used to wear straw sandals and Qin Guan was wearing leather boots.

Americans had no idea about it though. They just liked the cultural shock. Going with the wind was their favorite feeling.

Besides, black was the best color for elites. Compared to other colorful outfits, that one suited the Asian model the best.

No one knew who had made the final decision, photographer Jones, the senior executives of the operational department or the chief designer, but the outfit looked like it had been designed specifically for Qin Guan.

The candlelight was reflected back from the glazed eggs, leaving a colorful halo on Qin Guan's face. It was a classic clash between black and white. A blooming flower! A scream amid the quiet!

Chapter 352: The Director

Qin Guan had developed a style of his own. He was the most impressive model that night.

The guests couldn't help but express their appreciation for the visual.

Applause surged towards him from all directions like a tide. Qin Guan's first show in New York was perfect.

He smiled at the audience and turned around to head backstage, where the chief designer of Hollister was, looking overjoyed. If there had been no rules about engaging with the audience, he would have showed off in front of everyone.

Hey dude, that boy will be our model. Please come to our show!

After the CK show, the designer kept talking about Qin Guan everywhere, attracting attention from the residents of the Upper East Side.

As everyone knew, 90% of the attendants would never be interested in such a low-level brand.

Qin Guan got paid 800 dollars backstage. It was not so bad, considering he was a model at the bottom of the circle.

That money could cover his accommodation for a month. For a clerk working at a small company for a 2000-dollar salary, it was enough to lead an ordinary life.

Qin Guan stuffed his outfits back into the box. He was planning on leaving as soon as possible to make room for the female underwear models.

Lisa was smiling at him shyly, but she didn't come over to greet him. Qin Guan didn't speak to her either. It was unrealistic to have an American girl propose to you after saving her.

After getting a notice for the next job, Qin Guan was about to

retreat from the cabinet silently. A middle-aged man with a beard was blocking his way though.

"Hello, I'm Gus. I'm a director."

"Hi! I'm Qin Guan, a student."

Qin Guan replied politely, but tried to steer clear off the stranger. It was said that there was a special group of people around American models.

They were always middle-aged men with successful careers. People called them bloodthirsty sharks, because they usually targeted young girls.

Is that guy one of them? He should have stayed under the stage, where the girls are searching for hunters.

New York was the beginning of their dreams. All the girls knew how to seize opportunities.

Gus realized that he was being ignored. He grabbed Qin Guan's sleeve eagerly.

"Hey, may I have a word with you?"

Qin Guan stopped reluctantly to spare his poor clothes. "What's the matter?"

"Would you like to be an actor?" His loud voice startled the assistant standing by the exit. "Let's talk about it downstairs."

Qin Guan blinked. A small person was scattering flowers around in his heart. Is this my lucky star at work? Did I meet a famous director during my first show?

Qin Guan was surprised, but not convinced. He and Gus went to the restaurant on the first floor.

CK had booked the entire Russian tearoom until supper. The empty restaurant was the best place for a private talk.

"Let me tell you about my film... It reflects the angry average

American's lack of education... Two real students... Campus violence... Shooting..."

Qin Guan could tell from the description that it was a film about minorities. It was definitely not a Hollywood production or a formal film company production. Besides, it had to have a limited budget.

Qin Guan raised a few reasonable questions, "May I read the script first? What about the producer? Why did you choose me? As far as I know, there are lots of professional actors and young men at agencies or schools in New York."

"When shall we begin if I say yes? How long will the shooting last? In which studio will it take place?"

Gus was shocked by Qin Guan's series of questions. The boy was sitting opposite him, drinking his free lemon water calmly.

He is no greenhand. He's a veteran!

A waitress in a traditional Russian costume asked them in a low voice if they would be having dinner there. The show had ended. CK would hold a simple dinner for the guests in the restaurant.

"Two standard working lunches. Is that okay for you, Gus?"

Gus wouldn't give up the chance to get more information out of Qin Guan. He was not a polite man, so he just nodded automatically at the waitress.

"It's a film with a limited budget. A NY company will produce it and distribute it. Of course, it's a small company."

"The film's success will depend on the interpretation of my ideas. I don't have high hopes though."

"The gross will be quite low, so I can't hire a proper actor. Besides, I'm not a famous director either, so..."

Chapter 353: J Clothing Is Coming

Qin Guan put cream in his Russian soup and stirred it. "So it's a low-cost film with a dim future. That's why you chose me."

Gus smiled awkwardly, but Qin Guan's next words cheered him up.

"I want to read the script first. If it's good, and my schedule allows it, I'll do it."

"Besides, you have to sign a contract with my agency in China to make a collaboration between us possible."

Qin Guan's boldness impressed Gus. He's a good boy who's devoted himself to the film industry.

In Qin Guan's opinion, the script was very important. Besides, the shooting would last only a few weeks and take place in New York. The job and the salary seemed to have fallen from Heaven.

Both the guest and the host were thoroughly enjoying themselves. They kept chatting happily. If the script is not bad, I'll help him finish the film.

Just before they finished dinner, the guests of the show headed downstairs. All the activities had come to an end.

A group of middle-aged men from the Upper East Side walked down with steady steps. Some of them were accompanied by beautiful girls.

It was a game of willingness. No one could blame them. They made jokes with each other, their young hearts struggling in their aged bodies.

Qin Guan remained calm. When he looked up though, he saw that Lisa was among those girls.

The childish girl had her arm locked around the arm of an old man. Her breasts were pasted to his body.

Qin Guan sighed. The girl had top model potential, but she was wasting it.

A top model could have an affair with a photographer, a talented designer, a reporter, or someone else from the entertainment circle, but they should never believe those conservative, old-fashioned men from the Upper East Side who engaged in finance and politics. They loved the models' pureness and youth, but those qualities did not last forever.

The girls had to compromise again and again until they were lost in oblivion. What they strived for was money, not the modelling profession.

Qin Guan smiled at the thought, feeling at ease.

He left the warm tea house and went out into the chilly autumn wind. He stopped a taxi and headed to his next destination, Chelsea Street.

Just as its name implied, the famous Chelsea Hotel was on that street. The Chelsea family had started its business from a single hotel and then expanded to various sectors. It was a very rich, powerful family not just in New York, but all over America.

Qin Guan was interested in the small designer studios though, not the hotel. That street was the second favorite venue of designers. It was only inferior to Fifth Avenue.

The largest designer fair in the US took place there. Chelsea Fair was on 15th Street.

It was like a shopping mall divided by long corridors. Every store there sold accessories, furniture and paintings, all made by original designers.

No one could underestimate the venue's avant-garde style. It was one of the most popular antique fairs, and it had been an Indian trading place 300 years ago. Besides, it was also the origin of Oreo cookies.

Those two points implied the profound significance of the fair.

Qin Guan had gone there to meet with the staff of J Clothing. Unlike foreign brands, which were gathered around Fifth Avenue and the SOHO business district, they had chosen the foothold near the Chelsea Fair.

Qin Guan was curious about the pioneer.

They found seats at an outdoor cafe beside the fair. Qin Guan recognized his acquaintance, Guo Nuoyan, Citizen's interpreter in Wangfujing.

The gifted student, who spoke several different languages had chosen to work for J Clothing, an ordinary company. Qin Guan was both surprised and confused by his decision.

Guo Nuoyan seemed to read his mind. He gestured at Qin Guan naughtily, acting like he was counting money. Suddenly, Qin Guan was enlightened. He smiled knowingly. My fellow.

"Our store will open after the decorations are ready. Maybe in two days. American workers are so lazy. They get off work on time and turn down overtime wages. If we were in China, I would have finished this job two weeks ago..."

Qin Guan looked at the store across the street. It looked bright and broad.

"Why didn't you choose a store on Fifth Avenue or SOHO? It would have saved you time and energy."

Guo Nuoyang's expression suddenly changed. Looking around, he noticed that most of the pedestrians were young ambitious designers. He furtively took out the company's latest products from a paper bag by his feet.

Chapter 354: The World Is My Stage

"As you know, our boss is very ambitious. It's difficult to find a place in New York. There are so many leisure brands here!"

"Even with your help, the future does not look that bright. Seven out of the 10 best leisure brands in the world are gathered in New York. These are terrible odds for a Chinese brand. We have to find another way out."

"Otherwise, we'll just be following into the footsteps of Japan and Taiwan's stupid decisions. Do you know what kind of people gather at the Chelsea Fair?"

"Designers, of course."

"Bingo! I'll show you the latest collection and give you a general idea of our brave, creative boss' plan."

Actually, Guo didn't want to take the products out. They were embarrassing, but all the staff at J Clothing liked them.

He pulled the clothes from the bag while Qin Guan swallowed his coffee as fast as he could for fear of spitting it out.

Guo took out a thick cotton T-shirt with long sleeves. If one wore a coat on top, it would be able to withstand the chilling autumn wind.

There was a giant Chinese character "舞" on it in a brush stroke. It reminded Qin Guan of the lively women dancing on public squares for exercise.

The following shirts nearly drove Qin Guan mad. There were different Chinese elements on them, including Kylin, blooming peony, and others...

There were only a few pedestrians around. Qin Guan picked up the shirt with the character "舞" and put it on. Clothes were not just for customers after all.

The size fit him fine. Qin Guan stood up.

The street suddenly turned into the most luxurious T stage and the hurried passersby into the best audience. The ordinary T-shirt looked like Versace on Qin Guan's body, illusory and entirely imaginary.

Qin Guan stopped at the end of the street and took a pose before Guo. "Not bad."

Guo gave him a thumbs-up with shining eyes. Suddenly, Qin Guan was surrounded by a group of people.

"Young man, where did you buy that shirt?"

"Is it a new product at Chelsea Fair? I didn't see it on a stand."

Designers and artists started asking Qin Guan questions one after the other.

Guo Nuoyan, who was a smart guy, hastened to take out his card holder and promote J Clothing in New York.

"Our new store is opening next week."

"Thank you for the compliment. Our fall and winter collections are both made by a famous designer, Liu Cheng."

The interested designers looked in the direction he was pointing at. It seems like a good store.

They felt the shirt with professional sensitiveness, using their fingers. Thick cotton, well-knit and practical. They were all satisfied.

Two designers lingered around with their cards. One of them was Lillian, who had an oil painting studio, and the other was a street photographer named Juan. They wanted to talk to Qin Guan.

Everyone had left. Guo Nuoyan excitedly expressed his admiration of his boss. Americans will experience China's strong productivity.

Looking at the capricious expression on Guo's face, Qin Guan patted him on the shoulder with a smile. Then he took off the shirt. "What's its factory and retail price?"

Guo grinned. "Five yuan and 29.9 dollars... Ho ho ho!"

Ho ho ho? You are cheating American people. I believe in you though. You can beat Hollister, Mary Zeta, and cheap supermarket T-shirts alike.

Qin Guan could imagine people surging into the J Clothing store. Of course, as the brand ambassador, Qin Guan also had to make a contribution.

Before he left, Guo pulled him to a door beside the store. It was a blind zone, so most passersby ignored it.

"There's a room next to our store that's useless to us. It's about 40 square meters though. Not small at all. Here is the contract."

Confused, Qin Guan opened the file and read it. The terms stated that Qin Guan could use it for free as advance payment. In return, he had to wear J Clothing during the entire next year.

This was real profit. The room was in New York, where even an inch of land was worth an ounce of gold. I better make good use of it.

Qin Guan left any plans about the room for the future and picked several clothing samples, including men and women's clothes from the stock.

"I'll wear them. Wait for my call."

He took a card from Guo and left the hall that smelled like paint.

Dance

Chapter 355: An Order From Broadway

"We'll shoot the posters later." Guo Nuoyan was rubbing his hands happily. Another task finished.

How would Qin Guan use the room? What advantage would it bring to J Clothing? This was not his concern as the manager of the Promotion Department.

Qin Guan got on and off the slow bus with his heavy bags. When he entered his house, he threw the bags down and rushed to his soft bed.

His busy life made him tired, even though he had acclimatized himself to a heavy work schedule back in China. Thinking of Cong Nianwei, who had to be studying at the library at the time, Qin Guan smiled with satisfaction. I fall short of the best, but I'm better than the worst.

The next day, Qin Guan idled around on campus in a J Clothing outfit. He had taken off his glasses and used mousse on his hair. Then he had put on a loose T-shirt with the sleeves rolled up in a casual, yet elegant way. A beautiful Chinese character "龍" was on his back.

He headed to the dancing studio on the third floor of the Recreation Hall, where Wendy was practising. She spent all her free time practising her new dancing routine.

As a student at Columbia, she had less time for practice than dancers in Hollywood.

Good dancers were very concentrated during practice. Qin Guan waited for her patiently until the music came to an end. Then he applauded her.

"Qin Guan?" Wendy seemed happy as she turned around. "Have you made a decision? Shall we go to the theater? We have a big performance coming up before Halloween. You could apply for the

job."

Qin Guan grinned and began his shameless promotion. "I'm not here for dancing. Look at me!"

He took off his shoes and span around on the wooden floor. The J clothing shirt was drifting in the air in time with his movements.

He spread his arms, stretched and then bent at the waist. The cotton T-shirt fit his body very well.

Wendy was inspired. When Qin Guan stopped and stretched his arms out to her considerately, she went over to feel the shirt with her fingers.

"This is like our practising clothes. We can wear it with our tights and go out. It's so convenient!"

"It's also good quality. It will keep us warm during the fall. Where did you buy it? How much does it cost? We are poor dancers. Designer brands are beyond our means."

"It's not expensive." Qin Guan took out a red women's T-shirt with short sleeves and showed it to Wendy. "The short-sleeved shirt costs 9.9 dollars, and the long-sleeved one costs 29.9 dollars. Aren't they cheap for their quality?"

Wendy fell in love with the red shirt at first sight. There was also an oriental character of a mysterious, ancient style on it. It was written in cursive writing, giving off a dancing vibe.

"It's a Chinese character that means 'dance'. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes! I'll take it. Is there a bigger one?"

She was trying on the shirt when Qin Guan waved her off. "It's free. I found out your size yesterday. I hope you could give me a hand though. It would be a piece of cake for you."

Qin Guan put his palms together and begged Wendy, which made her burst into laughter.

"What can I do for you? I hope it's not anything too hard. 40

dollars is not that high a price."

"It'll be no trouble. Could you go to the theater in my shirt and promote it for me?"

Wendy smiled. "No problem. I have a performance tonight. I'll wear your shirt in the afternoon. Do I look beautiful?"

Qin Guan gave her a thumbs-up without hesitation. Pleased, Wendy turned around and looked at herself in the mirror.

During her class, many girls asked her about her red shirt and wanted to place an order for it. The group of customers exceeded Qin Guan's expectations. By the time the class ended, Wendy had received more than 20 orders. She stuffed the list into her bag.

Low-cost, good quality clothes sold well on Broadway.

At the TT Theatre on Broadway, a large-scale rehearsal of a musical drama was taking place. Dancers were performing on the stage, following the instructions of the director and the supervisor.

Wendy was in a small group of dancers that would attract more attention than the background dancers. She was wearing the elegant red shirt. The Chinese character looked like it was dancing on it.

"Stop! Take a break! Come here, Wendy!"

The grey-haired director, whose name was Garnett, shouted at the dancers. They could have a few precious minutes of rest.

C, who was in charge of the props, was a cunning Jewish man. He waved at Wendy.

"Nice shirt! I'm buying costumes for our cast these days, but I still haven't been able to find the right ones. Young people nowadays are always complaining. You know our budget. It's been more than two years since we bought new costumes."

Chinese dragon.

Chapter 356: Midterms

"I like your T-shirt. It's beautiful. Where did you buy it? How much did it cost? Could you share that information with me?"

Wendy made a short, straightforward introduction about the shirt. Jews were the best merchants in the world, so the man spotted the business opportunity right away.

When Wendy was finished, C had a talk with Qin Guan on the phone. Finally, the theater union signed a contract with J Clothing. Half of the 100 theaters on Broadway ordered thousands of products. They also signed a confidentiality agreement about the prices. J Clothing would open retail stores in the US after all.

At night, a piece of paper drifted across the ocean, reaching the desk of the J Clothing boss.

"Wow! Qin Guan is really my lucky star! It's only been half a month! 30,000 pieces!"

"Xiao Wang, tell the production line to work overtime. They'll get a bonus by the piece!"

Both sides were happy. Guo Nuoyan, who was a responsible guy, reminded Qin Guan of the first poster after the decorations were finished.

Qin Guan was focused on the big party at Columbia organized by Chinese businessmen, which would be taking place the next day.

He wondered if other Chinese students from Columbia would complain about his luck. That opportunity should have been awarded to them after all.

A useless title deed was thrown into the small case, where their joint estate was kept. That party would be his and Cong Nianwei's debut after arriving in the US.

There would be fellow students, business partners and investors

attending the party. It was a fair for exchanging ideas with each other, which could be considered a trial for their future careers or a chance to start their own business.

Actually, the party was a platform for both Chinese students at Columbia and Chinese businessmen in New York.

Before the party though, Qin Guan had a small problem to deal with. What was the most important task for a student? Learning! How could one check if the students had learned enough? Through exams, of course!

Xu was always with Qin Guan those days, which made Kuhn quite unpleasant. He used to think of Xu as his own sidekick.

On the exact day his father had fallen into disgrace, Xu had humiliated him in public and then maintained a distance from him during the following days. Finally, Xu had abandoned him after his father had taken the blame and resigned.

In fact, Xu had only maintained a good relationship with Kuhn because his family had asked him to. Now, he was finally free. Qin Guan, who was an interesting, friendly guy, became his new best friend at Columbia.

Kuhn finally found a way to vent his anger. He would start a fight with Qin Guan. Considering their difference in height and figure though, he was wise enough to give up his plan. What if I ask someone else to beat him? Nobody would help me now though.

The only way to boost his self-esteem was by passing the first midterm exam before Halloween, which was not just an exam for the Finance Department, but for all the students at Columbia. The results will show everyone who is the real king!

Qin Guan had no idea about his potential enemy in the exam. He yawned in the examination room, overcome by boredom.

THE NORTH FACE show had taken place at a gym the previous night. The fitness addicts had been looking at the models eagerly,

like wolves hidden in the grass. Qin Guan had felt so uncomfortable that he had escaped as soon as possible after finishing his performance. He'd had nightmares the whole night.

I have to calculate the edge distribution function and the marginal probability density... It's so difficult! Will Prof. Martin use the exams for actuary? We have spent only three months at Columbia...

He didn't stop writing as he silently blamed their cruel tutor.

Kuhn felt confident when he saw the questions. In his opinion, he was the best postgraduate student in the Finance Department. Only I can answer those questions... I can get an A in every subject.

When he thought of the ranking list, Kuhn cheered up. His father's mistakes couldn't be redeemed, so he had a long way to go. He had to get rid of any negative influence.

He looked at Qin Guan and Xu Xiaoxiao, who was scratching his head. Someone will regret his choices one day.

After the exam, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei didn't go home right away. They headed to the library instead. All the students were excited for that night. It was the most significant ball before Halloween. One could also consider it a welcoming party for the freshmen.

To save time, Qin Guan brought a bag of clothes that contained formal outfits for him and Cong Nianwei.

Chapter 357: Stop Jabbering, Rongzhi!

Qin Guan and John walked to John's dormitory together. Susanna and Cong Nianwei followed them, chatting and laughing. They would change clothes in John's dormitory.

To be honest, dormitories at Columbia had impressed Qin Guan with their dirty, disorderly state. They were way worse than Qin Guan's previous dormitory.

However, since he had told John that he would be visiting several days ago, John should have had enough time to clean his room.

Reality blew him away though. When the door opened, a stinky smell surged out. Only the smell of fermented bean curd and durian could be compared to that stench.

Qin Guan gestured at Cong Nianwei and slowly stepped into the room.

It was a small room of about eight square meters. Garbage was piled on the two beds, leaving no space for the guests. Plastic bags, waste paper and red underwear were lying miserably on the floor.

Qin Guan coughed. "It's a little messy."

A little? That was a euphemism.

Qin Guan put his hands on a table and realized he had gotten ketchup and cheese on his palm. He calmly lifted the papers, only to find several pizza boxes under them. They were leftovers from several days ago.

"You know how much homework we have, Qin Guan. I have no time to eat out, so I order in... Come in, Cong Nianwei."

"My roommate is a hard-working boy. He must be at the library right now. Welcome!"

He wrapped all the garbage up in his quilt and threw it on the

other bed, so his guests could sit on his bed.

Bang!

"Ouch!"

A hairy head rose from beneath the quilt on the other bed. The scared boy looked ready to bolt.

"Rongzhi? Did you skip class?"

"John? What time is it? What hit me just now?"

The two of them were looking at each other with an incredulous expression, when a dumbbell fell from Rongzhi's body.

Everyone burst into laughter. Rongzhi came back to his senses and picked up his glasses from the pile of garbage.

"Friends of yours?" he asked before suddenly falling silent.

What do I see? Is that an angel? A beautiful goddess from Ancient Greece? A fairy from Wonderland? Fairies don't have black hair and eyes though!

Qin Guan was shocked by the expression in the boy's eyes. He turned around and saw Cong Nianwei standing behind him in a white dress, looking slim and graceful.

You are really brave, boy! You dare express your admiration before her boyfriend! You are offending me!

Qin Guan walked up to Cong Nianwei, intending to lead her outside. Then he would close the door and have a private talk with Rongzhi about his life and ideals.

Rongzhi hugged him from behind though.

"My Mona Lisa! Even the mysterious Nile couldn't carry my longing for you..."

"Wow!" Everyone in the room was frightened. Rongzhi seemed like an ordinary boy, yet he was not admiring a beautiful girl like Cong Nianwei.

"Hey, dude. Are you still dreaming? I'm a guy!"

In ancient Roman and Greek mythology, gods were all non-sexual. Nothing could suppress their beauty, not even age or gender.

You are Venus, the most dazzling star in the sky. You are my heart...

Rongzhi was just a pure admirer of beautiful things. Qin Guan wanted to give him a lesson, but hesitated. People always enjoyed getting worshipped by others.

Cong Nianwei had originally thought he was just another pursuer, but he had turned out to be a love rival. And he was a boy! She suddenly walked up to Rongzhi.

"Let him go!"

"Never! Why? Who are you?"

"I'm his girlfriend." Cong Nianwei put both hands on her waist. Anyone who knew her would know that she was outraged.

Rongzhi cleaned his glasses with one hand and sized her up from head to toe. "Ugly woman!"

Wow! He was doomed. Mou Xiaoliu had infinite strength and Huang Jiajia was good at unreasonable demands, but Cong Nianwei was not like them. She was a smart girl who could kill a person without even getting blood on her hands.

"Rongzhi, as far as I know, your team will be participating in a national design contest at the end of the year. I'm not usually interested in unofficial, unprofessional contests, but Ryan asked me to join his team yesterday and I don't want to say no to him. I have decided to join his team..."

Chapter 358: Welcoming Party at Columbia

"Who are you? I know all the talented students at our college..."

"Oh, no! I forgot about the female monster. People say she is Superwoman. She can finish a whole blueprint in two weeks! Sewers included! Everything drawn by hand!"

"Her name is... Cong..."

"Cong Nianwei." Cong Nianwei pointed to her own face with a cold grin. Rongzhi was stupefied. "It's me. The ugly woman..."

Cong Nianwei never bore grudges. She always took revenge right away.

Rongzhi let Qin Guan go instantly, as if his hands had been burned. Then he rubbed his sweaty palms against his pants.

"My idol... Could you please lend me Professor Fred's design of the TYU mansion? I just want to have a look. One look!"

The situation had taken a sudden turn. "You know him?" Qin Guan whispered to Cong Nianwei.

"Yes, he's a silly design addict. He's a kind boy though..."

Aesthetic appreciation seems to be a common disease among designers. Maybe she just loves me for my looks.

Qin Guan caressed his face happily. I'm still a hero.

This was the first time John got to know his Chinese friends well. After some explanations, they soon became friends.

The girls went into the bathroom to put on their dresses, while the boys had to put on their suits amid that dusty heap.

"John, do you have a spare shirt? I'd like to attend the party tonight..." Rongzhi asked, staring at Qin Guan like he was appreciating an oil painting.

"No problem. Look in the closet. There's a dozen of new shirts."

John wanted to help the boy, who usually did not attend social events.

Unlike strict business parties, the outfits for the college ball were pretty casual. Instead of wearing a traditional bow tie, Qin Guan chose a blue tie and a silver tie clip, which were perfect for lively young people.

Then he knocked on the door of the bathroom. "Are you ready? I can't wait to see your lovely face, darling..."

John made a face at his flattering words, but Rongzhi looked infatuated.

The door opened, and Cong Nianwei stepped out leisurely. She was wearing a royal blue dress, and her long hair was pinned high on her head with a matching silver hairpin.

Qin Guan extended his arm, and she locked her fair, soft hand through his.

"Shall we go?"

"Yes, let's go!"

Students in formal attire headed to the auditorium from all directions. The hall was lit up by crystal chandeliers, making it look like it was still daytime. The mirror-like floor looked smooth and spotless.

The party was for the freshmen, who were the guests of honor that night. One by one, the distinguished guests entered the hall. John introduced them to his friends like a busy tycoon.

"The short Asian with the glasses is the vice chairman of the Chinese Business Strategy Alliance."

"The kind old man with the silver hair is the executive director of the National City Bank of New York."

"Wow! The Morgan Stanley family! The brown-haired guy over there is the head of the Wall Street Investment Bank."

Both the speaker and the listeners looked keen during the introductions.

Suddenly, there was a roar of cars outside. The motorcade sounded extraordinary.

Those black sheep had refitted the best luxury cars! The crowd was shocked by the ostentation and extravagance. There were Mercedeses, Bentleys, Rolls-Royces... Qin Guan was itchy to touch them.

Maybe I could buy a Volkswagen. It's economical and practical... Suddenly, he was struck by lightning.

Wearing proper suits with shining gem buttons, three Chinese young men walked over from the parking lot. They were Lan Jin, Guan Jian and He Ming... It was like a scene from a TV drama.

Cong Nianwei, who also looked as if she had been hit by lightning, exchanged a look with Qin Guan. The two of them said in one voice, "There are colleges here from all over New York..."

They were right. The party was open, so students from other New York colleges had also been invited. NYU was the top university, so its students had naturally received an invitation. How had Lan Jin, a student of a community college, gotten an invitation though?

When the boys reached the entrance, they took off their white gloves in a showy manner. Lan Jin spotted Qin Guan right away.

Asian faces were rare in the hall. Besides, Qin Guan was always like a shining object in a crowd.

"Qin Guan! I'm here!"

Long time, no see. Lan Jin had changed the color of his hair from red to yellow, but he was still the same lively boy.

Chapter 359: Together Again

His loud voice attracted attention from all the guests in the hall.

Wow, we have a rich Asian at our college! Qin Guan covered his face in shame. Lan Jin didn't care about anyone else. He made his way over to Qin Guan. "Hey, dude! Why didn't you call me when you got to the US?"

You never gave me your new number or wrote to me.

He Ming and Guan Jian also joined them.

"What are you doing here?"

"This is a party of the best university in Manhattan. We love parties. I called Lan Jin to ask him to bring us here. Guan Jian's university has an ongoing collaboration with the New York University. He lives in my house now."

"You disappeared after arriving in New York though. We came here for you tonight. Won't you welcome us?"

"Of course not. I might end up in the university newspaper tomorrow."

"You? In what way? You shine everywhere you go, but you seem modest here at Columbia."

He Ming lifted his golden-framed glasses, obviously surprised by Qin Guan's appearance. Then he glanced over at the distinguished guests to get a general idea.

"Why did you come here in such a formidable array?" Qin Guan pointed to the parking lot outside. Guan Jian sneered at him. "Ask Lan Jin."

Lan Jin coughed awkwardly.

"I'm not familiar with the city, so my dad bought me an apartment in Long Island. I discovered that it would take me 20 minutes to drive downtown though, so I had to buy a car. Car

exhibitions here are filled with Benzes and Rolls-Royces, so I had to refit it."

"Many Chinese students like my car at my university. They copied what I did and we have a luxury car club now. He Ming helped us set some formal regulations."

Qin Guan grimaced. "So why did you come here for me? I can't afford any of your toys..."

He Ming smiled again. "Rich second-generation students have to apply to join our club by using their money. Our club has outstanding power. Maybe we could do something together one day."

"We are here to ask your opinion. Would you like to join us?"

It's a Chinese fraternity. Of course I want to join. I'm not an idiot.

"Okay, no problem." They were all happy, but John, who was listening in to their conversation, looked itchy.

The host announced the start of the party. People walked to the dancing floor and started moving along to the soft music. Those who preferred their quiet stayed behind and talked with their friends.

Qin Guan and his friends were naturally in the public eye. They slowly walked up to the distinguished guests.

"Uncle He! Long time, no see..."

"Xiao Ming, I saw you when you arrived!"

After an introduction by He Ming, they began chatting about random subjects.

"How are you, Mr. Fred? Do you remember me from the party at the Chelsea Hotel? I'm Kuhn..."

Nobody had noticed when Kuhn had approached. The people he greeted forced a smile on their faces.

Qin Guan felt strange about the scene. Reality was really cruel. Would the former prince adjust to the changes?

"Qin Guan, you're here! I've been looking for you for a long time. Why didn't you come to the party with me?" Xu Xiaoxiao was standing behind him.

Before he could turn around, he saw the crazy light in Kuhn's eyes.

"Are they your friends? Are they Chinese?" Xu tried to put his arm around Qin Guan's shoulders. The difference between their heights though made Xu look like a funny monkey stretching up to reach a peach.

"Ha! What an interesting boy! Could you introduce him to us, Qin Guan?" Lan Jin laughed loudly. All the attendants fixed their eyes on Xu Xiaoxiao.

Taking advantage of this, the guests got over the embarrassment caused by Kuhn, who was blatantly ignored by everyone.

The party was wonderful. People drank, talked and enjoyed the company of beautiful girls. Only when Kuhn lost that luxury did he realize how precious it was.

He retreated to the entrance without a word. The proud young man set his glass down heavily on a tray. Wine splashed out, betraying his anger.

Nobody paid any attention to him though. The music changed, sparking their interest. John and Susanna were competing, trying to challenge Zeta and Wendy.

They were the prince and princess' rivals that night. All the students were familiar with their history. They danced and smiled as they watched the drama unfold. Uncle He was complaining to He Ming and other Chinese rich men.

"Chinese people are better than foreigners in nearly all aspects. When it comes to public activities and sports though, Chinese

students are mediocre."

Although the members of the luxury car club did not like his observation, they knew it was true.

Chapter 360: Impressing the Whole Audience

Guan Jian, the most patriotic guy among them, took action. He pulled Qin Guan over and threatened him. "Can you dance? Tell me! If you say no, I'll kill you!"

So I basically have to say yes? Qin Guan gave in to his threat. "I know what you mean. I can! I can!"

Qin Guan pulled his tie off and pushed it at Xu Xiaoxiao. Then he unfastened three buttons on his shirt.

He bowed before Cong Nianwei and extended his hand. "Would you please dance with me, my beautiful princess?"

It would be their first dance with a real meaning. He had to make it perfect for the sake of their new life together.

Other Chinese students applauded. They liked that boy, even though he did everything in a showy way.

Cong Nianwei smiled and gave Qin Guan her hand. Suddenly, he threw his suit jacket high in the air. The blue Ports jacket landed in Xu's hand after a handsome parabola.

Lan Jin whistled excitedly. The Chinese students applauded loudly.

The competitors on site saw the commotion. Before they could come back to their senses, the boy in the white BOSS shirt and his female partner walked to the dancing floor. Qin Guan looked like a returning King.

They naturally left the center of the stage to the contestants. Most of the dancers stopped and walked away. They chose to watch the competition from afar.

Lan Jin and the other guys were confident about Qin Guan. What they were worried about actually was Cong Nianwei.

Bright music started playing. Cong Nianwei's beautiful crystal high-heels were shining. She moved in a handsome twirl, the two of them beginning their performance.

They were dancing cha-cha, which was the best choice for lovers who wanted to show off. Following Cong Nianwei's rhythm, Qin Guan swayed his hips in a sexy manner. He looked perfect in his tight pants.

"Oh my! I can't even breathe!"

Cheers from foreign girls were heard all around them. Qin Guan was like a flame lighting up the whole hall.

Love and romance were the pride of youth. They looked at each other, exchanging hot, emotional looks.

They provoked each other, their breaths full of hidden sexual passion.

Cong Nianwei's fair legs were locked around Qin Guan's. They tangled and parted, expressing their love.

They fixed their eyes on each other, stars shining in their pupils. They only saw their own reflection in each other's eyes.

The music gradually slowed down, perfectly matching their steps.

Qin Guan's serious expression suddenly changed. A warm, honest smile formed on his face.

Hand in hand, they waved to the audience and bowed amid the applause. The other dancers were totally ignored.

It was the first time John, Wendy and Susanna, their striking fellow students, experienced what being a fly on the wall was like.

When they noticed the dispirited expression on their rivals' faces though, they were relieved. At least our rivals also failed to win the title.

Lan Jin applauded so much that his palms turned red. He didn't

forget to share his pride with Xu Xiaoxiao, who was also crazy about the dance competition.

Qin Guan realized that he and Cong Nianwei had become popular after their dance. After the party, students would come up to them to greet or talk to them.

The harmonious atmosphere reached its peak during the award ceremony. The lights became dim, leaving only two projectors shining dazzlingly down at the center of the stage.

The host mounted the small stage and shouted the names of the prince and princess of the ball.

"The princess is a Chinese student from the Department of Civil Engineering, Cong Nianwei..."

"And our extraordinary prince is..."

As he was about to say the name, all the Chinese students in the hall shouted loudly, "Qin Guan! Qin Guan! Qin Guan!"

"Bingo! He is also a Chinese student from the Finance Department, Qin Guan!"

The lights were suddenly cast in their direction, their shadows getting tangled up and forming a beautiful halo. Hand in hand, they walked forward slowly in a graceful manner.

Chapter 361: Is the Crown Valuable?

Winners should show off their full potential. Qin Guan decided to impress everyone with his outstanding image.

The perfect couple mounted the stage with grace and pride.

Cong Nianwei lowered her head slightly to wear the royal crown, which was inlaid with bright crystals. They would make the front page of the university newspaper the next day.

The romantic night finally came to an end. The prince and princess left in a luxury car, followed by a queue of even more expensive cars.

They parked at their building. Before they could say goodbye to their friends, Lan Jin's blonde head peeked out.

"Remember, you are a member of our club. I know your address now. Check your mail later. Don't forget my number. I'll call you later. He Ming is the unreliable one, but he is always busy. You are royal to me. Wait for my yacht!"

So I'll basically be your babysitter?

Qin Guan shook his head helplessly and told Xu Xiaoxiao, who was also in the car, "Don't run wild with us. We'll take care of those naughty guys. Tomorrow we'll know our midterm grades. You shouldn't be late."

Bro, it was Lan Jin who would have to pay attention if they ever got together.

The roar of the car broke the silence of the night. They turned around the corner and disappeared. As they were going up the stairs, Qin Guan suddenly realized something.

"Cong Nianwei?"

"Yes?"

"What is your crown made of? Is it valuable?"

It was just like Qin Guan to want to put a price on a symbol of honor.

"It's only made of crystals, not diamonds. I don't think it's expensive. According to my estimations, the frame must be made of PT. I'll check it out in the laboratory later."

They really were the perfect couple.

They were both down-to-earth people. The halo of fame and wealth would never influence their firm will.

It was another ordinary morning. Students shuttled back and forth on campus with nervous expressions. The bell rang and all the students rushed to their classrooms, paying no attention to the beautiful autumn day.

The pen in Kuhn's hand kept knocking against his book. His eyes were fixed in the direction of Qin Guan and Xu Xiaoxiao.

Kuhn did not have a favorable impression of Qin Guan, who had stolen his best friend. He was a boastful guy who relied on his appearance, and everyone would see it that day.

Xu would regret being so short-sighted. He had abandoned golden jewellery over an iron block with a gorgeous disguise.

At Columbia, looks only prevailed for so long. That yellow monkey should have stayed in its corner tamely, just like he had during his first class at Columbia. It would have been the best decision for everybody involved.

As he thought of that, Kuhn felt a little proud. He saw the college staff pasting the grade list outside the classroom. Prof. Martin was also handing out their marked papers.

Qin Guan nudged Xu to wake him up. He was dozing off on the desk. He had drunk too much the previous night. Qin Guan pushed his paper towards him.

"B, B, B+... Wonderful! I'm satisfied!"

His reaction was not strange. Professors at American universities used the weighted score system, which was comparatively reasonable. It focused on the general performance of a student instead of the marks of a single exam.

For example, if a student got 85 at the midterms, 90 at the end of term, 100 for homework and 80 for their paper, and they hadn't missed a single class the whole semester, those marks would be multiplied by the corresponding percentages to form their final score.

The final grade would be $90 \times 40\% + 85 \times 25\% + 80 \times 15\% + 100 \times 10\% + 100 \times 10\% = 89.25$. In a way, this was fair.

A-, A and A+ equalled 90 to 100, so Xu's B and B+ were a pretty good result, especially considering the heavy pressure put on students at Columbia.

Xu felt proud and relieved. He was in the mood to comment on other people's marks now, so he craned his head to get a look at Qin Guan's mark. His jaw dropped onto the desk.

What he saw was a series of A+.

"Wow! I never saw you at the library. You always disappeared as soon as class was over. How did you get that result?"

Prof. Martin was also curious about him. Qin Guan always finished his homework perfectly in a short time. He was the only one to get a full mark in the whole Finance Department. He was his pride.

Before he could openly praise Qin Guan though, another good student of his, Kuhn, suddenly appeared before Qin Guan.

He showed his marks to Qin Guan and Xu Xiaoxiao disdainfully. "Do you guys see? What does 'sincerely convinced' mean? I don't want to waste my time talking to you."

Chapter 362: An Influential Man on Campus

"You should be ashamed of your B. Thank god I've kept a distance from you, Xu Xiaoxiao. You lower the IQ of the whole class."

Kuhn took his paper away. Looking up at the ceiling, he walked out of the room. When he reached the entrance, he turned around and said, "My name is at the top of the grade list. You guys should be ashamed."

Xu was speechless. What do you mean? Look at the list more carefully before you speak.

Prof. Martin swallowed awkwardly. He had no chance to warn Kuhn, who was already reading the list outside.

At the top of the list was... Qin Guan.

A line of A+! Kuhn looked at the lonely "+" on his own paper, as well as his name under Qin Guan's, in astonishment. Tears started running down his face.

Leaving a few scraps of paper behind him, he disappeared at the end of the corridor.

"What happened to him?"

"No idea."

As they walked on the campus path, Qin Guan and Xu Xiaoxiao finally felt relieved. Now they could enjoy the beautiful day.

The latest newspapers were on a stall by the corner. As a well-informed guy, Xu had to get one.

As he had expected, the front-page headlines were about the prince of the welcoming party.

The full-page photo was of a really good quality. The reporter was the best student of the Media Studies Department. The article was professional in both wording and composition.

Qin Guan didn't take the article seriously, but Xu, who knew the power of gossip very well, was anticipating more drama.

Qin Guan was waiting for Cong Nianwei by the stairs next to the library, still in denial.

In Western countries, blondes were always more attractive than brunettes.

A group of blondes that looked like gorgeous celebrities were sending invitations to the handsome, mysterious boy.

"Hey, I have an extra ticket to a midnight film..."

"I'm Jenny. Will you have a cup of tea with me?"

Qin Guan made a face and pointed to Cong Nianwei on the newspaper. "Sorry, but she is my goddess..."

American girls were very straightforward. They left without getting angry, but not before reminding him, "Call us if you break up. We're always free."

Qin Guan waved a handful of cards proudly at Xu Xiaoxiao.

"Qin Guan, what are you doing?"

Safety first. Qin Guan pushed all the cards at Xu fast. "Nothing important. Xu asked me for some paper."

The two of them went downstairs hand in hand, leaving their silly friend behind.

A lot of people greeted them along the way. "Hey! Qin Guan! You look wonderful! Well done, bro!"

The two young foreigners were remembered by all tutors and students at Columbia. This was the beginning of their fame.

Meanwhile, Sister Xue received an email from Qin Guan, reporting his success. The newspaper article and CK's splendid show made her extremely happy.

She sorted the material and sent it to his fan club and to Qu

Xuemei at VOGUE.

The phone was ringing nonstop. The busier she were, the better. "Hello, Director Zhang Jizhong? I know that. The TV shows will air in early 2003? That's such a coincidence. Director Zhang Yimou will send his work to Hollywood during that period. Of course, it matters. Qin Guan had a role in the film."

"Yes, that's right. You'll have to help us with the promotion..."

The crew of "Hero" was still working at night. Zhang Weiping got an email from Sister Xue and showed it happily to Zhang Yimou.

"Who shall we take to the US? Have you made a decision? Maybe we could just give him a free ride?"

Zhang Yimou looked at Qin Guan, who was smiling under the flashlights at Columbia. He pressed the end of his cigarette into the ashtray. "You are the boss. You decide."

"Okay. We'll take him next year."

"Next year."

Everybody in China was happy about Qin Guan, who had finally found direction in the small room he had been given at the Chelsea Fair, inspired by his girlfriend, Cong Nianwei.

This had to be named the new gathering place of designers. China would lift its mysterious veil there.

Cong Nianwei was measuring the room. Time and again, she would turn to Qin Guan to exchange ideas with him.

Qin Guan was talking with Teacher Rong on his cell phone. They were discussing the products of the store. He was planning on creating a palace of custom-made artwork.

Because of the limited space, the products would all be from China, but because of the specialty of the district, they also had to be high-end.

Chapter 363: Freelance Photographer

Different friends offered to help. The products were designed by Teacher Rong, Sister Xue helped as well, and administrative processes such as the register and the tax calculation were assigned to He Ming.

As the first one among them to start up a business, Qin Guan cheered those idling, proud guys up.

They thought of Qin Guan's business as their own and they ended up founding two companies. One was a commercial company qualified to import and export products, and the other was a high-ranking custom-made store of original brand manufacturers.

Qin Guan turned down Lan Jin's proposal to expand and find a new location. The small company was like his and his girlfriend's baby. It was Cong Nianwei's favorite thing aside from her studies. As a naturally born designer, Cong Nianwei had fallen in love with the store at first sight.

This was the beginning of their new life.

A busy hamster knew its capabilities well. The beginning of their career had to be carried out according to their abilities.

It was not just a career for them after all. It was also an interest. They liked to work without pressure and do everything themselves.

Cong Nianwei and Guo Nuoyan drove Qin Guan away from the store, as he had more important tasks to carry out. He had to shoot his first poster in the J Clothing store after the decorations were finished.

The photographer was an acquaintance of theirs, who had left them a card several days ago.

Thanks to his acute intuition, Guo Nuoyan got a general idea of the situation. The middle-aged woman was a freelance

photographer working for many magazines and newspapers in New York. She preferred to live free and leisurely.

Guo looked at her with new eyes after assessing her perfect skills. The adventurous female photographer was good at focusing on detail and exploring beautiful elements amid extreme ugliness.

She didn't ask for money as payment. She just wanted Qin Guan to model for her for free.

Qin Guan was okay with the agreement. It felt like destiny had brought him and the photographer together. He got a wonderful vibe from her, unlike from other ordinary fashion photographers.

It was Helen who designed the poster. First, she had abandoned the traditional studio. Sunshine was the best lamplight and the shade of real trees was the best background. They were enough for a good picture.

The ancient, gloomy style of the Chelsea Fair was the best site.

Wearing his dark green Harley sunglasses, Qin Guan put on the featured fall collection outfits. There were coarse dark red tiles, mottled fences and green trees behind him.

He looked like a fashionable boy walking down the New York streets in a grey cotton hoodie and a black waistcoat.

Helen pointed her camera at Qin Guan. "Relax. Posture doesn't matter. Just relax."

She didn't want to see a serious business model through her lens. She preferred original emotion.

Qin Guan stood there calmly. The audience couldn't see his eyes behind his sunglasses, which increased their desire to get a clear look at them.

Qin Guan leaned his body against the wall. His fair skin contrasted against the coarse bricks.

He looked like the boy next door, like every girl's first crush.

That boy was the warmest memory in every girl's childhood.

Helen pressed the shutter like a dying butterfly struggling in the deep autumn. She believed that she had discovered a rare gem. The Asian boy was quite different from how he acted in his ordinary life.

They began the second series of photos.

Breaking the standards of business advertisements, the photos only showed Qin Guan's backview to the audience.

It was a test not just for photographer, but also for the expressive force of the model.

Qin Guan didn't choose clothes of a fitting or complicated style. He just put on a pair of simple straight pants and a hoodie.

Standing on the hillside, he watched the sunset, turning his back to the photographer. Warm sunshine seeped into him, leaving a dim shadow behind him.

Chapter 364: Hello, New York Fashion Week!

A common cap was lying on his head crookedly. He looked like those high school playboys that girls liked. Most girls fell in love with them. They always visited them in their dreams and made them wake up sobbing.

Guo Nuoyan almost burst into tears. He remembered the girl he loved secretly, who was just as splendid as Qin Guan.

With a last press of the shutter, their work was done.

Helen looked at the films. She was in no mood to hand them over to the philistine Asian merchant yet. At the thought of the photoshoot she would arrange though, she felt happy again.

Thanks to the shooting at Chelsea Fair, the shop owners got a general idea of their clothes. They were all professional designers, who knew all about beauty and fashion. They showed great interest in their casual clothes, which were different from the typical American style.

After the shooting, customers crowded into the store. In several days, J Clothing had become the uniform of the designers around the venue. Almost everybody had at least one piece of their clothes.

Thanks to significant aspects such as toughness, endurance, breathability and strong absorbability, they were welcomed as artists. Besides, the most important advantage was their low prices. No one would feel sorry about a stain of paint or wine on their clothes.

As a result, a small circle was formed. The customers and shop owners influenced each other, and J Clothing became a symbolic uniform of New York designers.

It was just like black clothes, brass buttons on police uniforms, loose pipe fitter jeans or the white overall protection suits of

quarantine inspectors. J Clothing had become the new symbol of New York designers. Without their clothes, a designer would be considered an outsider of the circle.

It was a surprise for J Clothing.

Of course, this would happen in the future. Qin Guan was currently explaining his thoughts about the company to his girlfriend. He had to keep investing capital in the developing store.

Where would that capital come from? New York Fashion Week! That was the top event of the fashion circle in the US. In late October, New York would be full of visitors.

Qin Guan had received a notice from LEE before the CK show, so he was not worried about getting an invitation. Besides, he could meet up with John, who was in Kansas those days.

Top fashion countries like France, Italy and the UK had their own places in the fashion week, while its casual style attracted countless Asian designers.

The most susceptible and the first to be affected, were Japanese designers, of course, with South Koreans right on their heels. They had great power in Asia, so they were not to be ignored during the top four fashion weeks.

The group of Asian designers was led by Yohji Yamamoto, as there was no Chinese designer among them.

Qin Guan was surprised by the weak brand awareness of Chinese people, as well as the shortcomings of Chinese designers. However, at the same time, he was happy to see another power related to China.

It was a special group of foreign designers of Chinese origin. They had graduated from top design colleges from all over the world and studied Chinese culture. This made their place among designers decisive.

Qin Guan silently memorized their names. I wish they could

make their own way in New York Fashion Week this year!

New York had been lively lately. Even Wall Street elites saw countless foreign beauties when cruising at night.

The most bustling metropolis in the world was filled with fashion insiders from all directions, adding an exotic atmosphere to the noisy city.

Unlike the unified management of Beijing Fashion Week, designers there had to find a place for themselves.

Qin Guan was not worried about that though. With notices from three top brands, he could be considered a lucky boy in the fashion event.

The main meeting place was Chelsea Hotel. People were idling around it in hopes of getting an invitation at the last moment.

On the first day of the fashion week, the Armani autumn and winter collection opened the show, followed by CK's formal apparel. Qin Guan was relieved about the schedule.

He still cherished a hope about the resumes he had submitted to top luxury brands, but after waiting for a long time, he still hadn't gotten a call or notice about an interview.

Only then did he realize the hardships independent models faced in New York. The best opportunities did not always go to good models. Various factors were involved.

Abandoning hope, he changed into his outfit and waited silently backstage for the Armani models to finish.

Looking modest during the fashion week was difficult. John, who had to appear long after, presented himself at the entrance leisurely, with Qin Guan's outfits in hand.

He seemed not to know what the word "modest" meant. A group of people were following him.

Chapter 365: Giorgio Armani

They were hairy, strong young men in LEE overalls and dazzling plaid shirts.

It seemed like a gathering of farmers was taking place backstage.

"Wow! The first show is really lively!" John handed the plastic bag to Qin Guan as he looked around.

There was no spare space, so he sat down on the floor. "Introduce yourselves to each other. We are all LEE models. From left to right, this is M, L, W..."

What a simple introduction! The models protested immediately.

"F*ck, you always act like this in front of beautiful girls, John!" L, who had a sexy full beard, glanced at Qin Guan with his grey eyes. Then he covered his face. "Ah! A beautiful boy. He's so handsome!"

"I'm L."

A man of 1.90 meters with hairy legs was standing before Qin Guan on a single foot. His other foot was in the air. What a wonderful scene!

"Back off!" W pushed L away and leaned his big face into Qin Guan, "Darling, you know John is a shameless bisexual."

"He spent last night with three girls. You should choose a loyal gay man like me! Look at my muscles! They'd give anyone a sense of security."

"In a dangerous city filled with monsters, only a strong man like me can be your safe harbour."

The man went down on one knee and rolled his sleeves up to show his muscles.

Qin Guan whispered to John hopelessly, "Is he homosexual or bisexual?"

John answered with an awkward smile, "Homosexual..."

Smiling at the strong men, Qin Guan turned around to pick up a wooden block from under the leg of a table.

They were all straightforward and incompatible with high-end custom-made apparel. Armani and CK models were educated, refined and royal.

On the first day of the Fashion Week, all the brands had sent their best models. Compared to Armani models though, models of other brands were inferior.

The models of the opening show hadn't shown up yet. Their level was also unparalleled.

LEE was the leading brand in jeans though, so their models were not inferior to anyone in the backstage area, although they had a different style.

One of the Asian models became a focus point backstage. Even the staff couldn't shout at the crowd after catching sight of Qin Guan's smile.

He was like an ancient scholar from a traditional Chinese painting. His voice was like pearls falling into a jade plate.

"Look at this!"

The well-dressed boy crashed the wooden block into pieces.

Wow!

Everyone turned away from him, some in admiration, while others in envy or spite. It was like someone had pressed the "continue" button, making them get to work.

John's friends were staring at the pieces.

"Okay, John. He's got the clothes. The show will start now. We can talk later."

"Yes, that's it!"

They left fast. Qin Guan grinned proudly. The rotten block had been used to support the table. It was wonderful to scare people away.

Suddenly, he noticed a commotion at the entrance of the backstage area. The calm, peaceful models seemed surprised, thirsty and eager to impress.

This was because Giorgio Armani, one of the top designers in the world and a native Italian, had appeared. He was their lucky star.

Qin Guan stared curiously at the old man with the silver hair in the middle of the crowd. He was wearing a leisure suit.

His navy cashmere cardigan, simple T-shirt and Khaki pants were elegant, graceful Armani designs.

He had taken his new favorite model, Chad, to the fashion week, with the intention of causing a storm amid the gloomy economic situation.

Surprisingly, Chad was the model Citizen had compared to Qin Guan. Destiny was a magical thing.

Unlike the other models, who tried their best to impress Armani, Qin Guan just sat there calmly.

If one wasn't given an opportunity, they could always just grab it. Since they would be representing different brands on the same stage, they could compete against each other in a dignified, imposing way.

Qin Guan only had pleasant thoughts. He wasn't annoyed by the chaos at all.

The chief designer and senior manager of the CK operational department saw the peaceful boy in the corner and exchanged an appreciative glance.

"An Asian model for the opening show?"

"Yes."

"A brave choice, but a good one."

Chapter 366: Similar Concepts

As a Columbia student, Qin Guan met the demands of the CK senior executives. His outstanding looks were appreciated by designers. Fame followed merit, so he would undoubtedly be the model of the opening show.

Everyone calmed down, and the Armani models, who were led by Chad, changed into their outfits and got on the stage solemnly.

The CK chief designer nearly fainted when he saw Armani's fall collection. Coincidentally, Armani was also featuring a concept of dark tones and practical styles, which was quite similar to the style of CK. As if that wasn't enough, their leading model, Chad, was also wearing a military style outfit.

As a result, the two brands would have to depend on their models' performance, as well as the response of the fashion circle and the media.

The chief designer secretly congratulated himself. VOGUE's favorite model? The best model in the US? Who cares? My work is better than Armani's!

The curtains were lifted to reveal the crystal castle behind them.

Everything was transparent. The T stage, the chairs, the ceiling, the wall... It was like a little girl's paradise.

Every flashlight from the spectator seats was reflected with a colorful light, and every model on the stage was enveloped by a magical halo.

Qin Guan smiled to himself.

Chad had no idea about the relationship between him and the new CK model. If he knew, he would have just huffed.

He was the best example of an American Idol. He had originally been an athlete before he had been discovered by VOGUE. Mr.

Armani had gotten infatuated with him at first sight, and he had become the old man's favorite boy.

As he walked on the stage, Chad looked proud and strong, filled with an eagerness to win.

The sad city needed to be cheered up. Armani had had to change its usually gentle, refined style to a tougher one. Chad had been the best choice for that.

The strong American man stood on the stage with his hands hanging deliberately between his thighs. The hearts of the ladies and young girls in the audience were beating fast.

If I could spend a night with the hottest man on a fashion magazine, all my dreams would come true.

Chad returned to the backstage area, leaving the stage reluctantly behind him. The seductive moment had been recorded by the cameras.

Both the designer and the senior manager were frowning slightly, but they remained silent for the sake of their models.

What should we do after the Armani show?

There was no time for them to think. Qin Guan turned around, the light of the crystal getting reflected on his jade-like face.

The chief designer suddenly smiled. He instantly calmed down.

Moving along to the melodious blues song, Qin Guan walked on the stage.

The excited audience was frozen on the spot. Qin Guan walked towards the audience like a haughty god descending from Olympus, or an Ice Queen in her own castle. The black suit he was wearing looked loyal on his body.

Despite the fact that the concept was similar to Armani's, Qin Guan had a completely different style.

The photographers went crazy. The designers looked excited.

Fashion insiders covered their mouths and hearts with a dramatic expression on their faces.

Hardest, the God of Ice and Snow, had returned to his grim throne.

Silence prevailed in the hall, although the music was still playing.

The chief designer hugged the senior manager, tears filling his eyes.

"Awesome!"

"Wonderful!"

The staff backstage couldn't help but pat Qin Guan on the shoulder as they passed by him. The Asian young man had performed a miracle!

The Armani models had been too busy changing clothes to watch the CK show. In their opinion, the brand was not worthy of their attention.

Qin Guan disappeared in the changing rooms backstage. Giorgio Armani combed his silver hair with his fingers, looking lost in thought.

He leaned his head slightly to the left, and his smart assistant bent over to him.

"Who is he? Where did CK find him? Why have I never seen him before? I need his resume right now."

"Yes, sir!" The assistant left immediately.

"Excuse me, but I think I know him," the receptionist said courageously.

Chapter 367: Getting Noticed

"I'm an assistant receptionist at the New York Headquarters. That model is called Qin Guan. One month ago, he submitted his resume to our company."

"He is an independent model. I remember that he was sincere that day. I'm also sure he had not been hired by CK yet."

"How sure are you?"

Armani's assistant looked alert at the news.

"Completely. I swear. He is perfect. I had put his resume aside and filed it in our database."

"Impossible. We would have discovered him during the selection. The HR Department would never have overlooked such an outstanding model."

"It's true!" she protested. "You could check my records in the system. I personally sent his resume to Jimmy in the HR Department."

"I remember his resume because of his outstanding figure. Qin Guan, male, 21 years old. Chinese, the first Asian Fashion Man, Citizen... LEE..."

"Really? He chose us first?"

Giorgio Armani and his assistant exchanged a glance. Then the assistant said, "Let's talk about this later. Email me his resume."

Suddenly, Giorgio Armani was reminded of something. "Do you remember his basic information?"

"Of course!"

She recited a series of numbers, making the old man feel relieved.

"That's pretty good. Even better than Chad. Chad used to be an athlete after all."

"Make a survey later. Even our brand couldn't bear to suffer that kind of loss."

"Besides..." He straightened his back. "I can do nothing about the comments about us and CK... Maybe this will be our Waterloo. We will be brought down by a brand that started by selling underwear! Get me all the media reports tomorrow!"

"Yes, sir!"

Chad was talking with his agent, his eyes fixed on Giorgio Armani. The old man should have come over to praise his performance, thus giving his agent a chance to talk to him about renewing their contract.

His dream didn't come true though. Giorgio Armani and his staff left hurriedly after the show, leaving the assistants behind to deal with the aftermath.

Chad shrugged at his agent. He was too proud to ask what had happened.

Countless brands would be waiting for him after the fashion week. Citizen would be his next client. Their investment had pleased his agent the most, so they had to be impressed by his performance.

The Citizen representative was Qingmu, who had negotiated with Sister Xue and Qin Guan back in Tokyo. As he sat by the crystal castle, he didn't know what to say.

The rejection in Tokyo was visible in his eyes. He had seen Qin Guan in the fashion week. He had not been working for some inferior brand. He had been an opening model for CK!

He was just as good as Chad, the leading model of Armani. Qingmu was regretful. A weak voice in his mind kept reminding him of his mistake.

He was in no mood to see the rest of the show. Before he could stand up though, the spare seats beside him were suddenly filled.

He gave the newcomers a flattering smile when he saw them clearly. He couldn't leave now.

Giorgio Armani and his staff were sitting in the spectator seats.

The next show was LEE, which was quite different from Armani in terms of operation policies and products. Armani was showing an interest in jeans, the poor man's clothes. The media had discovered something interesting.

Qin Guan changed his clothes. Suddenly, he turned from a prince into a farmer. He put on a brown cowboy hat. His black tassels swayed as he walked.

The atmosphere backstage suddenly changed. The tough cowboys stuffed their hands into their pockets and stomped their boots against the floor.

American country music started playing. The curtain was lifted up, revealing an immense grassland to the audience.

People in business wear were watching cowboys in cheap outfits with poker faces. The strange scene attracted a lot of attention.

"He is coming..." Giorgio Armani's assistant warned him.

Qingmu was quite curious about them.

What? Who is coming?

Qin Guan was coming...

Chapter 368: Good Graces

Qin Guan went on the stage and the atmosphere suddenly changed. The jeans fit his full backside and slender legs well.

The plaid shirt was tied around his waist. Not an inch of his skin was exposed, yet he looked incredibly sexy.

"The style is really... interesting!"

"Yes!" The assistant understood what his boss meant immediately. "He is good at everything."

Qin Guan smiled like a cowboy looking at his beloved girl. His smile was warm and sincere.

Giorgio Armani smiled. The whole audience was smiling, yet Qingmu felt like crying.

The reporters were absorbed in thought.

Qin Guan retreated behind the curtain, getting buried in encouraging embraces and soft pats.

So this was what professional acceptance was like.

An old grey-haired man under the stage was watching Qin Guan with tears covering his face.

The general manager of Miramax Films was wiping his sweat away. He had flown to New York to discuss a movie adaptation with him.

After arriving at the set location, he had made a call to change the time and place. He was involved in the fashion circle, so he had been invited to the New York Fashion Week.

Miramax Films had no other choice. He was Chuck Barris after all, the most famous TV producer of the 1980s.

He was the creator of the earliest TV entertainment programs. Until then, he had only engaged in producing and transcribing

American entertainment programs.

However, being a romantic in nature, he had also written an autobiography about his unique life. Miramax was competing for the rights to adapt it.

They were under a lot of pressure, as many big Hollywood companies had important projects coming out that year. Considering the ever-shrinking box office earnings, they had to carve a new path out.

Indie films were their first choice, and they had invested a lot in order to win a prize. George Clooney had actually agreed to star in the film, making them extremely happy.

Of course, the main problem was getting the approval and rights to an adaptation from Chuck himself.

The manager was straightforward. "Mr. Barris, what do you think of our terms?" he asked Chuck in a gentle voice.

The handsome old man wiped his tears away with a handkerchief.

"They're alright, but I have my own terms. I want to have a say in the casting. Otherwise, there's no need to discuss this. This is my autobiography after all. My own life. I don't want to see an ugly actor portraying me on screen. I already found the right actor for you. It's that beautiful fairy. He looks exactly like me in my prime time!"

The manager narrowed his eyes and scanned the old man over. He looked like he might have some West Asian ancestry. When he was young, both his eyes and hair had been black.

The manager rubbed his face awkwardly. "This is an arbitrary decision. We have many suggestions for the main lead. Besides, we have a big enough budget to hire famous actors..."

Chuck broke in impatiently, "You are not the decision maker. Ask him to come here. He will stay. He has another show later. Is

George the director? Ask him to evaluate my choice. Beauty is good for our health, isn't it?"

The negotiation came to a temporary end. Chuck always did as he wished. He took out his vintage monocle like a naughty boy and watched the next show carefully. It was CK's underwear show. Those sexy legs were definitely worthy of his attention.

Qin Guan didn't know about their fight. When he changed out of his outfit and got ready to leave, he got a short, strange notice from CK. He was asked to go to the CK headquarters after the fashion week.

The first day of the fashion festival had ended with many conflicting thoughts.

Qu Xuemei got an email from Sister Xue about the fashion week. On the computer, Qin Guan looked much better than he had in China. It was deep at night, but she still made an overseas call.

"Richard! Yes, it's me. I sent you an email. Did you see the boy? I'm promoting him to be on the next VOGUE. Full inner pages. Front cover would be even better."

The red-haired man nearly had cerebral haemorrhage when he heard his arch enemy.

VOGUE is not yours! Although he had noticed Qin Guan, he was not a popular public figure in the US.

A regular advertorial would be enough. It was impossible to arrange such a large layout for him. He had to consider the sales volume of the magazine.

Chapter 369: New York Times

Qu Xuemei calmly listened to the roar coming from the other end of the receiver. When he stopped, she continued threatening him.

"I know what you are thinking about. I'm always right about people though. When did I ever cheat you before?"

Plenty of times! Ever since we were interns up until you got promoted, you have always been ahead of me. You bully me for fun!

Richard had tears in his eyes, but he still decided to say no to her. Before he could hang up, she played her last card.

"I'll apply for another position tomorrow. I have already developed the market in Asia anyway. I think Asia needs a new chief editor."

"No! Elder sister! You are like my own sister. No problem! Full inner pages! That's my maximum authority." Richard yielded to the evil woman in horror.

"Be sensible. Take advantage of the fashion week. If you are brave enough to put him on the cover, I'm sure that you will become chief editor soon." She sighed. It's been so many years, but Richard has remained the same. He's so timid!

When their negotiation was over, Richard hung up trembling. He had to obey that woman to maintain world peace.

Tomorrow, after the fashion week, I have to meet the Asian model Xu resorted to such extreme measures for.

In the early morning, the hurried people on the New York streets saw the newspapers. There were photos of the fashion week everywhere. Not only on the New York Post, but also on the Wall Street Journal, which had written an article on the event.

Fashion critics were sharing comments on the outfits and the

designers. Those sharp comments were always intolerable for famous designers.

"Top brand lacks worthy successors, a new prominent force suddenly rises..."

"New faces: CK's vision on model selection..."

"Are you ready for this rising Asian male model?"

There were reports in top-selling newspapers that featured Qin Guan's photos.

They also put Armani's leading model beside him to attract readers.

Chad's black business suit was on the left, while Qin Guan's cold CK outfit was on the right. It was a clash of ice and fire, a conflict between two different design concepts.

The critics and designers on the forefront of the fashion circle expressed unanimously the view that Armani's fall collection was too straight and narrow, and lacked any striking points. On the other side, CK was worth being re-evaluated.

Those articles were on a desk at the Armani headquarters. The prediction of the receptionist had been confirmed.

Jimmy was waiting for his final judgement with a pale face.

"What I want to know is why you threw his resume into the trash!"

The director of the HR Department had the resume in his hand. Jimmy had forgotten to destroy it completely.

The dust covering the resume indicated that it had been there for a long time.

"Armani is the best brand in the world. Our concept is elegance, fashion and royalty. Those mediocre Asians and negroes can't exhibit that. They were beyond our consideration."

"Plus, he is only an independent model!"

Jimmy looked savage. He didn't realize his mistake. He thought he was being considerate, because he had been thinking of the company.

The director drew a serious conclusion. "I'm sorry, but your subjective opinions have influenced our work. Considering the importance of your position, I think you are not qualified to fill it anymore. I'm sorry to inform you that I have to let you go."

"What?" The middle-aged man stood up hysterically. "You have no right to fire me! I'll complain to your superiors. You are abusing your authority!"

He tried to grab the tie of the director in protest.

"Let me go! Let me go! Security!"

There was a general turmoil in the meeting room. Several security guards rushed in and pulled the crazy man out of the building.

In a different office, an assistant was watching respectfully an old man, who was refreshing his spirit by closing his eyes.

"Make an appointment for me to meet the young man."

"So you want him to try on our apparel? He has the perfect figure."

"No!" The elegant old man smiled like a naughty boy. "You forgot about our new product line."

"You want him to try that?"

"Yes. We have been suppressed by Chanel for a long time. Maybe that Asian model can surprise us..."

"Yes, sir!"

Qin Guan had no idea about the games played between top level brands. He had just finished the NORTH FACE show and he was

tiredly planning on going home, when he was suddenly stopped by a serious reporter.

"W." The short man handed his card to Qin Guan with shining eyes.

"Okay..." Qin Guan put it in his pocket.

William was surprised by the boy's calmness. All the models knew W's great reputation. It was one of the top fashion magazines in the US.

Generally speaking, only top models could attract the attention of the magazine, yet the young man had accepted his card like it was a free napkin at the supermarket.

Chapter 370: Three Invitations

"I'm a contributing editor of W..."

"I know. Your card says that... I can read English."

Qin Guan felt strange around the excited man.

Why aren't you excited? Why aren't you screaming out? Why aren't you holding your breath like other models?

Before he could express his feelings, William heard Qin Guan's following words and choked.

"Front cover or back cover? What about money?"

William suddenly lost any interest in a detailed introduction. Forget it. Never make small talk with an ignorant foreigner.

"We are having an event about the fashion week. We are recruiting the best models to take a group photo. It will be in our latest octavo publication. It will distinguish us from our competitors. The payment will be symbolic. We will only compensate models for transportation. You must clearly not know about W..."

"Okay, if I can fit it in my schedule, I'll be there."

"Oh... Okay." William choked again. They looked at each other in silence. Before he could say something to save face, an annoying voice came from behind him.

"Hi, William! You seem well these days. Are you an editor? Ha! Are you bullying this greenhand here?"

That man is really good at provoking me.

William looked so angry that he scared Qin Guan and made him take a step back. William clearly knew who that voice belonged to. That slut Richard!

Yes, Richard was there to talk to Qin Guan personally. He was

afraid that if he didn't, Qu would rush back from Asia.

VOGUE and W were among the top five fashion magazines in the US. Their hostility dated back many years. W had been founded in 1972, but it had been defeated by promising newcomer VOGUE in a single round.

This had been the beginning of a history of blood and tears. Like a Ferrari, VOGUE was quite far ahead from W's conservative carriage. The gap between them was getting broader and broader.

His chief editor had come up with an uncommonly good proposal, but he hadn't expected to meet there that disgusting Richard, who was basically VOGUE's royal running dog.

William held his head unyieldingly high. The fact that he was 1.6 meters tall made the posture look ridiculous though.

Richard grinned. He had been born in Texas, so he was taller than most Americans.

He squatted down and waved at William. "I've got you. That distance was too long for us to communicate."

Grinding his teeth, William ignored Richard's provocation. He simply turned and told Qin Guan, "See you in late October... I'll call you..."

Their different opinions made it useless to talk. Richard watched William go with a gentle smile. Then he held up his fist to greet Qin Guan. "Hello, I'm Richard."

How did he learn this way of greeting? Qin Guan was confused. He had no idea how to communicate with him.

Richard did not give a damn though. He would finish a whole set of greeting methods if that's what it took to greet a Chinese person properly.

He bent his knees and brushed his hands heavily on his pants. With one hand hanging down at one side and the other stretched

out, he took a standard Qing Dynasty posture.

"How are you, master?"

I wonder who taught you this.

Qin Guan was enlightened by the strong man's card.

"I'm Richard. I work for VOGUE. This is my card. I wonder if you're free on the weekend. I would like to invite you to take some pictures for our magazine's inner pages."

This is exactly Qu Xuemei's style.

"Okay, send me a notice." Qin Guan was straightforward with his new acquaintance. He took the card. "Did Qu send you to find me?"

"How do you know?" Richard took a surprised step back. Is every person who hangs out with that witch an enchanter?

"A top magazine would never trust a full-page spread to a newcomer in the fashion circle. Besides, I'm Asian. This must have been internal promotion. I only know one person who works for VOGUE, and that's Qu Xuemei."

Richard was convinced.

"I see that you trust Qu a lot. You must have a good relationship."

"Of course we do. I always miss her." Richard smiled awkwardly. She is really the best editor. Not one of the best. The best.

People only experienced Qin Guan's beauty when they met him in person.

Richard left in high spirits. Maybe she is my lucky star after all.

Qin Guan walked away as well. As he walked along the path, he realized that the gates of the New York fashion circle were gradually opening for him.

A taxi stop was nearby. Suddenly, a girl with cute freckles on her face jumped out from around a corner.

"He... Hello..."

Her voice was as weak as a mosquito's.

She handed Qin Guan an unshaped card with trembling hands.
"This is my card..."

Qin Guan smiled and took the card, which was almost wet from sweat.

"I'm the editor of a magazine... I have watched all your shows during the fashion week... I think you are wonderful..."

"So, I was wondering if you have any spare time this week. We want to invite you to be on the cover of our magazine..."

Chapter 371: The Armani Product

"Although we write about cosmetics, we also report on news about the fashion circle..."

Both her voice and head were lowered. I just saw two top magazines come after this model.

She was very aware of their own competitiveness.

"No problem, text me a time and place. I'm finishing my work for the fashion week tomorrow."

Qin Guan didn't arrogantly turn down the small magazine. In his opinion, the magazine was pretty good. It just needed time to develop.

Accurate orientation matched the demands of all fashion brands.

"Really?" The young girl with the freckles looked at Qin Guan with shining eyes. Her features seemed softer under the lamplight.

"Yes."

She ran away, looking back at the corner and waving at Qin Guan with effort.

Qin Guan smiled at her. That moment, it seemed like the ice and snow were melting and flowers were blooming under the starry sky.

Bang! The girl had hit her forehead against a pole. "Ouch!"

She was an interesting girl.

Generally speaking, if a person faced some kind of shortcoming, they would always have an extraordinary advantage to balance it out. The young girl was a good example of that.

Her keen eye for beauty had helped the new magazine find its place in New York in only two years.

The New York Fashion Week went on, leaving both the audience

and the media shocked. Qin Guan entered the Armani headquarters once again. This was the beginning of his dream in New York.

He had been invited there this time, not gone on his own initiative. Giorgio Armani's assistant had given him a notice during the fashion week.

Qin Guan met Chad at the entrance. Chad was fashion sensitive, so he was impressed by the Asian model, who was being compared to him in media articles. Those exaggerating critics considered the greenhand to be on par with him.

Another passerby here at Armani! Chad put on his sunglasses to disguise himself. This was an inconvenience of being a famous model.

His agent was not very optimistic. He had considered Qin Guan a threat ever since he had seen him backstage.

"Did that Asian model come here for a contract?" he asked Chad worriedly.

Chad was impatient with his meaningless concern.

"You are thinking too much. Armani is one of the top luxury brands in the world. Those old men would never pick an Asian! Let's go, we have an appointment with Citizen."

Qin Guan was led to a spare, white-walled studio, where Mr. Armani was sitting silently.

He didn't say anything. He just smiled at Qin Guan and pointed to the center of the room before gesturing to his assistant.

The assistant ran up to the white wall and pulled a door open. A tall woman walked in.

She was wearing a long black dress that floated slowly against the floor. The transparent nail polish on her toes was shining with a cold light.

Her smooth back was exposed thanks to the V-shaped cut of the dress. She was an elegant blonde who looked gentle, yet proud.

"Raquel Zimmermann and Qin Guan. Stand next to each other shoulder to shoulder, please..."

The harmony between their heights made them a perfect match.

"Good! I think Raquel knows about the requirements of a brand representative. Do you know about them, Qin Guan?"

Is he just talking about the details with me? How does he know that I will take the job?

The Italian old man saw his doubt and waved to his assistant again.

"I know you are a New Silk Road model. I read your resume and contacted your original agent. I got a reply on the third day of the fashion week."

"Your agent, Sister Xue, has accepted this job for you. There is a time difference though, so you will probably get her notice this evening."

"According to the contract, if your interview goes well and you match our taste, the contract will come into effect automatically."

"So congratulations, Mr. Qin Guan. You are getting a one-year representative contract on a single Armani product. We'll send you notices at regular intervals. Please arrange your schedule for our optimal cooperation."

"What will that product be?" Qin Guan asked in Italian. According to his understanding of Armani, the old man could only speak Italian. He relied on his assistant for all negotiations with English speakers.

You might be Armani, but I have my own principles. If you are selling condoms, I won't accept the job. I will still be deeply grateful though.

Chapter 372: The Armani Advertisement

The assistant was slow getting to the point, so Qin Guan just asked the boss directly.

Armani felt happy to hear his mother tongue. "A perfume," he answered.

A perfume! That sounds elegant! Qin Guan covered his surprise. Don't lose face before them!

Trying his best to control the muscles on his face, he said in Italian, "Okay."

"It will be just like your CK show artistically... No, wait. Thane, get some black clothes for him..."

The assistant hesitated. He had to go to another floor to do that. Generally speaking, the proper apparel was hard to find.

At the time, flexibility was important.

He took out a black velvet cloak from a drawer and asked Qin Guan to put it on.

The black cloak was floating on the floor like a blooming black rose.

Both models looked royal and elegant.

"Looks pretty good."

Those words sealed their destiny.

Raquel lowered her long, brush-like eyelashes, casting shadows on her cheeks.

The Asian model gave off a contrasting vibe next to her, a girl from scorching Brazil.

This might have been why Armani had chosen her as the representative of the perfume.

Satisfied with the result, Armani left, leaving his assistant to talk

with Qin Guan about the contract.

"According to your agent, your focus in the future would be magazines. Both VOGUE and W have invited you to work with them."

"Yes." Sister Xue must have used them as my selling point when negotiating with Armani.

"Well, we also run regular advertisements in them. Did you agree on a cover advertisement for a magazine?"

"Yes."

"Young foreigners usually lack experience. It would have been a good opportunity for you to be on their covers before the fashion week, but since you are an Armani model now, this is an opportunity for them. They engage mainly in cosmetics anyway. They are not too greedy."

"Your cover and our advertisement will appear in the same edition. You don't need to worry about the details. You are their lucky star."

So I will promote the sales of the magazine?

Thanks to the Armani advertisement, that ordinary magazine would reach a sale peak. Sister Xue was a cunning woman, so she had informed the J Clothing boss in advance. It was a good chance for an advertisement.

When Qin Guan visited the Armani headquarters again, he didn't see the old man. The person in charge of the project was a man called Bean.

He looked like the famous British Mr. Bean. He was also British, so he was very focused on detail.

The new Armani perfume was an echo of the upcoming Halloween. If promotion went well, it could become the new girl favorite at parties.

To meet the taste of young people, the perfume was in a square, flat bottle, like wine bottles sailors used to drink from.

The light green perfume looked like tourmaline in the bottle. The logo was floating on pure lake water, looking romantic and misty.

Qin Guan went out of the dressing room in a royal European costume. His neckline and sleeves were white with shiny golden edges.

His white silk bow tie was flying before his chest like a butterfly. The traditional European costume suit the Asian model well.

He looked like someone from a different time, an evil man existing only in legends, who never grew old or died. He had no heartbeat, so only the hot blood of beautiful young girls could grant him the feeling of a living person.

Yes, Qin Guan would be playing a vampire lord in the advertisement.

Armani had invested a lot in the background and equipment. When the actors finished their make up, the assistant invited the director over from the lounge. The exclusive director of Armani, Lochans, had to be "invited".

He was a senior film editor who occasionally acted as an advertising director for top brands. That way, he could make money for his films, as well as find diamonds among top models.

Of course, if he could also teach new film stars, it would be perfect.

Sitting on a folded chair, he watched his assistants get busy with the test before the shooting began. After a while, he nodded in satisfaction.

Chapter 373: Unblessed Love

They were the most talented students of professional drama schools. Suddenly, two boys with curly hair stopped working when they saw Qin Guan.

"It's him!"

"Hi, Qin Guan!"

They were the Batiste brothers, who were working part-time there because of their love for films.

As they had expected, their neighbour was an artist. He was a born actor. Nothing could conceal his shine in all its splendour.

They both jumped up in excitement. Lochans cast a nervous glance at the camera in front of them before he looked around.

Obviously, the beautiful girl in the transparent green silk and the crystal crown was more attractive, but Batiste's voice had diverted his attention to Qin Guan.

It was love at first sight. That model met the most basic requirement of a good actor: a good sense of the camera.

Lochan was itching to see him in action. He's a potential actor! This may be what he has always been searching for. Let's begin. Show me your abilities!

"Attention! Three, two, camera!"

Qin Guan was flying over a green lake with boat-like water lilies floating on its surface. The Queen of Fairyland was on the center of the lake, watching the foreign intruder.

Chased by his enemy, the King of Darkness had entered the heart of the forest by accident and encountered the elf. He lost his head before it.

Her blue eyes were as clear as the sky, and her blonde hair looked like sunshine.

Everyone felt the sudden change in the atmosphere. As spectators, they were witnessing a legend unfold.

The fragrance of the Armani perfume was the best lure of the Queen. The King of Darkness got distracted in the land of warmth and tenderness.

Hiding his vigor and covering the smell of blood on his body, he stepped forward, his heart guiding him. He forgot about the enemy behind him, as well as his identity as a dangerous vampire.

All the staff had gotten absorbed in the expression on Qin Guan's face. He looked confused and happy. Impressed, yet hesitant.

Lochan tightened his fists. Right! That's it! This is not the skill of a greenhand. This mysterious Asian man has been gifted with strong acting skills.

As a top model but poor actress, Raquel didn't need to do anything but show her perfect face to the camera. In fact, Armani had not been hopeful about the skills of either of them.

As a result, they had adjusted the script specifically for them, so they could show their most beautiful side to the audience. Qin Guan was a surprise for them though.

As he approached, he slowed down gradually and tried to hide his heavy breathing.

Every dark cell in his body was shouting, "I love her. I want to own her, seize her!"

Her mysterious eyes were like shining stars in the night sky. Everyone stared at Qin Guan, who looked like he was drunk.

The two of them were getting closer and closer to each other. Silence prevailed in the room. Some girls put their hands before their chests in prayer. They were imagining that they were the heroine instead.

Lochan was in the same pose, imagining his own script and

work.

Qin Guan bent over toward the queen, his lips getting close to her small ear, covered by her golden hair.

A green, transparent ear drop was hanging there, full of Armani life essence.

Suddenly, Raquel moved. Keeping her poker face on, she attacked the vampire with a sword.

She just intended to act like a queen. As a green hand at acting though, she only acted according to the script to avoid influencing the final result.

The elf race was always in pursuit of extreme beauty. As a weapon for criminal purposes, her sword was also magnificent.

The sharp blade penetrated Qin Guan's heart and exited through his back. There was no blood on his black cloak. By that time, Qin Guan's sexy lips were almost on the Queen's earlobe.

The vampire looked ferocious. He would kill the evil murderer before vanishing.

A soft wind was blowing. Her blonde hair smelled like orchids.

The light in Qin Guan's eyes was gradually dimming. His hands fell down. He was unwilling to kill the elf who had made him feel so alive.

His fair slender fingers caressed her face gently. Finally, he closed his eyes.

The King of Darkness turned into smoke and dissipated in the sky.

Qin Guan maintained that pose with his eyes closed. The fragrance was in the air, smelling cool and refreshing.

Chapter 374: To Forge Iron One Must Be Strong

Nobody moved or spoke, in or out of the studio.

What are you all doing? Can I get up? Say something!

Lochans held his arms up. "Perfect! Stop!" His voice broke the silence.

The girls, who had been hugging each other in tears, finally began talking.

"Elves should be kind. They are supposed to love nature and peace. Why? Why did she kill him?"

"Dark creatures are common enemies. Besides, in the elves' eyes, vampires are unnatural creatures like zombies."

"The perfume is for Halloween! A little horror is necessary. Our ad is tasteful."

The Batiste brothers greeted Qin Guan warmly.

Before they began chatting, the director approached Qin Guan. "Do you know me?"

"Yes..."

"Good! Wait to hear from me." Then he turned back to the camera to watch the playback.

With the help of the assistant, Raquel stood up slowly, lifting her heavy dress. The two French brothers were attracted by the beauty right away.

"Hello, Qin Guan. I'm Raquel Zimmermann from Brazil. It was nice to cooperate with you."

The proud woman lowered her head to show her respect for Qin Guan's abilities.

"Hi, Raquel. I'm Qin Guan. I'm Chinese. It was my pleasure."

Although his face was pale and cold, Qin Guan was smiling warmly at her.

Their hands touched and parted. By the time Raquel left, Qin Guan was still smiling. In the following year, she would become his partner at Armani.

It was good to have a friendly relationship with her.

The next day, Qin Guan had to go to class. Before that, he had some work with VOGUE and W. The third poster of NY would be made at sunset the next day.

The NY headquarters were not a luxurious mansion like VOGUE or W's. It was a single building with a historical vibe, Boston ivy covering most of its surface.

There was a giant storage room inside, which had been turned into the largest independent studio in New York. It was divided into several different parts.

That studio would satisfy anyone's needs.

Only when Qin Guan entered the studio did he realize the power of girls.

The girl was called Raynana, and she was the daughter of the NY boss. She was the real boss of the magazine.

Her father was confident about her, so he had invested a lot in the magazine. If she did everything by the book, the girl would definitely succeed.

To forge iron, one had to be strong. Only magazines with good content attracted readers.

Qin Guan was tired after class, yet when he saw the wonderful studio, he was cheered up right away.

Cong Nianwei had followed him to the studio, because she was anxious about her tired boyfriend. She had just finished her work

at the small store.

Destiny was a magical thing. Cong Nianwei noticed Guo Nuoyan, who was going out of the main building.

After getting a notice from the boss, the young man had sent Qin Guan's poster and advertisement to the magazine as soon as possible.

He had tried to get the spot behind Armani, which was also a full page.

All businessmen were clever.

Cong Nianwei greeted Guo outside the storage room. When she went into the studio with a bottle of water, she was shocked by the dark background Qin Guan would be shooting against.

Will young girls like a picture like that? It looks like a real adventure.

Qin Guan turned his face to Cong Nianwei to reveal his strange make-up. Unlike the royal, elegant vampire he had portrayed in the Armani advertisement, he looked like a character from a horror story now. He seemed depressed, gloomy and bloody.

He was in a black medieval military uniform. The collar of his cloak stood up and covered his cheeks, and his white silk bow tie was hanging over his chest.

There was a five-pointed star tattoo on his pale hands, that stood for the devil. Silver long hair covered his pale face, just like the first snow of the winter. Red paint was running down his face like bloody tears. Two sharp teeth were poking out beneath his upper lip, making people wary.

"Property ready?" The photographer was itchy to start. The old man was a guest of the fashion magazine. He was just doing this for the high payment.

"Ready!" Holding a glass of Bloody Mary, Raynana walked onto

the set carefully.

The background was an ancient castle. With its dilapidated walls, the Gothic castle looked like the very image of Lord Dracula's home.

Chapter 375: Roar

As she entered the studio, Cong Nianwei fixed her eyes on Qin Guan in admiration.

Qin Guan was in a pair of high black leather boots, and he was holding the Bloody Mary in his hand. The cocktail in the glass smelled dangerous.

The property master had mixed Vodka and tomato juice, along with other ingredients.

Qin Guan went up to the castle under the fake setting sun. The sunlight was warm and orange. The vampire looked gloomy and cold in his elegant, graceful clothes.

His dark world was about to fall on Earth. Every inch of the land would tremble because of his fame.

His fair fingers looked nearly transparent in the sunshine. His sharp teeth came into sight, stimulated by the blood.

Suddenly, Qin Guan moved. The proud vampire changed his attitude.

With a fierce expression on his face, he roared to make his power clear to the weak human beings in the darkness. He looked like a provoked emperor.

He opened his mouth wide, baring his sharp teeth before the audience. He looked extremely dangerous and savage, red tears running down his face. He seemed to be ready to kill someone.

The whole crew was scared, but Cong Nianwei, who was never surprised by her boyfriend, took a calm sip of water.

The bottle in Raynana's hand nearly fell to the floor. She was really frightened.

However, there was another calm person on the set besides Cong Nianwei. The photographer, whose name was R, was working

excitedly.

He had originally been planning to ask his assistant to shoot for him so he could just control the composition and feeling of the photoshoot, but when he had heard Qin Guan's roar, the old man had stood up.

He had grabbed the camera from his assistant and strode over to Qin Guan to be at the best shooting distance.

Scarlet blood was silently blooming against the ancient castle like a poppy. Qin Guan looked dark and thirsty for light.

I yearn for the warm sunshine in the winter, the sound of a heartbeat and the taste of warm blood. Alas, it is destiny that has brought me in this situation.

Qin Guan was lost in his imagination. He liked to express himself freely. Putting one of his hands on the fence, he held the wine glass up to his lips to take a sip. He used so much strength though that the castle, which was made of thin wooden boards and paper, fell down.

So did Qin Guan. He fell down and got buried under the castle.

The calm old man didn't stop shooting though. After a while, Qin Guan sat up from the ruins.

The wine was all over his face. Even his silver hair had been stained red. The red wine crept down along his face and neck, reaching his pale sexy chest.

"Perfect! that's it!" The silent old man uttered his first words for that day. The powerful vampire was now powerless. Weak, yet still attractive. R couldn't help but stride over to Qin Guan and get to work.

When Qin Guan came back to his senses, R had already finished shooting. The old man and the young man looked at each other.

"Good boy! C, leave him my card."

You gave five cents to a beggar, and you think that you saved the whole world? What a proud guy!

When the crew pulled Qin Guan out of the ruins, the old man had already walked away leisurely, his hands clasped behind his back. His assistant handed a card to Cong Nianwei and ran away as soon as possible.

Raynana was furious. The old man didn't even take her, the real boss, seriously. He had even forgotten to give her the negatives.

"Hey, wait a moment, Mr. R..." Raynana ran after him with the bottle in her hand. She was not after the negatives. She just wanted revenge.

Qin Guan took off his hair piece and costume and washed his face with cleansing oil three times before he came out.

The magazine would be released the next day, right on time for Halloween.

Students at Columbia were a little annoyed by the holiday.

There were decorations and people in costumes everywhere, even on campus.

Various parties and festivities would be organized that day. Children were earnestly longing to get dressed up and collect candy that day.

It was wonderful! Americans made that holiday a real carnival. Taking advantage of the happy atmosphere, the latest magazines were put on red newsstands on the streets. At the subway entrances and crossings, the fight over the magazines began early in the morning.

Chapter 376: You Are the Boss

W took the lead. Considering its long history, the magazine had its own readers, to whom it would send the latest issues before their formal release.

Long Island was beautiful in the morning. There were trees and greenbelts along the clean paths, and the flower beds were full of a poetic vibe.

A postman in a white cap was riding along the road. The day's newspapers and magazines were on the shelf behind him.

The young man was familiar with the streets in the area. He could have ridden all over that neighbourhood with his eyes closed.

A tiny roll of a magazine flew over the fence of a garden and toward the flowering shrubs.

Before the roll could hit the ground, a smiling Labrador with tiny cute eyes rushed out like the wind, jumped high into the sky and caught the magazine in its mouth.

"Well done, Mussolini!" The boy waved at the dog and then went along his way. There were six magazines left.

Shaking its thin tail, Mussolini went through a small door in the fence and reached its masters' table. It presented the magazine like a kid presenting a piece of treasure.

"Lily, your magazine." The man took his newspaper and handed the finely-printed fashion magazine to his wife, who was frying eggs.

"Oh, thank you..." A screen was between the young couple again, in the form of the newspaper and the magazine.

The magazine, which smelled slightly of orchids, was opened. The young housewife preferred VOGUE over W. The male models

in the inner pages were a substitute for her boring marriage.

There was an Asian model on the full page. He was sitting beside a white curtain in a thin silk shirt, looking out of the window blankly. He seemed barely awake, pure and helpless.

Even though her mouth was parched and her tongue scorched, the woman took a large bite out of her toast.

"George..."

"Yes?" the man behind the newspaper replied with a single word.

"I'll go downtown with you today."

"What for?" The man put down his newspaper and looked at his wife in confusion. They had had no effective communication in a long time.

The tame young girl never went out so early in the morning.

A pair of fair feet without slippers were rubbing up and down against his legs like a breeze. He could feel the warmth even through his pants.

"I want to buy Halloween candy and a perfume from the New York shopping mall. This one. The Armani."

On the poster, Qin Guan and Raquel were looking at each other emotionally. The green bottle looked royal and elegant against the black background.

"It's said that this perfume is the essence of life and the lure of forbidden love... We could... Tonight... Yes?"

The rising last syllable, which was uttered with a nasal sound, as well as her toes on his thighs, made the calm surgeon excited.

"You are the boss..."

The new Asian face reached countless American families. The magazines were also selling like hot bread on different newsstands. Rushed customers threw their change into the box out of habit,

barely catching a glimpse of the cover.

That one glance delayed some of them though.

"A classified fashion magazine? Okay, one more."

"Hey, sir. I want the magazine with the vampire!"

Among all the magazines with top models and Hollywood stars on their covers, people seldom saw such a rat-f*ck photo.

Thanks to Halloween festivities, the customers, most of whom were office workers, had suddenly changed.

Wearing dark eye makeup and swaying metal chains, a group of hippies went up to the stand for a pack of chewing gum. They looked almost like drug addicts.

"Wow! That's so cool!"

On the cover, Qin Guan was roaring at the setting sun, cold light glittering on his sharp teeth. The dark castle in the background, which seemed like it belonged in a Hitchcock movie, implied his true identity.

The scarlet tears, sunshine and embroidery on his chest added a bloodthirsty feeling to the picture of Dracula.

"Dude, look! He must be one of us!"

The weird guys left, leaving an empty shelf behind them.

T and V ran a gay bar together, so they would often buy some fashion magazines with male models to enrich their collection.

Because of V's high taste, the owners of all the gay bars along the street entrusted him with purchasing the magazines.

In most gay bars, the patrons were silent, with the exception of the macho man-show bars.

V got up early that morning and rushed to a stand in his blue apron. "30 copies of W, thanks."

"I only have 25 at hand."

"Okay, I'll take them all."

"No problem."

He turned the day's bestseller, VOGUE, open. "I also want 10 copies of VOGUE. Thanks."

They were all for his friends' bars. To his surprise, he saw the same model in both magazines.

Chapter 377: Invitations From Everyone

After half an hour, the owners started a fierce fight over the magazines. There was also a strange atmosphere in Chinatown.

The owners of traditional variety shops had bought one magazine each. The magazines had come from Qin Guan's loyal sidekick, Xu Xiaoxiao. He had seen the magazines on stands around the area and made the decision to distribute them evenly.

Not everyone was happy though. In an office building with the sign "New York Japan Corporation Office", Yamaguchi Tsutomu was sitting in a large black chair.

Across her desk were two lines of men in black suits, bowing before her. They dared not get up or speak. They were even holding their breath.

Yamaguchi Tsutomu looked at them and said coldly, "What have you been doing all these days? Where is my investment? So many people have turned me down. New Yorkers don't care about money, do they?"

"What did the Mayor of Manhattan say? Senators are idiots on both sides! What are you afraid of?"

Her tone suddenly became high. She intended to throw the magazine with Qin Guan on the cover at her stupid subordinates, but she suppressed her temper at the sight of her prince.

"Tomorrow is their traditional festival. Those idiots like funny things."

"Since they won't cooperate with me, we don't need to save face for them. We are Japanese, so we do not celebrate Halloween. We could send them an unforgettable gift though."

"Yes!" The men in black bowed before her together. "Who shall we choose from Chinatown?"

"Since Xu has been away from the gang for a long time, I'll just let them go. Kill the toughest person on the street to give them a lesson."

"Yes, madam!" They all left together, leaving only the loyal, silent fat man behind. Miss is very clever. All her decisions are right.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei had no idea about those thrilling events. Qin Guan was sitting in a classroom sincerely.

Those days, whenever Qin Guan was on campus, Prof. Martin would have a talk with him during the breaks.

This was because of his perfect scores. His peers were itching to get back at him. Although Qin Guan was in a good mood every day, the over-enthusiastic tutors troubled him a lot.

On the other side, the confident boy called Kuhn had become more and more gloomy ever since that last incident.

Qin Guan always felt his cold, depressed eyes staring at his and Xu Xiaoxiao's backs.

Whenever they came across each other, Kuhn would stare at them with a grimace on his face.

"Is he okay?" Qin Guan asked Xu in concern. In his opinion, Kuhn looked very dispirited.

"He's always like that. Proud in looks, but cowardly at heart. He can't withstand even the smallest attack. Don't worry, he would not dare harm you. Oh, by the way, I saw your magazine. Do you feel any different about yourself now?"

Xu rubbed his palms excitedly. "Different?"

Suddenly, a group of beautiful girls walked up to them. They had full boobs, smooth skin, and long curly hair. They looked like fairies from a fairytale.

"They are coming..." Xu stared at them with shining eyes, saliva dripping down his chin.

"Qin Guan, I saw your magazine! It was wonderful. Here is an invitation to our Halloween party!"

The leader, a girl with red hair, handed Qin Guan several invitations. There was a rose tattoo on her fair hand.

So that was what Xu had meant by "different".

The popularity of a student decided how many party invitations they would receive.

As the prince of freshmen, Qin Guan had more chances than other students. Besides, his pictures were in three different fashion magazines, which had made his popularity reach its peak.

He was just like a magnet, attracting invitations nonstop. All the party organizers wanted to invite him to their parties to promote their status and taste.

As a result, various troops headed for the same battlefield.

That group of girls were the best students of Barnard College. They were all good at dealing with men.

"Thanks, I'll come if I have spare time."

He looks like such a gentle boy. He's so different from the fierce, savage guy on the magazine.

Some girls, who always felt like queens among men, blushed spontaneously. They walked away, looking back time and again. Xu took one of the invitations.

"Bro, you have to go to their party and take me along!"

"Or what?"

"Or I'll move in your house and eat all the food in your fridge. I'll also cry..."

They kept joking with each other, when some more invitations arrived. A guy with a forced smile, who was the acting chief of the Chinese Student Union of Columbia approached them.

"Qin Guan, would you please come to our party? You have brought glory to the Chinese nation, even if it is an unusual kind of glory... I have faith in you!"

Chapter 378: Carmine Cong Nianwei

It sounded strange. Qin Guan saw his compatriot Fu Sheng lost in thought. By that time, a group of monsters and freaks had come over. There was chaos everywhere. Those monsters looked like they'd broken out of Hell.

"We are from the Union of Crazy Monsters. Please come to our party..." Do monsters approve of your union?

"We are from the astrophysics research group..." So, there's also "trick or treat" in space?

"Hi, we are..."

Qin Guan's jacket was quite thick, but he suddenly felt like it was being torn.

Xu Xiaoxiao realized that the situation was getting out of control and roared loudly, "I'm Qin Guan's agent. Come here!"

Suddenly, he was surrounded by everyone. Qin Guan finally made his way through the crowd.

"Thank you so much, Xu Xiaoxiao! I'll call you later!" Qin Guan ran over to Cong Nianwei, who was sitting by the library stairs.

It was time to enjoy the best holiday in the US with people from all over the country!

Actually, the Chinese called it "Wan Sheng Jie", which literally meant that the night of October 31st was called "Wang Sheng Night".

It was a traditional Western civilization festival that had been considered the beginning of the new year during ancient times. That day, the soul of a deceased person would return to its former residence and try to find a living spirit. Then the two of them would fight fiercely. This was the only hope the dead had of being reborn.

That was why it was said that every human on Earth shared one common ancestor. This was similar to the Chinese theory of possession.

Of course, one could consider it as passing through different times and spaces, or just being reborn.

Living people were afraid of ghosts though, so that day, everyone put out the stove fire and their candles to hide from the ghosts. They also dressed up as monsters to scare the ghosts away.

During ancient times, people would get together in a church to spend that solemn, horrific day together. By then, it had become a monster parade though.

American people liked the day's novelty and egocentrism. They repressed evil thoughts in their ordinary lives, but they let them show that day.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were changing into their costumes in their apartment. After long consideration, Cong Nianwei had decided to dress as a conservative Chinese girl.

She would never dress up like a bunny, or wear a hairy tail on her bottom. She had found her costume at a general store around the corner. It was cheerful, but not that exaggerated.

All uniform addicts liked doctor's overalls and nurse uniforms, but this was not sexy like that.

There was blood on the robe, which reminded her of Jack The Ripper.

Qin Guan put on his overalls. In the pocket on his chest there was a disgusting echo meter with human brains on it.

Cong Nianwei's nurse uniform was much better than Qin Guan's. Ladies' clothes were always more elegant than men's.

On her beautiful nurse cap there was a big scarlet cross that looked like it had been written in fresh blood. Her uniform had a

Second World War vibe, so her dress also looked wet.

The most interesting thing was the tripod with the bottle of intravenous drip hanging from it. Cong Nianwei was pushing it happily all over the floor.

"Hey, here is your make-up." A soft hand wiped Qin Guan's face.

Several bloody fingerprints appeared on his forehead. Blood drops were running down his cheeks, leaving beautiful traces on his jaw.

"What's this?"

"Corn syrup. The best filling for cakes."

Cong Nianwei put some on her own face. There was a sweet fruity smell in the air. There was still some left on her fingers, so she put them in her mouth to taste the honey.

Her glittering fair fingers looked like white jade. They matched her pink lips well.

"I want some..." Qin Guan rushed up to her, looking at her face seriously.

"Here you are." Cong Nianwei handed the small bucket to him, but Qin Guan caught her hand instead. The bucket with the syrup fell to the floor.

Their fingers were crossed, covered in red syrup. The syrup looked like a river of lust.

Qin Guan put her fingers in his mouth. The thick sweetness of the grapes filled his mouth.

"So sweet..."

"What are you doing?"

Before she could finish, his cool lips were on her face. First on her cheeks, then on the corner of her mouth, and then on her lips. He was tasting the best thing in the world, going neither too fast nor

too slow.

Cong Nianwei's eyelashes were trembling slightly. Her rosy cheeks were the traditional carmine color of ancient Chinese girls.

Qin Guan's cool lips parted against her face. "Hey, Weizi. Open your eyes. It's not the time for sleeping. We'll be very busy tonight. So many parties are waiting for us..." What an annoying boyfriend!

Chapter 379: Will You Run for Chairman?

"Hey! Why are you hitting me? I cleaned the syrup for you! You are so unreasonable!"

Qin Guan bounced up and down and ran around the room. Cong Nianwei was chasing after him with a teddy bear.

"You bastard! Clean the syrup from the floor!"

It was a professional conflict between a doctor and a nurse.

The sunshine in the room was replaced by moonlight. The tenants left and closed the door, leaving the empty apartment behind them.

It was noisy out on the streets. That night, Manhattan finally revealed its true nature, like a monster showing its sharp teeth at night.

Thanks to his blue skin, the iron nails on his head and the torch in his hand, Joseph looked like the Frankenstein monster.

The twins had dressed up as vampires, wearing funny wings on their shoulders.

The Mexican zombies had left the building earlier. The owner of the building, who was an old American woman, had hung up a large basket by the entrance.

Trick or treat. The kids were not allowed into the building, but the candy in the basket was a considerate gift for them.

Happy kids were getting out of their parents' cars. Holding small pumpkin lights, they took some candy from the basket.

"Qin Guan! Here!" A long black Rolls-Royce was parked on the street. Xu was inside the car, dressed very formally.

After a serious analysis of his advantages and shortcomings, he had dressed up as a wolf. His short, thick figure looked stronger that way.

His tail coat looked pretty good on him. He looked like a refined, educated guy.

Between the handmade leather couch, the fridge, the wine cabinet, as well as the Halloween props, there had been little money left over for him.

The boy had invested a lot for the Barnard College girls. His father had sincerely appreciated his determination and lent him his car without hesitation.

The lamps around Columbia University seemed ghostly on that special night.

The parking lot was full. People from all directions had gathered in different halls. Xu wasn't worried about parking though. He lowered down the glass of the window and waved a bill outside.

"Thanks!" A green hand valet took the bill and a car yielded its place to Xu.

There was no [Lei Feng](#) spirit in the US. Everyone wanted to get paid for their effort. A rich man could buy a whole building in New York. A parking space was nothing in comparison.

Everyone got out of the car. Under normal circumstances they would have attracted a lot of attention. On that day though, no one paid attention to them. Everyone was really excited about the parties.

Before heading into the hall, Xu didn't forget to smooth his hair and make himself look more presentable.

Their names were written on the invitations. Xu had given some blank invitations to somebody else as a gift.

"Qin Guan?"

"Yes?"

"I'll recommended you for chairman of the Chinese Student Union of Columbia next year..."

"Are you kidding? I have no time..."

Qin Guan was surprised. He didn't look brutal or fierce at all, if one ignored the fake brains on his costume.

Xu pointed to a Chinese student in disdain. The student was giving a hot girl a flattering smile.

"That idiot is our chairman. He always asks voters for support. He is too greedy. I know you are busy, but I could take over. I didn't waste the other two invitations. Look over there..."

Qin Guan looked in that direction and saw two familiar figures. They were both active among Chinese students.

Unlike hard-working Qin Guan, there were some Chinese students that preferred to engage in social activities and college politics. The chairman of the Chinese Student Union of Columbia led a small group of hundreds of people.

Insiders knew something about those groups. They were independent financially, unlike the public supervision of other Columbia unions. There was so much to do with those accounts.

Of course, Chinese merchants acted as sponsors, which was quite different from how things worked in China.

The chairman was able to control the budget, and public relations were also a lure for candidates.

"They are both pretty capable. One was in charge of public relations and the other of internal finances. Both of them were satisfied with that idiot."

"They wanted a chairman that didn't interfere. You are both good-looking and capable..."

"For many years, there hasn't been an outstanding Chinese guy among us. We have one now. You just wait and see..."

They were talking about a power-seizing plan, when suddenly a red-haired beauty caught sight of Qin Guan.

Thanks to his doctor's uniform, he was shining like a pearl in the dark night.

Lei Feng was an ordinary soldier renowned for his accommodating nature back in the 1960s.

Chapter 380: The Party Shooting

"Hey, Qin Guan! Welcome to our party!" Catherine gave him a charming, warm smile, completely different from the attitude she had had around Zhang Dekai.

Zhang Dekai was the chairman's name. When the boy saw his princess run up to Qin Guan excitedly, his face turned gloomy.

He had hated handsome guys all his life!

His first two childhood sweethearts had been taken away from him by handsome boys. Meanwhile, girls sneered at his looks.

Qin Guan really irritated him. He was outraged. He knew that he had been better than his other two love rivals, but that shining boy was completely out of his league.

Grinding his teeth, Zhang loosened and tightened his fists. He didn't leave though. Instead, he walked up to Qin Guan with a smile. Before he could join their conversation though, a quarrel broke out at the entrance.

"Let me in!"

"Sir, this is a private party. You need an invitation. If you have one..."

"Ha ha! You b*tches! You would have cried for mercy under normal circumstances! How dare you treat me like this?"

The intruder was Kuhn. At the beginning of the school year, he had been an energetic, handsome guy with blonde hair and blue eyes. Now he was wearing casual clothes, his hair was messy, and he smelled of wine.

"I'm going in tonight!" Smiling, he took out a black double-barrel shotgun from his yellow dust coat. It was a common model used by British hunters.

He pointed the gun at the noisy crowd. Everyone fell silent before

they started screaming.

"AH! HE HAS A GUN!"

The security guard sensed the danger and tried to leave as soon as possible. It was a pity that he was too close to Kuhn and he wouldn't let him go.

Bang! Smoke escaped the barrels. Brass shells fell to the floor with a clanking noise.

Crack, crack.

Like an experienced hunter, Kuhn pushed new bullets inside with a calm face.

The man lying before his feet was moaning in a low voice, one hand covering his belly. There was still gunpowder smoke lingering around his body.

Kuhn didn't pay attention to the victim though. He was looking for Qin Guan in the crowd. Scared people were running back and forth, trying to escape. They fled in all directions, not caring which way they headed.

Qin Guan felt strange. He looked at Xu quickly and then pulled Cong Nianwei close.

His presentiment had come true! Something big was happening!

When Kuhn had taken out his gun, Qin Guan had grabbed Cong Nianwei's hand and pulled all the odd things off his uniform.

When he turned to Xu to help him escape, he saw that the wolf had caught up with him with shining eyes.

He looks excited.

There was no time left for him to think though. Kuhn had already pointed the gun in their direction.

Bang! Wooden splinters flew everywhere. Qin Guan hid cleverly behind a wooden table.

The side door was only three meters away. It's too late to react.

"F*ck! I'll take you down!" A strong zombie rushed out to Kuhn from the side.

Bang! He was shot in the leg.

"Now! Run!" Qin Guan pushed Cong Nianwei towards the door with effort.

Cong Nianwei was not a girl in a romantic novel though. She didn't cry out or refuse to leave her lover. That would have been a silly decision in that situation.

Cong Nianwei's legs and arms were hurting from the bruises she had acquired by rubbing against the floor. She knew that she would only be a burden to Qin Guan, so she had to take advantage of this chance and leave.

Xu was no innocent boy. He knew that Kuhn would not let him or Qin Guan go. Grabbing this opportunity, the two of them rolled behind a large pillar.

Coincidentally, Zhang Dekai was also behind that pillar, trembling in fear. Before they could say something, another shot was heard.

Bang! The stone wall was shattered, fragments falling on Zhang's hair. Kuhn was approaching.

"Stand out! I can see you two! Let's finish this!"

Finish this? Are you kidding?

Zhang Dekai was suddenly enlightened. It's you who caused this disaster. You should deal with it yourselves. He pushed hard against the wall with his feet, trying to push Qin Guan out.

You should stop that madman. He kept pushing with effort, but he rolled out himself instead...

He was exposed now. Looking around blankly, he realized what the actual situation was.

Chapter 381: Treating the Wounded and Rescuing the Dying

He was kicked out by Xu. Zhang cried out, pointing to Qin Guan's hiding place.

"There they are!"

Bang!

"Ouch!" He took a bullet in the leg and started shouting and rolling around on the floor. Are you blind? I'm too far away from them. Why did you shoot at me?

"Traitor! I'll find them myself! Ha ha! Qin Guan, this is your friend. Push Xu out, and maybe I will let you go..."

With the gun in his hand, Kuhn strode over in their direction without a pause. Xu Xianxiao and Qin Guan exchanged a knowing glance.

Kuhn was approaching. His long shadow was visible on the floor next to Qin Guan.

Now! Lifting up the wooden table top, Qin Guan covered his upper body and rushed out without hesitation like a brave Minotaur.

For the clan!

Little did Kuhn know that there was a counter-attack coming. He fired again.

"Ah!"

Bang!

Suddenly, a single gunshot was aimed at the ceiling. Xu rolled out from the other side and grabbed Kuhn's legs, pushing the crazy man off balance.

Bang!

Kuhn fell and hit the floor, the gun flying out of his hand.
"Here... Sir!"

Cong Nianwei had run back, out of breath. Her nurse uniform had gotten torn. In two minutes, she had reached the nearest police station. The gunshot had been too loud to be heard in the noisy campus. Without Cong Nianwei's warning, the policemen would still have been searching.

"Hands up!"

"F*ck!"

Kuhn wanted to stand up, but he was pressed against the floor. His hands were tied.

"I'll call my lawyer! Do you have any idea who my father is?"

Nobody could rescue him now. Before getting into the police cruiser, Kuhn looked back at his arch-enemy angrily.

Cong Nianwei was holding her high heels in her hand. Barefoot, she saw her boyfriend smiling at her like a European knight.

"Cong Nianwei?"

"Yes?"

"Don't your feet hurt you? Put on your shoes, or they will think you are a victim of domestic violence."

"Ha ha!" Cong Nianwei was not as nervous.

The ambulance arrived. The policemen were taking eyewitness testimonies. This was another shocking event after 9/11. The security guard, who had been wounded seriously, had been sent to the hospital. The Barnard party had to come to an abrupt end.

It was early in the evening, but nobody was in the mood to have fun. Xu and Qin Guan were standing by the entrance. The smell of blood was still lingering in the air.

"Shall we continue?"

"You want to go to another party? I don't. Could you take us back to our apartment?"

Qin Guan pointed at Cong Nianwei's turned back. "Her feet are a little bruised."

"No problem." They returned to his car. We should buy a car as soon as possible.

The street was deserted at the time. All the kids had gone back home.

Saying goodbye to Xu, Qin Guan carried Cong Nianwei out of the car. Before he could close the car door though, Qin Guan's pant leg was seized by a hand.

"Cough, cough... Help me!"

A man was lying on the grass beside the building. He was covered in blood.

Qin Guan suddenly turned serious. He put Cong Nianwei down. Xu craned his neck to see the man.

"Be careful, sir!" the driver reminded him carefully. The man looked awful.

Qin Guan squatted down. "Shall I call the police? Or maybe an ambulance?"

The hand on him tightened. The man shook his head slowly. "No... You do it!"

Suddenly, he looked up like a wolf. Under his body was a gun. He pointed the gun at Qin Guan's chest.

It was actually an Asian gun. When he saw Qin Guan clearly, he looked disappointed. "You are not a real doctor? Don't call the police. Do as I tell you."

"Han Zhujiu?" Xu shouted.

Han Zhujiu glanced at Xu. An acquaintance! He's a member of

the Xu Family!

"Childe Xu, great! Help me!" The man looked seriously wounded, but his hand was firm on the gun. He noticed that everyone was looking at Qin Guan. So that young man is calling the shots?

The resolute man wanted to say something threatening. Qin Guan cast a glance at Xu Xiaoxiao. "Save him. I know you can!"

Xu grinned. "Actually, I wanted to negotiate with him. But since you already decided, I will help him for free."

Qin Guan nodded and took off his white gown. They couldn't carry the man to their apartment for fear that their landlord would see him.

Chapter 382: Underground Doctor

"Carry him to my car. We'll take him to my restaurant. It must be closed now."

Xu Xiaoxiao and Qin Guan spread the gown on the ground and carried Han on the temporary stretcher. They pulled him in the direction of the car. "Will you go home or stay with me?" Qin Guan asked Cong Nianwei.

Cong Nianwei was worried about him. "Let's stay together. I'll just keep silent." The two boys nodded.

The quality of the gown was really bad. It had not been made in China. As a result, it got torn under the tension, and Han fell down with a bang.

Unfortunately, he had fainted. Taking advantage of this, Xu just pulled him up and stuffed him into the car.

After making several calls, Xu closed his eyes to relax. The driver chose to go around the block, where Qin Guan had encountered the three black men.

There were parties and balls held everywhere in the area, but that block was silent. It seemed ghostly thanks to the horrific Halloween decorations.

The luxurious car would be prey for evil men there. However, they saw nobody on the streets. This was actually the domain of black gangs, who could do anything to such a car.

Xu looked at the quiet street with a serious expression. According to his knowledge of New York, even if there were no robbers around, there would be at least some gangsters to show them their middle fingers.

Yet there was no one there...

Qin Guan looked out of the window. He saw some men hiding at

the corner of a house. He could only see part of their clothes and feet.

He remained silent. This was not China after all.

They reached their destination in a few minutes. The back door of the restaurant was open. In the hall, two long dining tables had been arranged.

There were white disposable medical sheets, a medicine cabinet and small bottles on the table. It all looked very professional.

"Your daddy never called me."

A young Asian man was sitting in a large wooden chair of a traditional Chinese style. He had curly hair, and a mask was hanging from one of his ears. According to Xu, he was the best private doctor there was.

"Save him..." Xu didn't say much. His driver and staff carried Han to the table.

"Wow! Let me have a look. Then we'll talk about money." He smartly cut Han's clothes off.

"Hey, there is a lady present. You don't need to take off his underwear..." Qin Guan stood in front of Cong Nianwei for fear that she would get frightened.

Zhou Jingtao frowned. Although most of his face was hidden under the mask, his impatient eyes expressed his dissatisfaction. When he glanced back at Qin Guan though, his eyes lit up.

Distracted, he said in a trembling voice, "Oh, my beautiful girl! It would be a sin to let you see such dirty things. Hurry up and pull the curtain."

He scanned Cong Nianwei from head to toe carefully, making her feel uncomfortable.

"Oh, my! My beautiful Asian girl... Your foot is hurt badly!"

He walked up to Cong Nianwei, taking off his mask in the

process. "No, the lady deserves help more than that guy."

Are you kidding? You forgot the oath of Hippocrates?

Suddenly, Han opened his eyes and seized Zhou Jingtao. "If you don't help me, I'll break your neck!"

There was a savage Buddha tattoo on his chest and a fierce tiger on his arm. Han looked even more vigorous that moment.

As an experienced underground doctor though, Zhou wasn't afraid of threats.

"I could send you to Hell with one cut! Where does it hurt, bro? Bullet or knife? I'll get you fixed up immediately. I'm a kind-hearted man. I like saving lives!"

At the sight of a small tattoo on Han's body, Zhou had changed his attitude at once.

He is a member of the Black Star Union. He's actually their leader! The shining black Big Dipper tattoo on his chest indicates his identity. He is in the fiercest Chinese gang in New York. Not one of the fiercest, but the fiercest!

The Black Star Union had originally been a friendly Chinese group of special troops and veterans from the Chinese mainland. In two years though, they had taken the place of the Chinese Freemasons and built a solid foundation in Chinatown.

They eliminated entire families over small disputes. They had experienced many cruel battles, and no offenders ever made it out of them alive. That was why Zhou Jingtao was frightened.

One couldn't reason with crazy men.

The treating process went very well. Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei sat in two chairs and watched Zhou perform surgery through the transparent plastic curtain.

Any professional would have been surprised by his speed and accuracy. He made a perfect knot at the end of the line and finished

his job.

Fortunately, Han's vessels had not been seriously wounded, or he would have spent all his fortune on emergency blood packages from the black market.

Xu showed up confidently after the surgery, holding a thick package in his hand.

"How much?"

"Old rules. 50,000 dollars in cash."

"Motherf*cker! Isn't your usual fee 5,000 dollars?"

Chapter 383: I'm not Gay!

"He looked like a hornet's nest. There were so many holes! It was a really difficult case. Besides, you lied to me. This guy is very dangerous!"

They were arguing over the money, when suddenly a short man appeared at the back door and told Xu, "Our leader is missing. Could you please direct me to Master Xu?"

Xu pointed in Han's direction, thus putting an end to his mission. Zhou stuffed his payment into his bag and then fixed his eyes on Cong Nianwei.

"My beautiful lady, may I have a look at your slender feet?"

Goosebumps appeared on Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei's skin like mushrooms. That guy was really annoying.

He was still a professional doctor though. Taking his tools in his hand, Zhou suddenly turned serious. He treated Cong Nianwei's wounds carefully.

When he stood up, Qin Guan stretched his hand out to him. "Thank you so much for helping my girlfriend."

I have to stake my claim now, or that playboy will keep thinking about Cong Nianwei.

All the lamps had been turned on for the surgery. As Zhou held the hand of the young man, the bright lights and Qin Guan's smile made him dizzy.

I like women. No, men... Ugh!

It was like touching a burning iron. Zhou drew his hand back fast for fear that it would melt because of that splendid smile.

By then, Xiao Hengzi, the smartest member of the Black Star Union had finished his report to Han. Han knew that that night had not been just a holiday for monsters and ghosts in New York,

but also one for Japanese gangsters. After a long time, they had finally exposed their teeth.

His gang had not been the only one attacked. Nineteen black gangs, the Russian harbour union, and the construction sites of Irish and Mexican groups had all been attacked by unknown forces.

We looked down on you, Yamaguchi Tsutomu. We looked down on Japanese gangsters, while you were taking advantage of the economic depression. For the Chinese, this was both a matter of national and personal hatred. They were happy to pick up the glove.

...

The moon was shining in the sky. After all those soul-stirring incidents, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei collapsed on their soft bed and fell asleep.

That night, many people were destined not to sleep peacefully. Scared, the monsters on the streets returned to their own world. There were gangsters looking hurriedly for murderers on silent roads.

In a luxurious apartment on the Upper East Side, Yamaguchi Tsutomu was processing Qin Guan's photos carefully on her computer. As a Japanese girl pursuing perfection, she wanted to make that poster look like artwork.

Xue Wanyi was busy those days, as Qin Guan's magazine and perfume projects had been finished. Chinese people had no interest in Halloween. In the daytime, all reports concerning the entertainment circle had been updated.

Qin Guan's TV series were enjoying rising audience ratings. The series reached its peak after the news about Qin Guan were released.

On the screen, the handsome monk Xuzhu continued his affair

with Princess Xixia. On the streets, full-page reports were everywhere.

The titles were tasteful, and the photos were striking.

"Close encounter between elegant Armani and a mysterious ancient country"

"Top Columbia student wins at life"

"Unstoppable: An overseas report on Qin Guan"

Various photos of Qin Guan on the show were on the covers of the top five fashion magazines.

Ordinary Chinese people had no idea how the fashion circle worked. The word of Armani, the New York Fashion Week and VOGUE was enough for them.

There was also a happy surprise. The unknown cosmetics magazine had been noticed by the Chinese.

Some international magazines also paid attention to it, wondering if they could introduce it in Asia, like they had done with ELLE and VOGUE.

Of course, the two directors were the happiest.

Zhang Jizhong applied for the Silver Eagle Award and the "Five Ones" with his work "Demi-Gods and Demi-Demons", which was going even better thanks to Qin Guan's fame.

Zhang Yimou was glad about the fact that all the cast of "Heroes" was enjoying international fame. Even an ordinary assassin was now a top Asian model in New York. This would be a good starting point for applying for the Oscars.

Sister Xue hung up the phone with a smile. She had gotten another piece of good news.

If everything went according to plan, Qin Guan would be joining Director Zhang Yimou in Los Angeles for a publicity conference before the award ceremony instead of the leading actors.

She was really excited that she had agreed to the contract with Armani. If Qin Guan was in front of her, Sister Xue would have kissed him.

...

Qin Guan was still living a quiet campus life. Of course, because of the shooting tragedy, Columbia University had increased security around all the entrances.

American people, who were very protective of their privacy, didn't protest the regular security checks in their lockers. Their fellow students who were in the hospital served as a lesson learned from the tragedy.

After a few days, everyone recovered from the terrible event. Prof. Martin was angry at the two crazy men sitting in his office though. How dared they threaten him!

Chapter 384: The First Film

The two crazy men were Director Gus and Director George, who had been sent there by Chuck.

They had used their relations to contact the offices of Columbia University, with the intention to ask leave for Qin Guan in advance.

However, before the stubborn Prof. Martin, the two guys experienced rejection for the first time.

Columbia had granted its professors great power. As a result, they could be as strict as they wished with temporary leave approval.

"Ridiculous! My students are all elite New York residents. As soon as he finishes his courses with me, he could become an economic analyst for stupid rich men in the White House. Why should I ask my good student to shoot silly films with you? Because of your high IQ?"

As a leader of the American academic circle, Prof. Martin had reason to be proud. The two directors were both good negotiators though.

"There are lots of celebrities who have graduated from Columbia. Which one is the favorite of the media though? How many American citizens know their name? Ordinary people could never understand the effort you have put in teaching. Qin Guan could solve that though. Besides, we do not produce silly blockbusters. We aim for the top film awards."

"Yes, we have applied for the Cannes and George in Venice. They are the most respected prizes for independent films."

Martin was moved a little, but he still insisted on his opinion. "But will you win the prize? Besides, Americans don't like indie films."

Suddenly, the door was pushed open. Qin Guan was standing outside.

"Just in time!" Gus pointed at Qin Guan. "Your student can make the decision."

Prof. Martin stared at the uninvited guest. He knew that his student deep down wanted to be an actor.

Qin Guan paid no attention to roles. His dream of acting in indie films would come true in the US. It was a chance he had lost in China because of his perfect looks.

"I won't fail my classes. If my score goes down in the next exam, I won't participate in any more films."

"Your attendance rate will be low though. How will you be able to get an A+? Will you even have time to do your homework?"

"Of course! It won't take me much time. If I wasn't slow at typing, homework would only take me 10 minutes."

"Piss off! All of you!" Having such a clever student was unfortunate.

As he threw waste paper and ink bottles at them, the two old men and Qin Guan retreated from Martin's office. They all smiled at each other.

According to the original schedule, Gus'"Elephant" would be shooting first. The story of the school shooting was very current considering the recent events at Columbia University.

George was still preparing for the film.

Before the first snow, the crew arrived at a public middle school in downtown New York. It was a typical American school, but there was no fence around the campus. The school was one with the rest of the community.

Gus got approval from the principal to get some shots from the students in class. To avoid bothering them, he used DV high-

resolution cameras.

On the set, Qin Guan got familiar with Gus' shooting method.

Each role had an independent story to tell. The cameraman would record the real lives of all the witnesses.

All roles had their own meeting points at the school.

The first character was an American boy with blonde hair and blue eyes. His name was John and he had been born into a dysfunctional family. He had a drunk father to take care of.

He was always late for class because he had to look after his family. The principal often had a talk with him in his office.

John was a gentle boy, so he didn't forget to leave the key for his brother after going out of the office. His older brother had to pick up their dad and take him home.

After all this ended, the boy would cry in the silent meeting room.

A good friend of his gave him an encouraging kiss on the face and cheered him up. He left school in the evening and met Qin Guan and another actor, Alex.

Then the scene changed to show the audience the life of another student, who dreamed of becoming a photographer.

Qin Guan felt dizzy by the shift. That was why indie films were only liked by a minority. They were not telling stories, they were expressing the feelings of the director.

Gus favored slow long shots. He wanted to record every detail of every actor, which made Qin Guan suffer a lot.

It was common for Gus to spend three days shooting the starry sky for a four-minute scene. They shot five takes of Qin Guan's first scene, not because of Qin Guan, but because the director wanted to feel a sense of balance between the shots.

Chapter 385: I Can Play Piano

Qin Guan's character was an ordinary boy with black hair and eyes. His name was Eric.

He was a little weak. Athletes were the most popular at school. As a quiet, clever boy, Eric was bullied by other students. During science class, some boys had distracted the teacher while others had thrown chewing gum at Eric's clothes.

The lonely boy couldn't do anything but look at the white sticky gum on his blue jacket. He lowered his eyes. He knew defending himself would not work.

On the camera, his face looked clean. The gentle, silent boy suffered through all that unfair treatment.

The bell rang and only Eric was left in the classroom. He picked up his books and walked to the washroom, where he picked all the gum off his clothes.

He looked indifferent in the mirror, like a butterfly on a spider's net. His wings were broken. He had no idea about the value of life.

The helpless, weak, dark nature of humans and his cowardice shone through his expression.

He walked to the school dining room and recorded the structure and position of the basins and sundries in his notebook.

Meanwhile, gay and straight students were holding a meeting.

"In my opinion, men who wear colorful necklaces are not necessarily gay," Alex was saying with an enigmatic expression.

"And I'm straight." He smiled. Nobody noticed whether the short-haired boy was wearing a colorful necklace or not.

Now all the main characters of the school shooting had been introduced. It was a beautiful day. Red maple leaves were lying on the green grass, and white clouds were floating in the blue sky. It

was a good day to walk one's dog...

"Okay! Stop there!"

"All the crew move on to the next scene except Eric and Alex."

The scene ended without any special effects or action. It seemed like a household DV film. Qin Guan nearly fell asleep on set.

Gus was satisfied with the playback. In fact, he was worried about Qin Guan's adjustment to American shooting methods, but he had unexpectedly made a perfect interpretation of the character, taking into account his own guidance.

Suddenly, Gus felt sorry for the gloomy boy in the camera. He must have been treated unfairly to commit such a terrible crime.

The fiery-red maple forest surrendered itself over to the golden aspen trees. Eric's family was an ordinary middle-class American family. Their house had a broad yard, French windows and a fridge with many sticky notes on it.

The parents were busy, and their child was lonely.

Eric was playing the piano. A melancholy, but emotional tune was being produced by his dancing fingers.

For that particular scene, Gus had asked the producer to hire a piano teacher.

"Can you help him with the tune in two days? Qin Guan, can you play the piano?"

Qin Guan nodded. "No problem. I can watch the tutor play it once. I will just need the music score."

What a proud young man! Anybody would need to spend at least half a day on the track if they were learning it for the first time. You can't master everything.

"That's why beautiful people are always silly," the tutor murmured to himself.

The director was an idiot to cast that actor.

The tutor made an elegant gesture and pressed the first key slowly. "Okay, pay attention..."

Pigeons flew into the sky... The player closed his eyes, lost in thought while the audience got absorbed into the scene. Qin Guan fixed his eyes on the keys and on the tutor's dancing fingers, memorizing the movements silently.

After the last note, the tutor opened his eyes. "Do you remember the feeling? Shall I play it once more, or should we get back to the music score?"

Actually, Qin Guan wanted to start on the music score. Come on! Ask me!

Qin Guan looked into his eyes seriously. His dark pupils looked charming and confident. The papers between his slender fingers were rustling along with the breeze.

"Let me try," the handsome Asian boy said.

The tutor looked at Qin Guan blankly. He wants to try? Impossible! Won't he ask me to play it one more time?

The director and stage manager also fell silent. Is the US really supposed to be the most confident country in the world and China the most modest one?

Chapter 386: Forbidden Kiss Between Boys

What's happening?

"May I have a try? Just pick up the bugs for me."

"Okay..." The tutor surrendered his seat over to Qin Guan, who sat straight down before the piano and put his hands gently on the keys.

Willow catkins started murmuring, and elves began dancing. Qin Guan's fingers moved as his body swayed with the rhythm.

A fluent melody flew from the keys, lingering around the room. It sounded natural, yet poetic.

When he played the last note, everyone was shocked. The greatest geniuses were often hidden ones. That Asian boy was gifted! He knew how to play without ever learning.

The tutor was over the moon. Grabbing Qin Guan's hands, he said with quivering lips, "You should be learning music, not acting in these stupid films..." In his eyes, Qin Guan was a future world-class virtuoso.

Watch your words before the crew, please.

He was paid back for that statement. The strongest man in the crew threw him outside. Of course, he got paid first.

The most difficult scene in the film had actually been the simplest one. Taking advantage of the spare time, the crew had lunch and rested.

Working overtime cost a lot in the US. According to labor union regulations, there was a strict limit on the working hours and salary of the crew.

Independent films didn't involve any processes like special effects or editing. Otherwise, the producer would never get his money back.

Daytime was short in the winter. After a one-hour break, Gus organized all the crew.

"Attention, everyone! There's only one scene left. Cheer up! Tonight, Cara Gistro! My treat!"

All the men applauded. It was a rare invitation coming from that guy.

When they found out what the scene was though, they realized they had been cheated. If the scene didn't go smoothly, they'd never get that drink.

Why?

The scene involved a common element of indie films from all over the world: the forbidden love between two people of the same gender.

Eric, the gloomy boy, had been suppressing his desire for sex. He was thirsty for the love of a man, not a woman. That strained plotline made the whole story interesting.

Homosexuality, teenagers, school violence, shootings: all the elements of indie films were used in "Elephant" one after the other.

The scene was taking place in the bathroom of Eric's house.

American directors never borrowed shooting methods from the Chinese. Instead, they used scenes smartly to take real, but not exposing shots.

Since they were both male, Qin Guan and Alex were naked in the bathroom. Neither of them felt awkward about it.

The shower was on, and water was falling down. Only the two young men were in the room.

"Close the door. Lights on. Cameras ready! Three, two, camera!"

White mist was lingering around their naked bodies. Their clean skin looked blurry behind the glass.

The slender one was Eric, and the stronger one was Alex. They looked at each other gently.

"We'll die today."

"Yes, Alex. I have never kissed a person in my life."

His voice was husky, but Qin Guan tried to suppress his desire. He was afraid of getting hurt. He was like a puppy waiting to be petted.

The other boy didn't laugh at his sentiment. He slowly supported his arms against the wall.

The camera behind the glass moved. The audience could only see Qin Guan's face and his blank eyes. His face looked weak, yet elegant.

With his back turned to the camera, the boy with the golden hair opened his arms. His bare back, waist and tight bottom were indistinct under the disguise of the mist and the glass.

It was more of a lure than a direct exposure.

"Me neither..." The golden-haired boy leaned closer to Qin Guan. The young men's lips met before they were covered by the thick mist.

The director and the crew re-arranged their clothes and stood up straight, waiting solemnly for the final lines.

Chapter 387: Adoration

"Great! Perfect! Pass!"

The voice put an end to the shot, as well as the romance.

Qin Guan opened his eyes and looked at the 17 year-old boy. He looked flushed and lost in tender feelings.

The Asian boy had attracted his attention without any effort. His expression and body were an undeniable invitation for Alex.

"He... Hello. Do you have any spare time tonight?" The popular high school boy was asking that for the first time in his life.

Qin Guan was stunned. He pushed the door open and went out, exposing himself to the onlookers.

"Wow! Excellent, dude!"

Everyone applauded Qin Guan's figure. American people always appreciated the beauty of the human body.

Qin Guan turned his head around with the warmest, brightest smile in the world. He put his hand on Alex's hair and smoothed it down.

"Thank you for the invitation, but I am busy tonight..."

Qin Guan pointed out of the window. A simple Ford was parked out on the yard. Alex saw a comely Asian girl sitting in the passenger seat.

He grimaced and tried to say something. but it was in vain. His wet blonde hair was pasted on his forehead.

Qin Guan patted his head gently again, put on his clothes and left.

Cong Nianwei was waiting for him, and the driver was undoubtedly Xu Xiaoxiao. They had decided to buy a car after the shooting.

Most car dealing companies were in the suburbs, where there was enough space for cars of different brands.

Unlike the single-brand 4S companies in China, in the US every dealer could sell different brands. In the event of an economic depression, they could even sell private second-hand cars.

In late 2002, there was no online platform for trading second-hand cars. Acquaintances always sold and bought cars from each other. Xu himself was also a greenhand in that field. All his family's cars had been purchased by his father, but he still wanted to buy a car for himself.

Lan Jin had recommended a company to Qin Guan, but at the sight of the price list, Qin Guan had rejected his suggestion immediately.

Prices between 60,000 and 80,000 dollars were reasonable for the Chinese, but unnecessary for New Yorkers.

In 10 minutes, they had driven to the biggest dealership in the suburbs. Flocks of cars of different colors and shapes were parked outside the company building.

In the US, the average person had only two choices when purchasing a car: Japanese or American. Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were facing the same dilemma.

The salesman was a short but smart guy, who gave his practised speech before them.

"American cars are safer. The steel is thick, and the frame is quite large. The accelerator and brakes are steady..."

"People say that American cars are heavy and suffer from high fuel consumption, but we can deal with that. Ford and Chevy are much better than A."

"Look at this one. It's got plenty of space inside. It's very safe and comfortable."

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei smiled politely. Actually, they were planning on buying a Ford for their first car, but the details were also important.

Qin Guan showed his ability of collecting data once again. He was no longer the weak boy in that film, but a confident man.

"As far as I know, the Japanese are leading in [MGP](#). Most of their cars can reach 25-30 MGP. This one though..." He patted the blue Ford, creating an echo.

"It's a household car, so it can only reach 18-22 MGP. The international price for raw petroleum went up again. Considering the current economic situation..."

The salesman grimaced slightly. That Asian boy is so cunning. He will not buy a Japanese car, but he keeps talking about the advantages of Japanese brands. He is waiting for me to lower the price.

"This is my final offer. You can see the labels on all the new cars. Of course, if you are interested in a second-hand car, I have some cars for only 2,000 dollars... No, a 200-dollar gas-filling card is the most I can offer you..."

When they were done negotiating, Qin Guan bought the blue Ford with a temporary licence plate.

In two weeks, the dealership would finish all the necessary procedures, including getting him a formal plate.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei drove off in the blue car, waving farewell at the salesman, whose heart was hurting as if it had been stomped over by a thousand fat horses.

The distance a car can reach with one gallon of fuel.

Chapter 388: Massacre

The salesman wanted to cry over the deal. The final price had been barely over the bottom price of his company. As a salesman relying on commission, he would be leading a miserable life if he relied on customers like Qin Guan.

Under the golden rays of the setting sun, the new car looked like an avant-garde steel sculpture in an LA art museum. The blues music signified the start of their new journey.

The next day, Qin Guan was busy with studying and work. After his morning classes, he rushed from the northeast point of Manhattan to the southeast.

They were still shooting in Eric's home. When they got out of the bathroom, the two boys arranged their belongings silently.

Qin Guan was dressed in black. He stuffed his policeman pants into his military boots. The fitting waistcoat used for field operations was fastened around his upper body.

His backpack was filled with light bombs. A mini submachine gun was in his hand, and a backup pistol was in his pocket. Alex was watching Qin Guan in admiration as he tied a camouflage kerchief around his head.

They drove to school, discussing their attacking routes on the way. One would head to the left and one to the right. They would surround everyone and then start killing them.

The sunshine shone through the French windows, but nobody felt warm.

The camera followed the running car, witnessing the slaughter plan gradually come to life. Eric, the weakest boy in school, had thought up a professional plan worthy of a special operation team. The script was based on real events that had happened in the US, so the role of Eric was based on a real person.

When they arrived at school, the director let out a breath of relief. The smile on Qin Guan's face looked horrific.

Innocent brutality was the most horrible. The boys would kill innocent students, the principal, and then each other with a smile on their faces. The audience couldn't sense any emotions on them.

Qin Guan and Alex got out of the car with their weapons. They stood at the entrance of the school leisurely. Eric let John, the kind boy shown earlier in the film, go. The boy had a kind heart despite all the hardships he had been through.

Then the two of them began their attack. All the disorderly earlier scenes suddenly came together, reaching a conclusion.

Some of the students lived, while others died. The film was partly dedicated to the memory of the deceased.

The camera started filming. John went out of the office of the principal slowly, looking sad. Then he met Eric, the boy who had been bullied and humiliated at school just as much as he had.

His classmate was not a coward anymore. Instead, he had become cruel and evil.

"Hey, dude. What are you doing here?" John asked Eric in concern.

Qin Guan looked solemn in his black kerchief. "Piss off! Get as far away as possible! Don't come back!"

That was his final cold greeting. The sensitive boy ran away like an animal. On his way, he looked back time and again, trying to warn every student and teacher.

"Stay away! Don't enter the school! Something big is about to happen..."

He had hardly finished speaking when the building behind him exploded.

Qin Guan and Alex had entered the building, which would be the

beginning of the massacre. Before the librarian could say anything, a bloody flower bloomed on her chest.

There was no counter-attack. In barely a few seconds, they had killed everyone in the library. A boy who had appeared at the beginning of the film was holding his camera in his hand as he died. In the camera was the final shot of his two schoolmates, who were about to kill him.

Following their plan, one of them headed left, and the other right. Gus' camera followed Qin Guan's face and movements quietly.

The boy didn't look flurried or excited after the killings. His boots stomped on the wooden floor. That echo was the final sound of the concert of his life. He moved along the corridor until he found his arch enemy, the demon who had been bullying him every day.

With his slender arms and legs and his cold face, Qin Guan looked like the God of Vengeance. The camera retreated before him as the crew got absorbed in his performance.

"He was more than good enough to be the leading actor. The box office will be great!"

"I don't want Qin Guan to go that way. Look at his acting skills! Commercial films would be an insult to him..."

They were actually afraid that the fat salary of commercial films would win him over.

In three minutes, Qin Guan had reached the place of the real massacre. It was the school cafeteria, where the students had been driven by the shots.

Chapter 389: The Real Demon

Dazzling sparkles were ejected from the cold muzzle. The students screamed out. They broke the windows in an effort to escape from that hell. Blood was flowing around the hall during the afternoon tea break.

Qin Guan felt tired. He kicked a corpse away and picked up a cup of warm tea. White smoke was hovering over it. Before his lips could soak into the water, his partner walked in.

Feeling a little delight and excitement, Alex recalled the moment he had shot the principal in the head. He stopped Qin Guan, who was trying to drink the tea.

"Watch for herpes..." His voice sounded like the students' who had used to bully Eric.

Qin Guan smiled dangerously and put the cup down gently. Gus pushed the camera forward to zoom in on his face.

There was an unyielding flame in Qin Guan's eyes. "What about you? All dead?" he asked Alex calmly.

"I killed everyone in the principal's office," Alex answered arrogantly, waving his smoking weapon around.

The boy, who admired Qin Guan a lot, wanted to share the joy of his success. Suddenly, Qin Guan took action though. He pointed his gun at Alex and shot him without hesitation.

Bang!

A bullet went through his blonde head, blood spraying against the white wall.

Alex had an incredulous expression on his face. He couldn't believe that his lover had killed him in such a calm way, although they had decided to commit suicide together.

Qin Guan stood up silently with a poker face, paying no attention

to the corpses on the floor or to Alex, who had been talking to him one minute earlier. He was showing extreme indifference and brutality.

What Qin Guan had done was reasonable though. He wanted to find the most popular boy at school, the captain of the football team, the crush of every girl and the bully in his class.

That was the student who had thrown gum at his coat.

The boy and his girlfriend were hiding in the kitchen. The final shot had scared the girl and forced her to make a sound.

Qin Guan smiled suddenly, as if he had been relieved of a heavy load. Nobody felt relieved when they saw his smile though.

As he chewed gum, he recalled the past and pointed his gun in the right direction.

He went around corners fast. There were no cracks from the burning wooden stairs or screams from the escaping students. Only his unceasing steps echoed in the hall, announcing the arrival of death.

"Wow! Who is this? Guess who it is!"

Finally, the hunter had found his prey. Qin Guan's poker face changed, and his expression became arrogant and vindictive.

In the kitchen was a large freezer. The alarmed boy and girl were hiding between the freezer and the wall. The evil black figure finally entered the kitchen.

The scene stopped there abruptly, ending in an anticlimactic way.

Qin Guan held the gun silently for a minute before Gus shouted, "Okay... finish it!"

Everybody had thought that he had fallen asleep.

Qin Guan put the gun down, which was the most expensive prop in the entire film. Most of the budget had been spent on it.

Rubbing his arms, which had gone numb from maintaining that posture for so long, he asked Gus, "Are we finished, director?"

"Of course!" Gus answered without looking up, watching the playback in satisfaction.

"I think we need an ending scene to complete the story though. Why just stop there? What about Eric's end?"

Gus reached the final frame and closed his hurting eyes. Then he smiled.

"This film is based on a real event. I don't need to shoot the aftermath. Nothing could be changed, neither in film or reality. It's not a commercial Hollywood film. No one will save the day, and no policemen will arrive in time to catch the culprit."

"The meaning of the film lies in its open ending. You can picture any possibility, or just rethink its most interesting points. Every character has their own story. Anyone could be the main character of the film."

"That's enough for me. What about you?"

Qin Guan shrugged. He realized that Gus was very much like the directors of the 6th generation in China, who wore shabby clothes and gathered in old warehouses.

Directors of indie films were always different from ordinary people. They had their own unique way of thinking. Only someone with a common goal would be able to understand them.

Chapter 390: Battles Among the Ivy League

Qin Guan felt relieved. It was his first time being a real hero and the first time he was acting in an indie film. He had learned a lot from that.

In that liberal situation, he had learned to express himself freely. During the shooting, Gus hadn't intervened with Qin Guan's performance. He had just chosen a reliable script, cast and crew, and he had depended on them.

Red maple leaves were flying in the wind as Qin Guan waved farewell at the crew and got into his new car.

Alex's parents had come to pick up their son. They were arranging his luggage carefully in their car. The boy with the blonde hair watched the small blue car drive away in obsessive admiration.

"Jimmy! Honey, let's go!"

"I'm coming!" Nobody knew what influence Qin Guan would have on his future career.

After the film, Qin Guan had spare time to enjoy his life on campus. The Ivy League football league was about to start. Joseph had been talking about it non stop, annoying Qin Guan.

Columbia University could be considered the founder of the football league. In 1876, Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia had organized the first college football league in the US.

Then four more universities from the Northeast had joined the league to form the top eight football teams in the US. After that, other universities had imitated them, forming 60 different leagues at different places.

In the early 1900s, Ivy League universities started granting sports scholarships, and sports became fashionable and popular around campus. At the time, those eight teams were considered the best in

America.

The champion of the national football league would always be in the Ivy League though.

However, as society progressed, the eight universities realized they had gotten distracted from their goal, which was elite education. The sports scholarships didn't bring any real advantages to their development. Instead, they lowered the academic level.

As a result, they began to rethink the point of education and make wise reforms. They cancelled athletic scholarships and poured all their resources into academic studies. Now, Ivy League universities were not famous for their sports league anymore, but their elite studying programs.

On the other side, after a whole century, the game had become a tradition of these universities. It was like a holiday for them. That day, older students would return to campus to meet their old friends. They would spend a day on campus, drink coffee or tea, and remember the old times by wearing their old school uniforms.

As a result, this was the best chance for the university to find sponsors. Graduates tended to make generous donations after all.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei felt regretful as they sat amid the audience. Joseph had told them it would be an easy match and they would only have to cheer for him by the court. They were feeling like they'd been sandwiched on the spectator stands though, while Joseph was enjoying the applause of the court.

The ability of the athletes aside, they all looked really cool in their sports equipment. Their white protective suits and silver helmets made them look formidable.

Qin Guan had invited Susanna and her girls, who were dancing and cheering in their traditional Columbia uniforms.

Their opponent was Harvard, whose team had the tallest players.

Of course, Guan Jian was in it. He was the only international student in their team of five.

He was a strong man who loved sports, so he had become a member of the Harvard football team. He was also the only Chinese player in the game, which made the Chinese students feel proud.

The two teams were getting ready for the match. They were playing at Columbia's home court, so most of the audience was made up of Qin Guan's fellow students. Harvard was very powerful though. Every Harvard graduate in New York had asked for a day off that day. Wearing their traditional Harvard school uniforms and T-shirts, they had gone there to cheer for their Alma Mater.

John led Qin Guan to a corner and handed him a T-shirt in secret. Qin Guan unfolded the T-shirt and saw the Harvard badge on it.

"Qin Guan, do me a favor and put it on."

"Hey, this is our opponent. I'll get beaten."

John grinned, baring his white teeth. "Don't worry, trust me."

Chapter 391: Escaping From Trouble

As the craziest supporter of Columbia, John would never harm their university.

Confused, Qin Guan followed him to a pile of boxes by the side of the court. They took out several boards with letters on them, and then walked up to the Harvard students and gave them the boards.

"Hello, we are members of the Harvard Pep Squad. We'll beat Columbia even at their home court. Just show the boards to Columbia during the match."

"We have printed letters on them. When you hold them up, the phrase 'Go Harvard' will be spelled! Isn't it a nice idea?"

Lowering his head, Qin Guan handed the boards to the Harvard men. He had been left speechless by John's plan.

Thanks to the excitement and pride on his face, John convinced the spectators. The elite students accepted the plan without hesitation.

All the boards were distributed. To avoid any questions and watch their plan being executed, Qin Guan and John sat by the Harvard men tamely.

The whistle was heard, and the broadcast and commentary began. A wonderful match was about to start.

Well, the word "wonderful" did not suit Columbia. In fact, the word "disaster" described their team better.

"The Harvard quarterback is wonderful!"

"JC from Columbia rushed over... Wow, he fell down!"

"Well done! Score for Harvard!"

"Wow! It's our superstar Joseph! He runs as fast as a deer..."

"Ah!"

Everyone held their breath. That must have hurt. Half of Joseph's body was pressed against the grass next to the player who played defence.

"Excellent! Keep him there!" Several members of the Harvard team jumped on Joseph and pressed him down with their bodies.

Joseph was crying in his hamlet. Bro, I will give you the ball. Just let me go! I'm having trouble breathing!

A fat man jumped on him and Joseph moaned. The ball in his hand finally rolled out through the pile of bodies.

"Wow! Harvard is not showing any sportsmanship. They got the ball by using a disgusting method!"

The overwhelming score made the Harvard students excited. Waving their flags around, they cheered loudly for their team.

"We should take action." John threw his disposable cup away and stood up. Patting the dust off his bottom, he walked up to the spectators.

"Listen to me, everyone! We are in a favorable position. it's time for us to beat Columbia. Come on! Let's cheer up our players! Follow my lead!"

He moved towards the exit, shouting, "Audience sitting in F1 to 20, please hold up your boards and shout with me! Harvard!"

The atmosphere became animated. The Harvard students lifted the boards with a sense of purpose, shouting at the Columbia audience, "Go Harvard!"

As expected, they attracted everyone's attention. From such a short distance, all the students were able to see their boards clearly. The photographer beside the court immediately turned his camera to the Harvard students.

This was definitely breaking news. It would no doubt make Harvard a laughing stock among American universities.

The words "WE SUCK" were spelled clearly on the boards.

"Ha ha ha..." Everyone burst into laughter, both in and out of the court. The referee, broadcaster, assistants and staff couldn't carry on working.

This would be the best prank of the year. Maybe even of all time.

It would be an eternal joke! Some of the cheerleaders stopped dancing and fixed their eyes on the boards. After a long time, they came back to their senses, but they still couldn't continue their performance. They laughed until they started to tear up.

By that time, the Harvard audience had finally realized that something was going on. Some of the students stood before the spectator seats and read the boards.

"F*ck! We were fooled by that son of a b*tch!"

The general enthusiasm reached its peak. Most football fans were young hot-blooded guys. Although they had graduated and become elites of society, their blood had not cooled down.

"Catch them!"

The people holding the boards rushed up to Qin Guan and Joseph right away.

In all his life, Qin Guan had never experienced such a chilling winter wind. The silence was ringing in his ears, poetic and vacant.

Of course, curses like "stop, you son of a b*tch!" broke the silence. As they ran, Qin Guan and John exchanged a knowing smile.

"Bro, you lied to me!"

"God bless you, bro!"

On the crossroads, Qin Guan turned left, heading to the embrace of the noisy city. John turned right in the direction of the student shelter.

Their long legs were an advantage, not just because they

complemented their figure, but also because they helped them escape. One could take larger steps if they had longer legs.

Chapter 392: The New York Chinese Yacht Club

That difference helped Qin Guan a lot. The young man ran as fast as he could against the chilling wind. Even the string on his white hoodie was flying in the wind.

The black iron defence couldn't block his desire of life. His chasers automatically split into two groups.

"Go, Qin Guan, go!"

The Columbia students didn't know what had happened. They just cheered for the popular boy, making the chasers hesitate.

What will we do with the boy if we catch him? Could this cause us trouble?

People with high IQ tended to think too much. They sped up their steps. Their prey had long legs, so he was getting further and further away.

The chasers stopped, completely out of breath. They could do nothing but return to watch the match in anger.

According to an old saying, extreme joy begot sorrow. By then, John, who had escaped successfully thanks to his familiarity with the campus and the protection of his fellow students, had changed his clothes and returned to the court arrogantly. He wanted to enjoy his girlfriend's performance and show off his achievement to everyone.

It was not his style to walk at night wearing expensive clothes. Suddenly, he was discovered.

"Hey! He was the mastermind! Catch him!"

Everyone ran towards John. He doesn't seem like an influential guy.

Qin Guan misled me! John ran up to the Columbia spectator stands. Fights were breaking out both inside and outside the court.

The friendliest match between the two universities had ended.

Columbia had undoubtedly lost the game, but they were the clear winner. After going around the campus, Qin Guan eventually returned to the court and saw Joseph smiling at him with a bloody nose and a swollen face.

The main scorer was waving at him firmly.

Cong Nianwei and Qin Guan exchanged a glance. When most of the people had left, they were finally able to go greet Guan Jian.

Joseph cast a glance at Guan. "Don't panic. Call me if you need me."

"He is my friend, Guan Jian." Qin Guan patted Joseph on the shoulder with a forced smile. Relieved, Joseph left the court with his uniform on his shoulder.

Qin Guan turned to Guan Jian. "I rarely come to New York. We can have dinner with He Ming and Lan Jin and take a look at their club."

"Okay, no problem."

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei saw the refitted luxury cars at the entrance. Lan Jin's VOLVO was a good example. Only one broken part would take two months to repair. This was supposed to be a low-key luxury, but whole family fortunes were being spent on it.

The three of them arrived at the club. There were freight tankers and private wharfs at the New York harbor. A medium-sized yacht served as their meeting place on the water.

Acquaintances had no need for courtesy.

The New York harbor was pure and clean. There were no tall buildings around, so the place was very open.

Stepping on the cracking wooden floor, Qin Guan and Cong

Nianwei reached the private dock.

Owners of yachts were not poor men, but not everyone was a rich guy. About 4% to 5% of American families owned a yacht. One didn't need a license to drive it.

After the sunset, the lights lit up around the dock. There were colorful lights hanging on the larger yachts, shining down on the sea surface at night.

They had bought a middle-sized tanker, about 15 meters long. It was enough for the five of them to stand on. Besides, the deck was large enough to satisfy their needs.

A cool tow truck designed especially for the tanker was parked beside it. Qin Guan pointed to the truck.

"Lan Jin bought it, I guess."

Lan looked excited. "How do you know that? Are you a fan of mine?"

"Yes, such a silly thing could only belong to you..."

The cars were for the families living far from the riverside or the seaside, who parked their yachts in the harbor. In New York though, where the yachts were always in the water, the cars were of no use.

The hair on Lan Jin's head hung down limply. He was humiliated by his idol once again.

"Did Lan Jin buy this?" Qin Guan asked again.

Everyone looked at the small tuna-like yacht on the right.

"Yes..."

Chapter 393: Careers

They stared at the small yacht that had the same independent style as its owner. A man would have to get up all his courage to drive it.

The yacht drifting on the water surface looked like a feather. Lan Jin hadn't refitted it. He had only decorated it with paint.

A golden flying dragon with fierce claws was twisting its body around the boat with an awe-inspiring vibe.

It was a post-modern style decoration. Among the other clean yachts, theirs looked like the black sheep among the white ones.

For the sake of their friendship, Qin Guan decided not to make any comments. He just turned around silently, pretending not to see anything.

In fact, he was interested in their invitation. They sat around the table, talking about business. This was what Chinese people did.

"Qin Guan?"

"What's the matter?"

"Lan Jin and I started a small commercial company. Will you help us run the business?"

Qin Guan took a sip of his Bud Light. "I do not engage in commerce. Why me?"

"We need an accounting firm to take care of the accounts and the dutiable goods. We consulted with some firms. Some of them charge too much, while others are unreliable."

"You are studying finance at Columbia. We can't seek for help far and ignore what lies close at hand."

Qin Guan put his beer bottle down with shining eyes. "Really? What would I have to do to open an accounting firm?"

"Get your CPA," He Ming answered leisurely. "Then you won't need to care about anything else."

"Oh, I nearly forgot." He pointed to Lan Jin. "Lan could invest in you for free. Just pay him in profit when you start making money. The boy is interested in personal investment. He likes counting bills on his couch."

Qin Guan was relieved. It was much simpler to start a firm there than in China. America was really the land of the free.

He swallowed a mouthful of beer. "I don't have much at hand. Just 1.6 million..."

He Jing and Lan Jin were a little surprised. "That's enough. If your business goes well, you won't need to worry about the high New York prices. You will even get a house."

They were pointing in the direction of Long Island, where lights could be seen among the trees. This was their dream for the future.

"Well... I meant dollars," Qin Guan finished his words calmly, as if he was greeting some guy on the street.

His three friends spit their beer out.

"What... What did you say? 1.6 million dollars?"

He was a multimillionaire! The calmest boy among them was the richest one. They showed off everywhere with their luxury cars, while the real rich man had been hiding.

Qin Guan nodded. "You know about my part-time jobs... I just signed a contract recently..."

His friends didn't want to continue that conversation. We hate handsome guys...

Suddenly, Qin Guan remembered something. "He Ming, would you accept small import orders?"

"Of course. I can carry them out myself to save on service charges and customs duties."

"That's great. My store on Chelsea Street is ready, and we will be needing some goods... Tell them, Weizi."

They all forgot about the time as they talked under the night sky. All their careers had started from that club and headed in different, unknown directions.

When one realized that their goal, the very thing they were earnestly longing for, was close at hand, they were naturally full of energy.

Qin Guan had promised George Clooney that he would finish shooting his scenes before Christmas, so he had to take the CPA exams afterwards.

Despite Prof. Martin's complaints, Qin Guan packed his travelling bag, asked Cong Nianwei to take care of the store and went off again.

In fact, Qin Guan had been hesitant about the script at the beginning. Compared to "Elephant" and "Confessions of a Dangerous Mind", with their black humour and absurd plot, this one was much more uplifting.

Qin Guan had not mentally stressed about "Elephant", as in China's point of view, it was a failure of American education.

His role in "Confessions of a Dangerous Mind" though put more pressure on him. He would be playing a Jew, both in the physical and emotional sense.

It was an interesting story, based on Chuck's autobiography, which had been published back in 1984. In the book, he was a killer working undercover for the CIA as a TV host.

In fact, George had seen plenty of candidates. The agencies had sent numerous actors. Eventually though, Chuck had pointed at Qin Guan's photo.

"When I was young, women were obsessed with me. I used to be a handsome guy like him. Besides, he looks just as cold and tough as

the people working in the secret services. This feeling is kind of hard to describe."

Chapter 394: The Intelligence of Actors

You are lying...

As they looked at Chuck, the old man with the wrinkles and the silver hair, the whole crew wanted to show him their middle fingers.

The leading actor was the key point. The film was aiming for an award and a regional theater chain, so the investor was only focused on the final result.

Unlike the temporary crew of "Elephant", this film was important for Miramax Films. Actually, Qin Guan, the leading actor, was the last person to be chosen.

All the scenes were set in Manhattan in the 1980s, so Qin Guan wouldn't need to fly to another city. Everything was ready.

"He pieced together a part of the jigsaw of his life..."

That was people's appraisal of him.

Sitting in the makeup room. Qin Guan waited silently for the final touch-up. His black hair had been dyed brown and curled into a traditional 80s hairstyle.

In his yellow shirt and checkered overalls, he looked like he lived in a time when gentlemen used pipes and walking sticks.

When Qin Guan went out to meet the director and the crew, everyone let out a breath of relief.

A little vintage, a little yuppie and a little absurd. That was the story of that old Jewish family.

The phonograph was singing in a hoarse voice on the yellowing wooden floor.

"Great. It's our first day together. Let's try a simple scene. You don't even need to show your face, Qin Guan. I only need your bottom."

Director George winked at Qin Guan. Everyone around them burst into laughter.

Qin Guan began to take off his clothes fearlessly. It was an indie film! Of course he would need to get naked again before the camera.

Nudity, both men's and women's, was the soul of indie films. Since this was a comedy, he could express himself freely.

Qin Guan took off his underwear and touched his curly hair. He looked like he had a chicken coop on his head.

The scene was set in a plain dark room in a small hotel. On the ceiling was an incandescent light bulb. The mattress and the bedding on the single bed were in a mess.

The black-and-white TV was on. Qin Guan stood barefoot on the dirty floor, lost in thought.

The job of the cameraman was quite simple. It was the easiest scene in the entire film. The camera was rolling. "Three, two, action!"

Suddenly, Qin Guan changed. A second ago, he had been a charming prince. Now, he looked like a guy with many secrets. Nobody could rescue him.

He just stood there, one leg bent and the other straight. He was a real punk out on the street. Nobody was in the mood to appreciate his smooth back, tight bottom and slender legs though, although they were like god's gift to humanity.

They all smiled knowingly. His back view reminded them of their funniest friend.

Qin Guan's facial features were in the dark. Only his eyes were visible in the camera.

His transparent pupils were telling of his decadence, struggle, conflict and hesitation. He was trying to find a proper excuse for

his silence and failure.

The Asian boy did not just have the ideal face for an indie film. He was also a very intelligent actor.

Qin Guan's first on-screen partner appeared. It was the glamorous Drew Barrymore. The actress was wearing a vintage 1980s outfit, and her full lips were bright red.

She looked withered and helpless though. Behind the door of the shabby hotel, she was looking at her ex-boyfriend through a crack on the door.

"Can we talk? It might have been my fault for forcing you to marry me..."

"Darling, I can't go on without you..."

Qin Guan was a coward, so he dared not have a face-to-face conversation with her. He could only hide in the small room. They both remained silent on their respective sides of the door. His eyes were black and hers were blue.

Nothing was visible on the camera but their two pairs of beautiful eyes.

"Good! Stop!"

"The first scene is perfect. I was afraid that Qin Guan might act like a statue...."

Everyone laughed good-naturedly. Drew left through the door with her assistant. The actor in the room was naked anyway.

Qin Guan noticed a commotion by the entrance.

"What are you doing here, my beautiful lady? We are working... Ah!"

The crew failed to stop the angry woman from bursting in.

Qin Guan turned his head around just in time to see a red bag hit him straight on the forehead.

Chapter 395: Sister Xue's Idol

"Qin Guan, you bastard! You are a model. How dare you shoot films in New York!"

Guess who was beating the actor on the set with the whole crew looking on!

It was Sister Xue, who had travelled there from very far away.

She had been proud of Qin Guan's work during the New York Fashion Week, the Armani contract and the full pages in magazines. However, soon she had received scripts and notices from Qin Guan.

His e-mail was very concise: I realized my dream in New York. I can finally act in indie films. I have already finished shooting one and started shooting another. Don't worry about me.

Confused, Sister Xue had looked at the script. Isn't it a little late? When she finished reading the script, she nearly tore it apart. Naked love scenes? Sex in the bathroom? What the f*ck is that all about?

If Chinese people living in foreign countries sent the film to China, he would lose face!

Then she read the last sentence again. I'll read another one. Where is the script? Is it more terrible than the first one? How dare he not show me the scripts beforehand! I should go to the US personally. I have to prevent him from ruining his career.

The first thing she had done after arriving in the US was ask Cong Nianwei about the film's shooting location. Then she had broken in courageously.

No one can force my lovely boy to make those trashy films. There are so many chances for him in Hollywood. Why would he accept to participate in such a ridiculous film?

Cong Nianwei was scared by Sister Xue's anger. She hid amid the crowd silently. She came here for revenge...

"Stop! Stop! Sister Xue! Why did you come here? You should have told me in advance. I could have picked you up from the airport!"

Sister Xue put down her bag and folded her arms across her chest. "So you could get prepared and destroy all evidence?"

What are you talking about? I'm serious about my work.

Qin Guan pointed down to his naked parts. "Elder sister, could I put my pants on first?"

"You corrupt boy! What are you doing? Put on some clothes!" Sister Xue glanced down and covered her eyes.

Their dialogue in Chinese had confused the whole crew. Qin Guan cleaned himself up and walked out of the set.

Taking advantage of this, Director George gave everyone a half-hour break.

Sister Xue read through the script quickly. Ten minutes later, she looked up with a serious expression.

"No, you can't make this film. It's too sensational. It might be nothing in American people's eyes, but did you stop to consider the Chinese audience?"

Before Qin Guan could explain, Sister Xue turned to the director.

"Hey, listen to me. I'm sorry to say that..." Sister Xue pointed to Director George, who was sitting with his back to her.

"What's the matter?" George Clooney turned around. His charming eyes made him look like a graceful, gentle scholar.

Sister Xue choked on her next words. She tried to gesture with trembling hands. "George... George Clooney..."

Yes, George Clooney had chosen to direct the film because he had read the novel. He would also be playing a small part for fun. He

hadn't acted in a film in a long time.

Sister Xue looked like a fish out of water. Her mouth closed and opened without making any sound.

My idol... I want to kneel down and worship you!

"What's the matter, my beautiful lady?" George had grown a moustache at the time, but he was still handsome.

"Nothing. I just wanted to tell you that my client is a green hand. Just urge him on! Don't feel embarrassed by my presence!"

"As for me, I'll help you finish the film successfully! Don't worry about a thing!"

Her eyes were shining brighter than the lamps on the ceiling. She looked like a soldier expressing his loyalty to the general before going out into battle. George smiled gently before he replied, "Your actor is pretty good!"

The battle between the director and the agent was over. Sister Xue had lost.

She walked up to Qin Guan joyfully as if she was floating in the air. Suddenly, she seized his arms. "Behave yourself, young man. Surprise everyone for me! You shall never lose face for the Chinese. This is such a good film, such a good opportunity. You should take advantage of it."

Hey, what were you saying just now?

Sister Xue decided to stay for a while. She booked a room at a hotel close to Qin Guan's apartment. She was planning on having a discussion with the magazines to arrange Qin Guan's schedule for the whole year. The film didn't need her attention after all.

She left the studio with Cong Nianwei without hesitation. Before leaving, she picked up Qin Guan's car keys. She had decided that Cong Nianwei would be her driver.

Chapter 396: Quick Shooter

All the irrelevant personnel left. As George finished his black tea, the prop team brought in the equipment for the next scene.

It was said that a room with long history could only be found in Queens. The crew rented a single apartment in an old building. That room would be the love nest of the hero and heroine. It smelled like moss inside.

There was an old fridge, a telephone and a plastic fruit tablecloth that had been popular in the 1980s. The room felt very nostalgic. The hero and heroine fell in love with each other in that small apartment.

Fortunately, Cong Nianwei had no idea about that scene. She had left before it was shot.

This was Qin Guan's first step in the TV industry. He had met a beautiful but indifferent girl. The two of them were naked in bed. It was a pity that the girl was not that into him. She fell asleep while Qin Guan was caressing her body.

The camera was rolling. The actress was not blushing at all. Baring her upper body was nothing for her.

Qin Guan decided to act naturally. Before he took off his clothes, the silver-haired girl lay down on the bed and waved at him. "Hey, come on!"

She patted the white sheet next to her. Her nails were painted a beautiful purple color. Qin Guan looked at the director subconsciously. Brother, help me...

George blinked and turned his head around.

It seemed that he was not paying attention to details. Getting up all his courage, Qin Guan leaned down over the girl's stomach.

He supported both arms on the bed, trying his best to keep a

distance from her big boobs. His legs and bottom were curved into a ridiculous "S" shape. Qin Guan looked like a frog squatting down on a lotus leaf in a lake.

When George turned around, he saw two large eyes, filled with desire.

"Three, two, action!" The order saved Qin Guan. Suddenly, he was in character.

"Ah... Oh..." Closing his eyes, Qin Guan felt the headboard shake. The girl under him was stunned. The flushed boy looked like he had been obsessed by another soul. He was an authentic desirable man...

It was his solo show. The man was making love in spirit, while the girl under him was indifferent.

Everyone covered their mouths to suppress their laughter. It was so ridiculous! The man with the short dick was enjoying himself, while the girl had fallen asleep.

George closed his mouth tightly, rubbing his fingers. The Asian boy was a natural comedian. Everyone was relaxed and happy.

In two minutes, Qin Guan stopped. The girl curled her toes under the sheets. She had gotten aroused. Qin Guan opened his eyes and grinned at the girl proudly, waiting for her praise. Then he rolled away from her.

"Ha ha ha..."

"Hush..."

"Don't worry. We'll be editing the voices... Silence! They are acting..."

The crew suppressed its laughter. Qin Guan continued his performance.

He didn't get any response, but he was a proud man. He didn't need the girl's praise. As he chatted with her, he picked up a pack

of cigarettes from the bedside table.

Light smoke rose between them. The girl took the cigarette from his hand. The two of them lay on the bed, Their shoulders were touching, but they looked so far away. The sound of the lighter made the crew go silent.

The largest distance was the one between two hearts.

The scene finally came to an end. It had been finished without any trouble. Qin Guan got up with a smile. Before he left, the girl grabbed his jeans from behind. Her fingers were between Qin Guan's naked back and belt.

"I know an empty room around here. We'll have a 30-minute break. Would you come with me? Or are 30 minutes not enough for you?"

Qin Guan felt as if someone had stomped on his tail. He dared not touch the girl. Jumping up, he planned on leaving as soon as possible.

He succeeded in standing up and getting rid of her beautiful hand. LEE's hip-hugger jeans were extraordinary though.

Chapter 397: Ambiguous Attitude

The waist was low enough to reveal his V-line abs. As the girl pulled, Qin Guan's bottom was exposed.

The girl burst into laughter. The accident drove her last bit of desire away.

"You are so cute. Forget it, bye!" The girl covered her body with the sheet and put on her clothes underneath.

She only had a small role, so her work was finished. She left without hesitation, seeking new prey.

Qin Guan let out a long breath. Before he could put on his clothes, the prop master passed by with some equipment and told him, "Hey, Qin Guan. You don't need to put them on. You'll have to take them off again later."

Qin Guan smiled awkwardly, but didn't reply. The guy in charge of the costumes approached him. "You are saving me money..."

Are you kidding? I like wearing clothes!

Beauty knew no gender.

In the next scene, the hero wanted to get drunk after that failed attempt at sex.

Qin Guan was naked again, but no important parts of his body were revealed. In the US, there was a strict movie rating system. George's skill was exactly to the point.

Qin Guan's straight back and slender legs looked wonderful on the camera. Actually, people liked to be naked at home.

Qin Guan left the bedroom leisurely and tried to find a bottle of beer in the fridge.

Suddenly, the door opened. The roommate of the silver-haired girl, Drew Barrymore, walked into the apartment.

There was no sheet or quilt covering Qin Guan's body. He was only wearing a pair of cheap slippers.

He immediately opened the door of the fridge to cover his most private parts.

The fridge was an 1980s model. George and the prop team had tried their best to find a big one. The light came on when the door opened, shedding light on Qin Guan's bottom.

Drew scanned him from head to toe with a seductive expression.

"You're her new boyfriend? I've never seen you before. Not local, are you? Where are you from?"

"I'm a Jew..."

"I just had a date with an Asian. I have dated people from many different races. Jews are very mysterious. Shall we have a try?"

Then she put down her bag. "I'm thirsty. I want something cold."

Sister, what are you about to do? I'll get you something to drink. Keep some distance from me, please! Leave me alone!

She had become obsessed with him on first sight. Stretching out her fair hand into the fridge, she reached between Qin Guan's bottom and the fridge door.

Qin Guan stood still awkwardly, waiting until she got two bottles of beer from the fridge.

Everyone around felt jealous as they watched the scene. Suppressing his embarrassment, Qin Guan expressed his admiration of the beautiful woman.

They looked at each other tenderly, love shining through their eyes.

Barrymore handed Qin Guan a bottle and toasted with him. Their bottles clanked as they drank from each other's bottle.

George let out a long breath. This was a wonderful meeting of

two outstanding actors. People called that a meeting of diamonds.

"Okay!" He decided to call it a day. Qin Guan and Drew looked at each other.

Sister, could you please leave first? I'm still in the fridge. Although we have air-conditioning here, it's still winter. My fifth limb is nearly frozen.

Barrymore gave Qin Guan a big, meaningful smile that he didn't understand.

When she walked away, Qin Guan rushed to the bedroom as fast as he could. He had to recover under the quilt.

The open fridge looked like a big mouth laughing at the poor man.

When all the props were cleared away, Qin Guan realized that Director George was already enjoying himself in the resting area. He left without saying goodbye to him.

He had to catch a bus, as his car had been taken by that terrible woman.

Sister Xue was at a stalemate with Qu Xuemei's deadly foe at the VOGUE headquarters. Qu had threatened him over Qin Guan's inner pages.

Richard was known for being capable to spot a real pearl among fake ones. Qin Guan's photos were on three magazines at the same time, but the positions were different. He was on a cover, some inner pages and one group photo. The results were quite interesting.

One week later, the ranking list of the US fashion magazines was completely different. VOGUE had originally been in the lead, W following tight on its heels. Thanks to its unconventional cover though, Raynana's magazine, NYLON, had jumped up to the third place on the list, ahead of W. Only VOGUE and C were above it.

Chapter 398: Sister Xue's Success

Insiders had to attach importance to the commercial value of the Asian model. Sister Xue had her own reasons for heading directly to the local media instead of brand businessmen for a future cooperation.

"To get back to our subject, I hope VOGUE can see his special charm like NYLON did. I don't need to say much more about his commercial value."

She was calm in front of the editor, unlike other agents, who were flattering around fashion magazines. She moved her legs to a more comfortable position before she continued.

"I hope VOGUE can hire Qin Guan as its exclusive model, like its Asian edition has already done. He is way better than Chad..."

She was speaking with fervor and confidence. Richard's eyes opened wide. Who the hell granted her the courage to make such a demand?

"Impossible. I can't deny his high commercial value though, and I wish we will have a happy cooperation in the future. When VOGUE is in need of models, we'll consider him. I'm planning on hiring him for at least two advertisements next year. Is that alright?"

"Once every six months. Such a chance would be undeniable for most top models. If you agree, I'll ask the legal department to send you an agreement. You can also choose the date. Since you are a friend of Qu Xuemei's, I can arrange it for you."

Once every six months? I'm no beggar!

Actually, Sister Xue had misunderstood him. Richard was also looking to increase his collaborations with Qin Guan, but there were lots of top models in the world. New York was different from the small fashion circle in China. This chance would help Qin Guan

earn a place in the top fashion circle.

Although that seat was not very comfortable, he could still sit there during a meeting.

Sister Xue wasn't feeling grateful though. In fact, she stood up leisurely and gave Richard a silent smile. "Fine. I'll consider your proposal..." It seemed like she was taking pleasure in his misfortune.

Wow! Who do you think is party A here? Are you clear about the situation?

"I'm in no hurry. I can wait to talk with Qu Xuemei..."

"What? Qu is coming? When? What do you mean?"

Richard got nervous at her words. The demon is returning to the headquarters?

Sister Xue stood up without hesitation. "Thank you for having me. It was an inspiring talk. Qu and I are actually old friends. She told me a few days ago that she was preparing for a trip at the end of the year. You must be glad. She said that you are her best friend in America. Wow! You are too happy to speak..."

Sister Xue left, leaving Richard with a pale face. She met with Raynana from NYLON right away.

The meeting was so harmonious that Sister Xue thought world peace was close at hand. She went out of the magazine's offices with an annual contract. As long as Qin Guan could fit it in his schedule, he would be NYLON's first choice for their inner colorful pages.

Talking with the media took up most of Sister Xue's time in the US. She had put Armani aside, but she had a meeting with the stubborn executives of the CK operational department.

While Qin Guan was on the bus, Sister Xue was on her way back in his car, the CK underwear contract in her hands.

It was not as important as a worldwide representative contract, but Qin Guan could appear in all CK clothing stores all over the world.

For the following year, CK would always save a seat for Qin Guan in its shows and posters. That day, Sister Xue got two contracts worth 600,000 dollars. It had been a very fruitful journey and a great pleasure for them all.

When Sister Xue flew back to China, Qin Guan devoted himself to his films.

The process was fast. Because of the high standards of the scenes though, the crew spent most of its time on the road, seeking the right locations for outdoor scenes. By then, they had finally reached the most interesting part of the story.

Qin Guan's character had been recruited by the US secret service. After one week of observation, the secret service man in the grey woollen coat had walked up to him slowly. "Our country needs you..."

At the time, Qin Guan had just been beaten in a small bar. He was gloomy and depressed. The man's words sounded serious, but his strict expression made people laugh.

"I'll train you to be the best killer and spy. You will be fighting for the honor and safety of the US..."

Qin Guan hesitantly agreed to the training. After the first killing, he realized what he had gotten himself into. This was no dream, but the wonderful life of a secret service man.

When he got back home, he saw that he had mail from the ABC broadcasting and TV station. To his surprise, his show would finally be airing.

It was an interesting show about a beautiful girl who would be choosing a boyfriend out of three boys. The boys would be standing on the other side of a door, and the girl would ask them

questions.

It was like an ancient Chinese tradition, when a virgin would hide behind a screen to peep at her fiancé.

To be frank, it was the American version of "Are you the one?".

Chapter 399: Julia Roberts

"Question to No.1. What would you do if you went on a date with me?"

"I'd buy you flowers and take you home personally..."

The blonde girl seemed to be familiar with the show. She didn't say anything. She just moved on to the next contestant.

"What about you, No.3?"

"Uh, nothing. You would just experience my power..." No.3 made a sly gesture at the audience.

The audience burst into laughter. So did Qin Guan. The director cut that part though.

"Our show is not like those adultery shows. No dirty jokes allowed! Stop it, or leave."

Qin Guan had no choice.

The secret service man appeared again with a wonderful idea. In fact, it was part of his mission.

"You could arrange an exciting trip for the couple. Take them abroad..."

"Where?"

"To Moscow."

Spare my life, brother!

All the secret service men, including Qin Guan, were dispatched to Russia. To cover up his identity, Qin Guan had to bring the silly couple with him.

It was a dangerous task during the Cold War.

Qin Guan was sitting in a cafe in Moscow, waiting for someone to get in touch with him. George was standing behind the camera. He was interested in the scene between the two strange partners.

A beautiful woman pushed into the smoke-filled cafe. She was wearing a light grey squash hat. She was walking neither too fast nor too slow, looking like a fairy in the dark.

She pulled off her black gloves slowly to reveal her slender fingers. According to the script, she had to stretch her legs as a hint to the American spy.

A beautiful, elegant leg stretched beneath the table. The black net silk stocking and white heels betrayed the danger.

Filled with joy and hope, Qin Guan sat down across from the woman.

"Is this seat taken?" he inquired politely. The audience felt slightly drunk.

His head was leaning close, his eyes shining. His curly hair was touching his cheek. The woman flushed. She drew her leg back and sat gracefully.

"No, it's for you."

They looked at each other in admiration. Qin Guan delivered the secret message. "Helsinki is charming this time of the year..."

The woman was stupefied. A rare opening for accosting someone...

She smiled and nodded. "Yes..."

Silence. I've made a mistake.

Qin Guan remained calm. They looked at each other for a full 20 seconds without saying a word. The camera was still rolling.

Qin Guan grinned and turned his head around. He saw a lonely leg leaning out of the last booth, swaying to attract attention.

That's the right person...

"Sorry!" Qin Guan said awkwardly. Giving up his graceful manners, he rushed to the last booth, standing there with a serious

expression.

"Helsinki is charming this time of the year..."

The heroine was revealed as the camera zoomed forward. Her face was covered by a veil. Her rosy lips were blooming in the cold winter. She looked like an Ice Queen.

Julia Roberts, the beauty with the wide mouth, was portraying the heroine of the film.

She delivered her lines calmly through her lips. "Especially when it snows. People always feel lonely, even if they are in a bustling city."

She did not seem moved by Qin Guan's looks.

After confirming her identity, Qin Guan sat down across from her to reveal his own.

"I'm Chuck. Who are you?"

She didn't reply. She just gave Qin Guan a thin paper bag that contained his next mission. Her indifference made Qin Guan turn serious.

"At least give me a nickname so I can call somebody if I'm in danger."

Chapter 400: The Wide-Mouthed Beauty

Julia Roberts took her first action after meeting with Qin Guan. She bent forward from the shadows.

Her fair skin looked transparent under the light. Her long earrings were hanging on her shoulders, swaying back and forth.

Her lips opened slightly. Her sweet lippie looked sticky as she opened her mouth. A low, sexy voice came out of her throat. "Just call me Olivia!"

"Is that the character from the 'King's Night'?" Qin Guan was confused.

"Exactly, Chuck. You surprise me. You are not like those other assassins," she said before she left the quiet booth with her handbag without hesitation.

Her white long boots wrapped around her slender legs. Her black fur coat was like a black river flowing around her body. She was a complete temptation.

Qin Guan craned his head to see her back view as she walked down the end of the corridor.

At the end of the scene, Director George said, "Cut!" His voice broke the silence. The whole crew let out a long breath. Shooting at night was the most annoying. Any small mistake could be expanded and everyone was inclined to get bored and angry.

George had chosen that short scene as a trial for Qin Guan and Julia, so they could get to their exciting erotic scene as soon as possible.

The stylist went up to Qin Guan fast. She was eager to get some sleep after the scene.

She was working on Qin Guan's curly hair, when Julia went back for a new costume, smiling brightly to warm up the winter night.

She put her hand on Qin Guan's hair naughtily and pulled...

"Ouch!" Qin Guan screamed out.

What are you doing, elder sister?

Julia's symbolic wide mouth formed an "O". She didn't stop though.

She wrapped a lock around her finger and then let it go. The lock was sticking out of Qin Guan's hair now.

"Wow! it's real hair. It's so elastic!"

So you just wanted to test my hair? That's why people call you silly!

Qin Guan was speechless. Julia seemed to be still interested in his hair though. That Asian boy was so cute! In her opinion, he had to have a sensitive heart under that perfect face, just like she did.

Before she could make another attempt, George shouted at the crew.

"Get ready, everyone! This is the last scene for tonight."

The crew put down their glasses. Qin Guan and Julia sat down by the table, leaning their heads slightly towards the camera and the director.

"Three, two, camera!" The funniest scene was about to begin.

Julia smiled in her black evening dress with her typical indifference and charm. Her V-neck dress was very revealing.

"Why are you here tonight?" Qin Guan placed his arm on the dining table. His voice was very seductive.

A fire was burning in the fireplace. It was the only source of light in the room.

Julia lowered her eyes, and then looked up again. "I don't know. Your charm is remarkable."

Qin Guan took a sip of the transparent drink in his glass, slowly

shaking the leftover wine. His gaze was deep and dangerous.

The cameras zoomed forward. No background was visible through the lens. Only their features and the white candlesticks were visible in the dark.

They looked at each other, communicating through their eyes. Julia felt dizzy by Qin Guan's charm.

Suddenly, she moved. Using her full strength, she pushed all the tableware to the floor.

Crack! The smashing sound was savage.

Qin Guan moved too. Her identity was not important. He just acted on his desire. He strode onto the table like a beast catching its prey and bent forward to touch Julia's face.

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